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MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD*

BY

ELLEN TERRY

FOR years I have contemplated telling this story, and for years I have put off telling it. While I have delayed, my memory has not improved, and my recollections of the past are more hazy and fragmentary than when it first occurred to me that one day I might write them down.

When it was suggested to me that I ought to write down my recollections in this year of my Jubilee, all the difficulties of the undertaking began to frighten me. I could not deny that I had had an eventful life, packed full of incident, and that by the road I had met many distinguished and interesting men and women. I could not deny that I had been fifty years on the stage, and that this meant enough material for fifty books, if only the details of every year could be faithfully told. But it is not given to all of us to see our lives in relief as we look back. Most of us, I think, see them in perspective, of which our birth is the vanishing point. Seeing, too, is only half the battle. How few people can describe what they see!

While I was thinking in this obstructive fashion and wishing that I could write about my childhood like Tolstoi, about my girlhood like Marie Bashkirtseff, and about the rest of my days and my work like many other artists of the pen, who merely, by putting black upon white, have had the power to bring before their readers not only themselves "as they lived," but the most homely and intimate details of their lives, the friend who had first impressed on me that I ought not to leave my story untold any longer said that the beginning was easy enough. "What is the first thing you remember? Write that down as a start."

I

A CHILD OF THE STAGE

1848–1856

THIS is the first thing that I remember.

In the corner of a lean-to, whitewashed attic there stood a fine, plain, solid oak bureau. By climbing up on to this bureau I could see from the window the glories of the sunset. My attic was on a hill in some large and busy town, and the smoke of a thousand chimneys hung like a gray veil between me and the fires in the sky. When the sun had set, and the scarlet and gold, violet and primrose, and all those magic colors that have no names, had faded into the dark, there were other fires for me to see. The flaming forges came out and terrified while they fascinated my childish imagination.

What did it matter to me that I was locked in and that my father and mother, with my elder sister, Kate, were all at the theater? I had the sunset, the forges, and the oak bureau.

I cannot say how old I was at this time, but I am sure that it wasn't long after my birth (which I can't remember, although I have often been asked to decide in which house at Coventry I was born!). At any

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rate, I had not then seen a theater, and I took to the stage before many years had passed over my head.

Putting together what I remember, and such authentic history as there is of my parents' movements, I gather that this attic was in theatrical lodgings in Glasgow. My father was an actor, my mother an actress, and they were at this time on tour in Scotland. Perhaps this is the place to say that father was the son of an Irish builder, and that he eloped in a chaise with mother, who was the daughter of a Scottish minister. I am afraid I know no details of this little romance, and while I indicate it, I must destroy another. My father was no relation of the actor who was a friend of Sir Walter Scott.

I have a very dim recollection of anything that happened in the attic, beyond the fact that when my father and mother went to the theater every night, they used to put me to bed, and that directly their backs were turned and the door locked, I used to jump up and go to the window. *My* "bed" consisted of the mattress pulled off *their* bed and laid on the floor — on father's side. Both my father and mother were very kind and devoted parents (though severe at times, as all good parents are!), but while mother loved all her children too well to make favorites, I was, I believe, my father's particular pet. I used to sleep all night holding his hand.

My First Vision

One night I remember waking up to find a beautiful face bending over me. Father was holding a candle so that the visitor might see me better, and gradually I realized that the face belonged to some one in a brown silk dress — the first silk dress I had ever seen. This being from another world had brown eyes and brown hair, which looked to be very dark, because we were a white lot, very fair indeed. I shall never forget the beautiful vision of this well-dressed woman with her lovely complexion and her gold chain round her neck. It was my Aunt Lizzie.

I hold very strongly that a child's earliest impressions mold its character perhaps more than either heredity or education. I am sure it is true in my case. What first impressed me? An attic, an oak bureau, a lovely face, a bed on the floor. Things have come and gone in my life since then, but they have been powerless to efface those early impressions. I adore pretty faces. I can't keep away from shops where they sell good old furniture like my bureau; I like plain rooms with low ceilings better than any other rooms; and I often sleep on the floor.

What we remember in our childhood and what we are told afterwards, often become inextricably confused in our minds, and after the bureau and Aunt Lizzie, my memory is a blank for some years. I can't even tell you when it was first decided that I was to go on the stage, but I expect it was when I was born, for in those days theatrical folk did not imagine that their children *could* do anything but follow their parents' profession.

For lack of first-hand information, I must depend now on hearsay for certain facts. I must be guilty of jumping back to my birth, which should, perhaps, have been mentioned before anything else. To speak by the book, I was born on the 27th of February, 1848, at Coventry. Many years afterwards, when people were kind enough to think that the house in which I was born deserved to be discovered, there was a dispute as to which house in Market Street could claim me. The dispute was left unsettled in rather a curious way. On one side of the narrow street a haberdasher's shop bore the inscription, "Birthplace of Ellen Terry." On the other, an eating-house declared itself to be "the original birthplace!" I have never been able to arbitrate in the matter, my statement that my mother had always said that the house was "on the right-hand side, coming from the market-place," being apparently of no use. I have heard lately that one of the birthplaces has retired from the competition, and that the haberdasher has the field to himself. I am glad for the sake of those friends of mine who have bought his handkerchiefs and ties as souvenirs. There is, however, nothing very attractive about the house itself. It is better built than a house of the same size would be built now, and it has a certain old-fashioned respectability, but that is the end of its praises. Coventry itself makes up for the deficiency. It is a delightful town, and it was a happy chance that made me a native by birth of Warwickshire, Shakspere's own country. Sarah Kemble married Mr. Siddons at Coventry too — another happy omen.

ELLEN TERRY IN 1856

I have acted twice in my native town in old days, but never in recent years. In 1904 I planned to act there again, but unfortunately I was taken ill at Cambridge, and the doctors would not allow me to go to Coventry. The morning my company left Cambridge without me, I was very miserable. It is always hateful to disappoint the public, and on this occasion I was compelled to break faith where I most wished to keep it. I heard afterwards from my daughter (who played some of my parts instead of me), that many of the Coventry people thought I had never meant to come at all. If this should meet their eyes, I hope they will believe that this was not so. My ambition to play at Coventry again shall be realized, yet.*

At one time nothing seemed more unlikely than that I should be able to act in another Warwickshire town, a town whose name is known all over the world. But time and chance and my own great wish succeeded in bringing about my appearance at Stratford-on-Avon. And I shall tell you all about it in the proper place. I am anticipating by fifty years and more.

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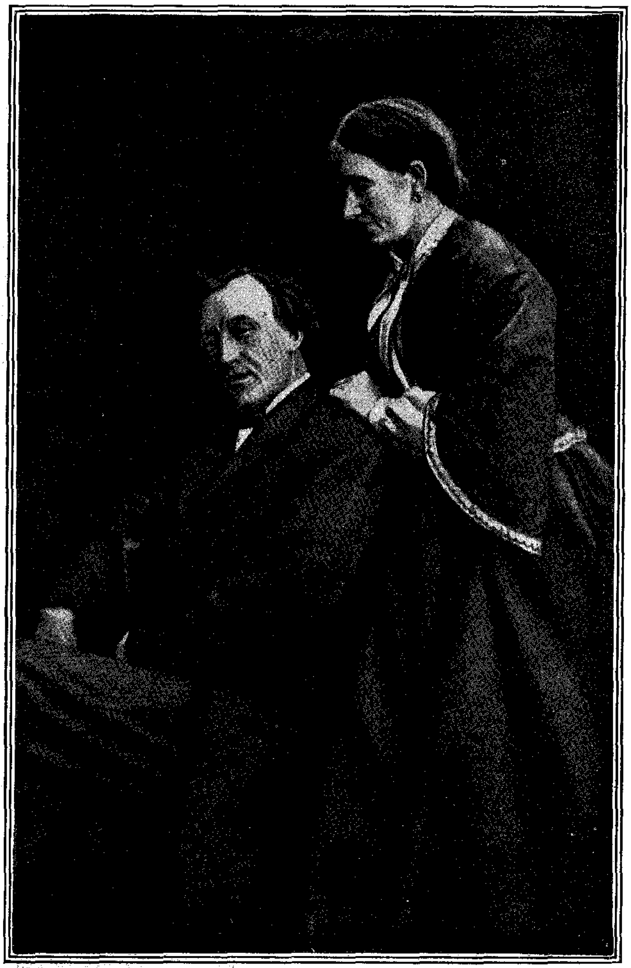
* Since I wrote this, I have again visited my native town — this time to receive its civic congratulations on the occasion of my Jubilee.



From a photograph by Lewis Carroll

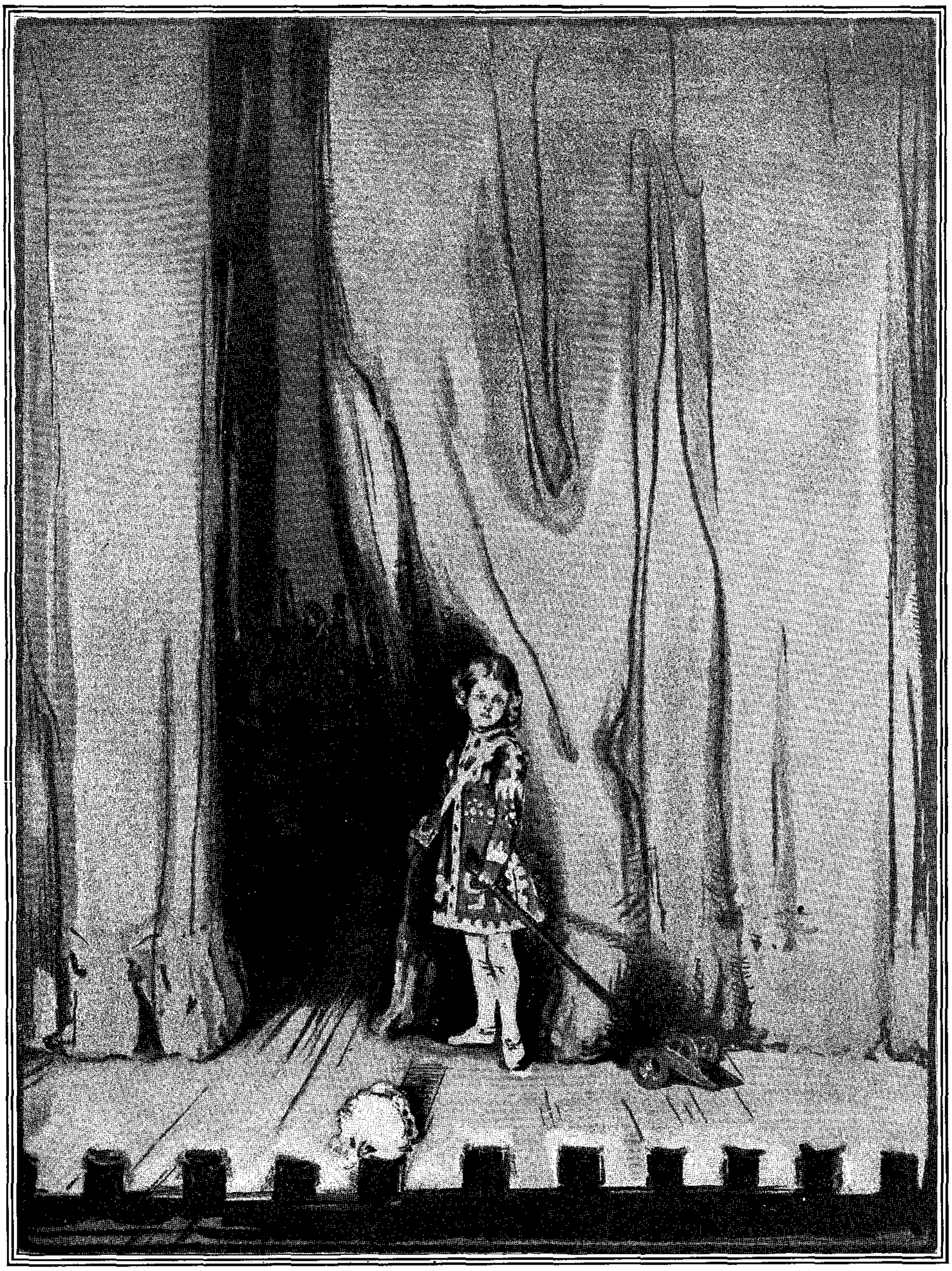
MR. AND MRS. BENJAMIN TERRY

The father and mother of Ellen Terry

A Family of Actors

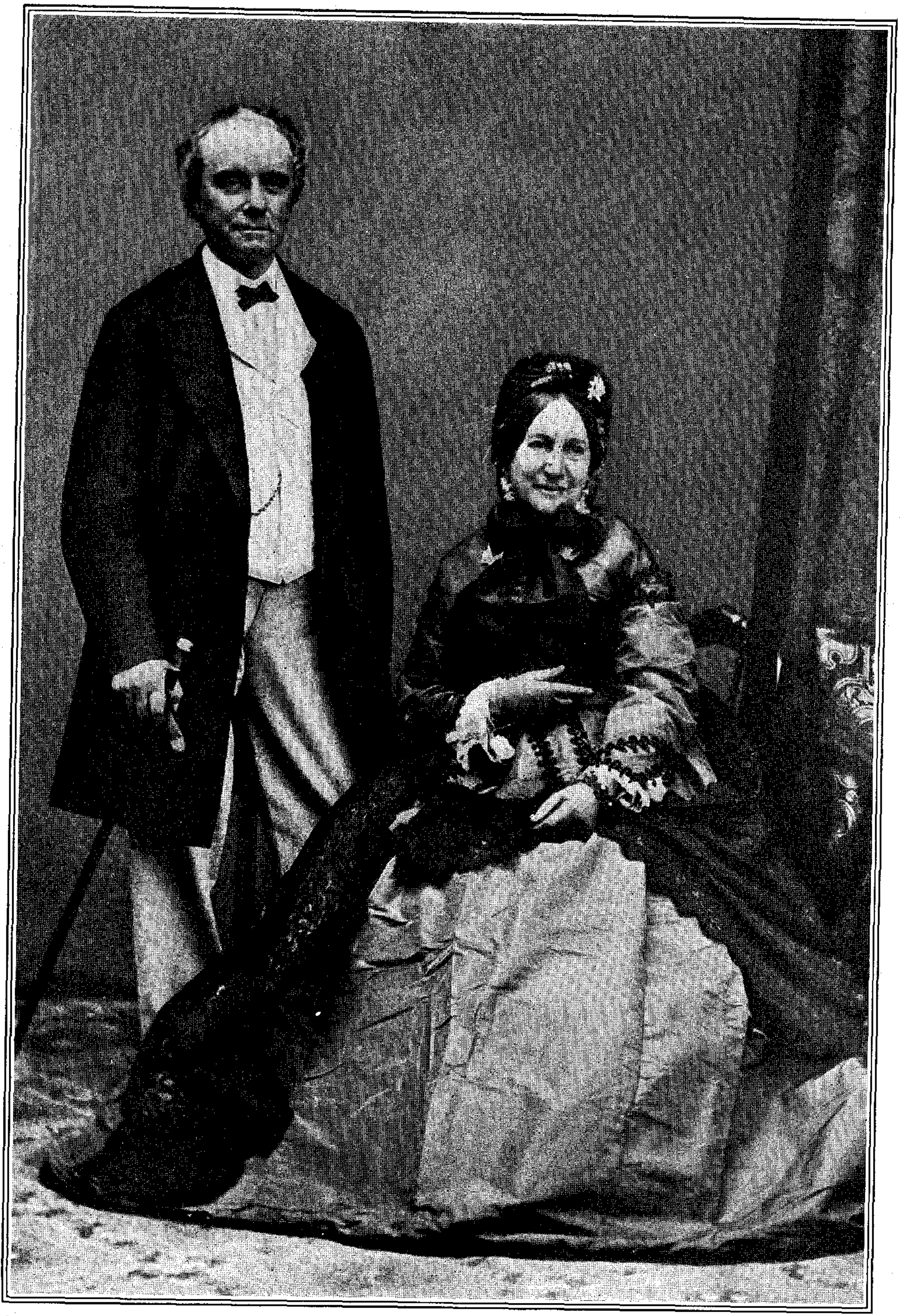
I can well imagine that the children of some strolling players used to have a hard time of it, but my mother was not one to shirk her duties. She worked hard at her profession and yet found it possible, not to *drag* up her children, to live or die as it happened, but to bring them up to be healthy, happy, and wise — theater-wise, at any rate. When her babies were too small to be left at the lodgings (which she and my father took in each town they visited as near to the theater as possible), she would bundle us up in a shawl and put us to sleep in her dressing-room. So it was that long before I spoke in a theater, I slept in one.

Later on, when we were older and mother could leave us at home, there was a fire one night at our lodgings, and she rushed out of the theater and up the street in an agony of terror. She got us out of the house all right, took us to the theater, and went on with the next act as if nothing had happened. Such fortitude is commoner in our profession, I think, than in any other. We "go on with the next act," whatever happens, and if we know our business, no one in the audience will ever guess that anything is wrong — that since the curtain last went down, some dear friend has died, or our children in the



ELLEN TERRY AS MAMILIUS IN "THE WINTER'S TALE," 1856

From the drawing by W. Nicholson, which was reproduced in the "Souvenir Programme given by the theatrical and musical professions as a tribute to Miss Ellen Terry on the occasion of her Jubilee Tuesday afternoon, June 12, 1906."



From a negative in the collection of F. H. Meserve

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN

From whom Ellen Terry received her first engagement, and to whose excellent training she attributes much of her later success theatrical lodgings up the street have run the risk of being burned to death.

My mother had twelve children altogether, but only nine survived their infancy, and of these nine, my eldest brother, Ben, and my sister Florence have since died. My sister Kate, who left the stage at an age when most of the young women of the present day take to it for the first time, and made an enduring reputation in a few brilliant years, was the eldest of the family. Then came a sister, who died, and I was the third. After us came Ben, George, Marion, Charles, Flossie, Tom, and Fred. Six out of the nine have been on the stage, but only Marion, Fred, and I are there still.

Two or three members of this large family, at the most, were in existence when I first entered a theater in a professional capacity, so I will leave them all alone for the present. I had better confess at once that I don't remember this great event, and my sister Kate is unkind enough to say that it never happened — to me! The story, she asserts, was told of *her*. But without damning proofs she is not going to make me believe it! Shall I be robbed of the only experience of my first eight years of life? Never!

I Impersonate a Mustard-Pot

During the rehearsals of a pantomime in a Scottish town (Glasgow, I think. Glasgow has always been an eventful place to me!), a child was wanted for the Spirit of the Mustard-pot. What more natural than that my father should offer my services? I had a shock of pale yellow hair, I was small enough to be put into the property mustard-pot, and the Glasgow stage-manager would easily assume that I had inherited talent. My father had acted with Macready in the stock seasons both at Edinburgh and Glasgow, and bore a very high reputation with Scottish audiences. But the stage-manager and father alike reckoned without their actress! When they tried to put me into the mustard-pot, I yelled lustily and showed more lung-power than aptitude for the stage.

"Put your child into the mustard-pot, Mr. Terry," said the stage-manager.

"Damn you and your mustard-pot, sir!" said my mortified father. "I won't frighten my child for you or any one else!"

But all the same he was bitterly disappointed at my first dramatic failure, and when we reached home, he put me in the corner to chasten me. "You'll never make an actress!" he said, shaking a reproachful finger at me.

It is *my* mustard-pot, and why Kate should want it, I can't think! She hadn't yellow hair, and she couldn't possibly have behaved so badly. I have often heard my parents say significantly that they had no trouble with *Kate!* Before she was four, she was dancing a hornpipe in a sailor's jumper, a rakish little hat, and a diminutive pair of white ducks! These ducks, marked "Kate Terry," were kept by mother for years as a precious relic, and are, I hope, still in the family archives!

I stick to the mustard-pot, but I entirely disclaim the little Duke of York in Richard III., which some one with a good memory stoutly insists he saw me play before I made my first appearance as Mamilius. Except for this abortive attempt at Glasgow, I was never on any stage even for a rehearsal until 1856, at the Princess' Theater, when I appeared with Charles Kean in "The Winter's Tale."

Two Years of Wandering

The man with the memory may have seen Kate as one of the Princes in the Tower, but he never saw me with her. Kate was called up to London in 1852 to play Prince Arthur in Charles Kean's production of "King John," and after that she acted in all his plays, until he gave up management in 1859. She had played Arthur during a stock season at Edinburgh, and so well that some one sang her praises to Kean and advised him to engage her. My mother took Kate to London, and I was left with my father in the provinces for two years. I can't recall much about those two years except sunsets and a great mass of shipping looming up against the sky. The sunsets followed me about everywhere; the shipping was in Liverpool, where father was engaged for a considerable time. He never ceased teaching me to be useful, alert, and quick. Sometimes he hastened my perceptive powers with a slipper, and always he corrected me if I pronounced any word in a slipshod fashion. He himself was a beautiful elocutionist, and if I now speak my language well, it is in no small degree due to my early training.

It was to his elocution that father owed his engagement with Macready, of whom he always spoke in terms of the most affectionate admiration in after years, and probably it did him a good turn again with Charles Kean. An actor who had supported Macready with credit was just the actor likely to be useful to a manager who was producing a series of plays by Shakspere. Kate had been a success at the Princess', too, in child parts, and this may have reminded Mr. Kean to send for Kate's father! At any rate, he was sent for toward the end of the year 1853 and left Liverpool for London. I know I cooked his breakfasts for him in Liverpool, but I haven't the slightest recollection of the next two years in London. As I am determined not to fill up the early blanks with stories of my own invention, I must go straight on to 1856, when rehearsals were called at the Princess' Theater for Shakspere's "Winter's Tale."

II

THE CHARLES KEANS

1856

THE Charles Keans, from whom I received my first engagement, were both remarkable people, and at the Princess' Theater were doing very remarkable work. Kean, the younger, had not the fire and genius of his wonderful father, Edmund, and but for the inherited splendor of his name, it is not likely that he would ever have attained great eminence as an actor. His Wolsey and his Richard (the Second, not the Third) were his best parts, perhaps because in them his beautiful diction had full scope, and his limitations were not noticeable. But it is more as a stage reformer than as an actor that he will be remembered. The old happy-go-lucky way of staging plays, with its sublime indifference to correctness of detail and its utter disregard of archaeology, had received its first blow from Kemble and Macready, but Charles Kean gave it much harder knocks and went further than either of them in the good work.

It is an old story and a true one that when Edmund Kean made his first great success as Shylock, after a long and miserable struggle as a strolling player, he came home to his wife and said: "You shall ride in your carriage," and then, catching up his little son, added, "And Charley shall go to Eton!" Well! Charley did go to Eton, and if Eton did not make him a great actor, it opened his eyes to the absurd anachronisms in costumes and accessories which prevailed on the stage at that period, and when he undertook the management of the Princess' Theater, he turned his classical education to account. In addition to scholarly knowledge, he had a naturally refined taste and the power of selecting the right men to help him. Planché, the great authority on historical costume, was one of his ablest coadjutors, and Mr. Brandshaw designed all the properties. It has been said lately that I began my career on an unfurnished stage, when the play was the thing, and spectacle was considered of small importance. I take this opportunity of contradicting that statement most emphatically. Neither when I began nor yet later in my career have I ever played under a management where infinite pains were not given to every detail. I think that far from hampering the acting, a beautiful and congruous background and harmonious costumes, representing accurately the spirit of the time in which the play is supposed to move, ought to help and inspire the actor.

Such thoughts as these did not trouble my head when I acted with the Keans, but, child as I was, the beauty of the productions at the Princess' Theater made a great impression on me, and my memory of them is quite clear enough, even if there were not plenty of other evidence, for me to assert that in some respects they were even more elaborate than those of the present day. I know that the bath-buns of one's childhood always seem in memory much bigger and better than the buns sold nowadays, but even allowing for the natural glamor which the years throw over buns and rooms, places and plays alike, I am quite certain that Charles Kean's productions of Shakspere would astonish the modern critic who regards the period of my first appearance as a sort of dark age in the scenic art of the theater.

I have alluded to the beauty of Charles Kean's diction. His voice was also of a wonderful quality — soft and low, yet distinct and clear as a bell. When he played Richard II., the magical charm of this organ was alone enough to keep the house spellbound. His vivid personality made a strong impression on me.

The Formidable Mrs. Kean

What he owed to Mrs. Kean, he would have been the first to confess. In many ways she was the leading spirit in the theater; at the least, a joint ruler, not a queen-consort! During the rehearsals Mr. Kean used to sit in the stalls with a loud-voiced dinner-bell by his side, and when anything went wrong on the stage, he would ring it ferociously, and everything would come to a stop, until Mrs. Kean, who always sat on the stage, had set right what was wrong. She was more formidable than beautiful to look at, but her wonderful fire and genius were none the less impressive because she wore a white handkerchief round her head and had a very beaky nose! How I admired and loved and feared her! Later on the fear was replaced by gratitude, for no woman ever gave herself more trouble to train a young actress than did Mrs. Kean. The love and admiration, I am glad to say, remained and grew. It is rare that it falls to the lot of any one to have such an accomplished teacher. Her patience and industry were splendid.

It was Mrs. Kean who chose me out of five of six other children to play my first part. We were all tried in it, and when we had finished, she said the same thing to us all: "That's very nice. Thank you, my dear. That will do!"

We none of us knew at the time which of us had pleased her most!

At this time we were living in the upper part of a house in the Gower Street region. That first home in London I remember chiefly by its fine brass knocker, which mother kept beautifully bright, and by its being the place to which was sent my first part! Bound in green American cloth, this first part looked to me more marvelous than the most priceless book has ever looked since! I was so proud and pleased and delighted that I danced a hornpipe for joy!

Mamilius, My First Part

Why was I chosen, and not one of the other children, for the part of Mamilius? some one may ask. It was not mere luck, I think. Perhaps I was a born actress, but that would have served me little if I had not been able to *speak!* It must be remembered that both my sister Kate and I had been trained almost from our birth for the stage, and particularly in the important branch of clear articulation. Father, as I have already said, was a very charming elocutionist, and my mother read Shakspere beautifully. They were both very fond of us and saw our faults with the eyes of love, though they were unsparing in their corrections. In these early days they had need of all their patience, for I was a most troublesome, wayward pupil. However, "the labor we delight in, physics pain," and I hope, too, that my more staid sister made it up to them!

The rehearsals for "The Winter's Tale" were a lesson in fortitude. They taught me once and for all that an actress' life (even when the actress is only eight) is not all fun and glory! I was cast for the part of Mamilius in the way I have described, and my heart swelled with pride when I was told what I had to do. But many weary hours were to pass before the first night. If a company has to rehearse four hours a day now, it is considered a great hardship, and players must lunch and dine like other folk. But this was not Kean's way! Rehearsals lasted all day, Sundays included, and when there was no play running at night, until four or five the next morning! I don't think any actor in those days dreamt of lunch! How my poor little legs used to ache! Sometimes I could hardly keep my eyes open when I was on the stage, and often, when my scene was over, I used to creep into the greenroom and forget my troubles and my art (if you can talk of art in connection with a child of eight) in a delicious sleep!

At the dress-rehearsals I did not want to sleep! All the members of the company were allowed to sit and watch the scenes in which they were not concerned, from the back of the dress-circle. This, by the way, is an excellent plan, and in theaters where it is followed, the young actress has reason to be grateful. Now, for the first time, she is able to see the effect of the weeks of thought and labor which have been given to the production. She can watch from the front the fulfilment of what she has only seen as intention and promise during the other rehearsals. But I am afraid that beginners now are not so keen as they used to be! The first wicked thing I did in a theater sprang from excess of keenness! I borrowed a knife from a carpenter and made a slip in the canvas to watch Mrs. Kean as Hermione!

Petticoats in the Classics

Devoted to her art, conscientious to a degree in mastering the spirit and details of her part, Mrs. Kean also possessed the personality and force to chain the attention and indelibly imprint her rendering of a part on the imagination. When I think of the costume in which she played Hermione, it seems marvelous to me that she could have produced the impression that she did. This seems to contradict what I have said about the magnificence of the production, but not at all! The designs of the dresses were purely classic, but, then as now, actors and actresses seemed unable to keep their own period and their own individuality out of the clothes directly they got them on their backs. In some cases the original design was quite swamped. No matter what the character that Mrs. Kean was assuming, she always used to wear her hair drawn flat over her forehead and twisted tight round her ears in a kind of circular sweep — such as the old writing-masters used to make when they attempted an extra grand flourish. And then the amount of petticoats she wore! Even as Hermione she was always bunched out by layer upon layer of petticoats, in defiance of the fact that classical parts should not be dressed in a superfluity of raiment. But if the petticoats were full of plaits, the voice was full of pathos — and the dignity, simplicity, and womanliness of Mrs. Charles Kean's Hermione could not have been marred by a far more grotesque costume.

The First Accident in My Career

There is something, I suppose, in a woman's nature which always makes her remember how she was dressed at any especially eventful moment of her life, and I can see myself, as though it were yesterday, in the little red and silver dress I wore as Mamilius. Mrs. Grieve, the dresser,—"Peter Grieveus," as we children called her — had pulled me into my very pink tights (they were very tight according to the pictures of me), and my mother had arranged my hair in sausage curls on each side of my head in even more perfect order and regularity than usual. Besides my clothes, I had a beautiful "property" to be proud of! This was a go-cart, which had been made in the theater by Mr. Bradshaw, and was an exact copy of a child's toy as depicted on a Greek vase. It was my duty to drag this little cart about the stage, and on the first night, when Mr. Kean as Leontes told me to "go play," I obeyed his instructions with such vigor that I tripped over the handle and came down on my back! A titter ran through the house, and I felt that my career as an actress was ruined forever. Bitter and copious were the tears I shed, but the little incident, so mortifying to me, did not spoil my first appearance altogether. The *Times* of May 1, 1856, was kind enough to call me "vivacious and precocious," and "a worthy relative of my sister Kate," and my parents were pleased (although they would not show it too much), and Mrs. Kean gave me a pat on the back. Father and Kate were both in the cast, too, I ought to have said, and the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Princess Royal were all in a box on the first night.

To act for the first time in Shakspere, in a theater where my sister had already done something for our name, and before royalty, was surely a good beginning!

From April 28, 1856, I played Mamilius every night for one hundred and two nights. I was never ill, and my understudy, Clara Denvil, a very handsome, dark child with flaming eyes, though quite ready and longing to play my part, never had a chance.

I had now taken the first step, but I had taken it without any notion of what I was doing. I was innocent of all art, and while I loved the actual doing of my part, I hated the labor that led up to it. But the time was soon to come when I was to be fired by a passion for work. Meanwhile I was unconsciously learning a number of lessons which were to be most useful to me in my subsequent career.

III

TRAINING IN SHAKSPERE

1856—1860

FROM April, 1856, until 1859 I acted constantly at the Princess' Theater with the Keans, spending the summer holidays in acting at Ryde. My whole life was the theater, and naturally all my early memories are connected with it. At breakfast father would begin the day's "coaching." Often I had to lay down my fork and say my lines. He would conduct these extra rehearsals anywhere — in the street, the 'bus — we were never safe! I remember vividly going into a chemist's shop and being stood upon a stool to say my part to the chemist! Such leisure as I had from my profession was spent in "minding" the younger children — an occupation in which I delighted. They all had very pretty hair, and I used to wash it and comb it out until it looked as fine and bright as floss silk.

A Lesson in Fortitude

It is argued now that stage life is bad for a young child, and children are not allowed by law to go on the stage until they are ten years old — quite a mature age in my young days! I cannot discuss the whole question here and must content myself with saying that during my three years at the Princess' I was a very strong, happy, and healthy child. I was never out of the bill except during the run of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," when, through an unfortunate accident, I broke my toe. I was playing Puck, my second part on any stage, and had come up through a trap at the end of the last act to give the final speech. My sister Kate was playing Titania that night as understudy to Carlotta Leclercq. Up I came — but not quite up, for the man shut the trap-door too soon and caught my toe. I screamed. Kate rushed to me and banged her foot on the stage, but the man only closed the trap tighter, mistaking the signal.

"Oh, Katie! Katie!" I cried. "Oh, Nelly! Nelly!" said poor Kate helplessly. Then Mrs. Kean came rushing on and made them open the trap and release my poor foot.

"Finish the play, dear," she whispered excitedly, "and I'll double your salary!" There was Kate holding me up on one side and Mrs. Kean on the other. Well, I did finish the play in a fashion. The text ran something like this —

"If we shadows have offended, (Oh, Katie, Katie!)
Think but this, and all is mended, (I hope my poor toe will!)
That you have but slumbered here,
While these visions did appear. (I can't, I can't!)
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream, (Oh, dear! Oh, dear!)
Gentles, do not reprehend; (A big sob)
If you pardon, we will mend. (Oh, Mrs. Kean!)"

How I got through it, I don't know! But my salary was doubled — it had been fifteen shillings, and it was raised to thirty — and Mr. Skey, President of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who chanced to be in a stall that very evening, came round behind the scenes and put my toe right. He remained my friend for life.

I Learn About Vowels and Other Things

I was not chosen for Puck because I had played Mamilius with some credit. The same examination was gone through, and again I came out first. During the rehearsals, Mrs. Kean taught me to draw my breath in through my nose and begin a laugh — a very valuable accomplishment! She was also indefatigable in her lessons in clear enunciation, and I can hear her now lecturing the ladies of the company on their vowels. "A, E, I, O, U, my dear," she used to say, "are five distinct vowels, so don't mix them all up together, as if you were making a pudding. If you want to say, 'I am going on the river,' say it plainly and don't tell us you are going on the '*rivah!*' You must say *her*, not *har*; it's *God*, not *Gud*: rem*on*strance, not rem*un*strance," and so forth. No one ever had a sharper tongue or a kinder heart than Mrs. Kean. Beginning with her, I have always loved women with a somewhat hard manner! I have never believed in their hardness and have proved them tender and generous in the extreme.

Actor-managers are very proud of their long runs nowadays, but in Shakspere, at any rate, they do not often eclipse Charles Kean's two hundred and fifty nights of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Princess'. It was certainly a very fascinating production, and many of the effects were beautiful. I, by the way, had my share in marring one of these during the run! When Puck was told to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, I had to fly off the stage as swiftly as I could, and a dummy Puck was whirled through the air from the point where I disappeared. One night the dummy fell on the stage, whereupon I ran on, picked it up in my arms, and ran off with it amid roars of laughter!

I revelled in Puck and his impish pranks, and unconsciously realized that it was a part in which the imagination could run riot. I believe I played it well, but I did not *look* well, and I must contradict emphatically the kind assumption that I must have been a "delightful little fairy." As Mamilius I was really a sweet little thing, but while I was playing Puck, I grew very gawky — not to say ugly! My hair had been cut short, and my red cheeks stuck out too much. I was a sight!

The parts we play influence our characters to some extent, and Puck made me a bit of a romp. I grew vain and rather "cocky," and it was just as well that during the rehearsals for the Christmas pantomime in 1857, I was tried for the part of the Fairy Dragonetta and rejected. I believe that my failure was principally due to the fact that I hadn't got flashing eyes and raven hair — without which, as every one knows, no bad fairy can hold up her head and respect herself. But at the time I felt distinctly rebuffed, and only the extreme beauty of my dress as the maudlin "good fairy" Goldenstar, consoled me. Milly Smith (afterwards Mrs. Thorn) was Dragonetta, and one of her speeches ran like this: —

"Ungrateful Simple Simon! (darting forward) You thought no doubt to spite me!
That to this Royal Christening you did not invite me!
BUT—(Mrs. Kean: "You must plaster that 'but' on the white wall at the back of the gallery.")
But on this puling brat revenged I'll be!
My fiery dragon there shall have her broiled for tea!"

At Ryde during the previous summer my father had taken the theater, and Kate and I played in several farces, which the Keeleys and the big comedian Robson had made famous in London. My performances as Waddilove and Jacob Earwig had provoked some one to describe me as "a perfect little heap of talent!" To fit my Goldenstar, I must borrow that phrase and describe myself as a perfect little heap of vanity!

It was that dress! It was a long dress, though I was still a baby, and it was as pink and gold as it was trailing. I used to think I looked beautiful in it. I wore a trembling star on my forehead, too, which was enough to upset any girl!

Learning to Walk

One of the most wearisome, yet essential details of my education is connected with my first long dress. It introduces, too, Mr. Oscar Byrn, the dancing-master and director of crowds at the Princess'. One of his lessons was in the art of walking with a flannel blanket pinned on in front and trailing six inches on the floor. My success in carrying out this manoeuver with dignity won high praise from Mr. Byrn. He often used to say that "an actress was no actress unless she learned to dance early," and whenever he was not actually putting me through my paces, I was busy watching him teach the others. There was a minuet to which he used to attach great importance, and there was "walking the plank." Up and down one of the long planks, extending the length of the stage, we had to walk, first slowly and then quicker and quicker, until we were able at a considerable pace to walk the whole length of it without deviating an inch from the straight line. This experience, Mr. Byrn used to say, and quite truly, I think, taught us uprightness of carriage and certainty of step.

"Eyes right! Chest out! Chin tucked in!" I can hear the dear old man shouting at us as if it were yesterday, and I have learned to see how valuable all his drilling was, not only to deportment, but to clear utterance. It would not be a bad thing if there were more "old fops" like Oscar Byrn in the theaters of to-day. That old-fashioned art of "deportment" is sadly neglected.

The pantomime in which I was the fairy Goldenstar was very frequently preceded by "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and the two parts on one night must have been fairly heavy work for a child, but I delighted in it.

In the same year (1858) I played Karl in "Faust and Marguerite," a jolly little part with plenty of points in it, but not nearly as good a part as Puck. Progress on the stage is often crab-like, and little parts, big parts, and no parts at all must be accepted as "all in the day's work." In these days I was cast for many a "dumb" part. I walked on in "The Merchant of Venice" carrying a basket of doves; in "Richard II." I climbed up a pole in the street scene; in "Henry VIII." I was "top angel" in the vision, and I remember that the heat of the gas at that dizzy height made me sick at the dress-rehearsal! I was a little boy "cheering" in several other productions. In "King Lear" my sister Kate played Cordelia. She was only fourteen, and the youngest Cordelia on record. Years after I played it at the Lyceum when I was over forty!

The production of "Henry VIII." at the Princess' was one of Charles Kean's best efforts. I always refrain from belittling the present at the expense of the past, but there were efforts here which I have never seen surpassed, and about this my memory is not at all dim. At this time I seem to have been always at the side watching the acting. Mrs. Kean's Katherine of Aragon was splendid, and Charles Kean's Wolsey, his best part after, perhaps, his Richard II. Still, the lady who used to stand ready with a tear-bottle to catch his tears as he came off after his last scene rather overdid her admiration. My mental criticism at the time was "what muck!"

When Playgoers Got Their Money's Worth

In those days audiences liked plenty for their money, and a Shakspere play was not nearly long enough to fill the bill. Playgoers in the early fifties did not emulate the Japanese, who go to the theater early in the morning and stay there until late at night, still less the Chinese, whose plays begin one week and end the next, but they thought nothing of sitting in the theater from seven to twelve. In one of the extra pieces which these hours necessitated, I played a "tiger," one of those youthful grooms who are now almost a bygone fashion. The pride that I had taken in my trembling star in the pantomime was almost equaled now by my pride in my top-boots! They were too small and caused me insupportable suffering, but I was so afraid that they would be taken away if I complained, that every evening I used to put up valorously with the torture. The piece was called "If the Cap Fits," but my boots were the fit with which I was most concerned!

In "The Merchant of Venice," though I had no speaking part, I was firmly convinced that the basket of doves which I carried on my shoulder was the principal attraction of the scene in which it appeared. The other little boys and girls in the company regarded those doves with eyes of bitter envy. One little chorus boy, especially, though he professed a personal devotion of the tenderest kind for me, could never quite get over those doves, and his romantic sentiments cooled considerably when I gained my proud position as dove-bearer. Before, he had shared his sweets with me, but now he transferred both sweets and affections to some more fortunate little girl. Envy, after all, is the death of love!

Mr. Harley was the Launcelot Gobbo in "The Merchant of Venice" — an old gentleman, and almost as great a fop as Mr. Byrn. He was always smiling; his two large rows of teeth were so *very* good! And he had pompous, grandiloquent manners, and wore white gaiters and a long hanging eye-glass. His appearance I should never have forgotten anyhow, but he is also connected in my mind with my first experience of terror.

My First Experience of Terror

It came to me in the greenroom, the window-seat of which was a favorite haunt of mine. Curled up in the deep recess, I had been asleep one evening, when I was awakened by a strange noise, and peeping out, saw Mr. Harley stretched on the sofa in a fit. One side of his face was working convulsively, and he was gibbering and mowing the air with his hand. When he saw me, he called out: "Little Nelly! oh, little Nelly!" I stood transfixed with horror. He was still dressed as Launcelot Gobbo, and this made it all the more terrible. A doctor was sent for, and Mr. Harley was looked after, but he never recovered from his seizure and died a few days afterwards.

Although so much of my early life is vague and indistinct, I can always see and hear Mr. Harley that night, and I can always recollect the view from the greenroom window. It looked out on a great square courtyard, in which the spare scenery, that was not in immediate use, was stacked. For some reason or other this courtyard was a favorite playground for a large company of rats. I don't know what the attraction was for them, except that they may have liked nibbling the paint off the canvas. Out they used to troop in swarms, and I, from my perch on the window-seat, would watch and wonder. Once a terrible storm came on, and years after at the Lyceum, the Brocken scene in "Faust" brought back the scene to my mind — the thunder and lightning, and the creatures crawling on every side, the *grayness* of the whole thing.

I Collide with Macready

All calls were made from the greenroom in those days, and its atmosphere was, I think, better than that of the dressing-room in which nowadays actors and actresses spend their time during the waits. The greenroom at the Princess' was often visited by distinguished people, among them Planché, the archaeologist, who did so much for Charles Kean's productions, and Macready. One night, as with my usual impetuosity I was rushing back to my room to change my dress, I ran right into the white waistcoat of an old gentleman! Looking up with alarm, I found that I had nearly knocked over the great Mr. Macready.

"Oh, I *beg* your pardon!" I exclaimed in eager tones. I had always heard from father that Macready was the greatest actor, and this was our first meeting. I was utterly abashed, but Mr. Macready, looking down with a very kindly smile, only answered: "Never mind! You are a very polite little girl, and you act very earnestly and speak very nicely."

I was too much agitated to do anything but continue my headlong course to my dressing-room, but even in those short moments the strange attractiveness of his face impressed itself on my imagination. I remember distinctly his curling hair, his oddly-colored eyes full of fire, and his beautiful, wavy mouth.

The period when I was as vain as a little peacock had come to an end before this. I think my part in "Pizarro" saw the last of it! I was a Worshiper of the Sun and, in a pink feather, pink swathings of muslin, and black arms, I was again struck by my own beauty. I grew quite attached to the looking-glass which reflected that feather! Then suddenly there came a change. *I began to see the whole thing.* My attentive watching of other people began to bear fruit, and the labor and perseverance, care and intelligence, which had gone to make these enormous productions dawned on my young mind. Up to this time I had loved acting because it was great fun, but I had not loved the grind. After I began to rehearse Prince Arthur in "King John," a part in which my sister Kate had already made a great success six years earlier, I understood that if I did not work, I could not act! And I wanted to work. I used to get up in the middle of the night and watch my gestures in the glass. I used to try my voice and bring it down and up in the right places. And all vanity fell away from me. At the first rehearsals of "King John" I could not do anything right. Mrs. Kean stormed at me, slapped me. I broke down and cried, and then, with all the mortification and grief in my voice, managed to express what Mrs. Kean wanted and what she could not teach me by doing it herself. When the rehearsal was over, she gave me a vigorous kiss. "You've done very well," she said. "That's what I want. You're a very tired little girl. Now run home to bed." I shall never forget the relief of those kind words after so much misery, and the little incident often comes back to me now when I hear a young actress say, "I can't do it!" If only she can cry with vexation, I feel sure that she will then be able to make a good attempt at doing it!

Theatrical Jealousies

There were oppositions and jealousies in the Keans' camp, as in most theaters, but they were never brought to my notice until I played Prince Arthur. Then I saw a great deal of Mr. Ryder, who was the Hubert of the production, and discovered that there was some soreness between him and his manager. Ryder was a very pugnacious man, — an admirable actor, — and he was very strong in his likes and dislikes and in his manner of expressing them.

"D'ye suppose he engaged me for my powers as an actor?" he used to say of Mr. Kean. "Not a bit of it! He engaged me for my damned archaeological figure!"

One night during the run of "King John," a notice was put up that no curtain calls would be allowed at the end of a scene. At the end of my scene with Hubert there was tremendous applause, and when we did not appear, the audience began to shout and yell and cheer. I went off to the greenroom, but even from there I could still hear the voices: "Hubert! Arthur!" Mr. Kean began the next scene, but it was of no use. He had to give in and send for us. Meanwhile old Ryder had been striding up and down the greenroom in a perfect fury. "Never mind, ducky!" he kept on saying to me, and it was really quite unnecessary, for "ducky" was just enjoying the noise and thinking it all capital fun. "Never mind! When other people are rotting in their graves, ducky, you'll be up there!" When the message came to the greenroom that we were to take the call, he strode across the stage to the entrance, I running after him and quite unable to keep up with his long steps.

In "Macbeth" I was again associated with Ryder, who was the Banquo when I was Fleance, and I remember that after we had been dismissed by Macbeth: "Good repose the while," we had to go off up a flight of steps. I always stayed at the top until the end of the scene, but Mr. Ryder used to go down the other side rather heavily, and Mr. Kean, who wanted perfect quiet for the dagger speech, had to keep on saying: "Ssh! Ssh!" all through it.

"Those carpenters at the side are enough to ruin any acting," he said one night when he came off.

"I'm a heavy man, and I can't help it," said Ryder.

"Oh, I didn't know it was *you*," said Mr. Kean — but I think he did! One night I was the innocent cause of a far worse disturbance. I dozed at the top of the steps and rolled from the top to the bottom with a fearful crash! Another night I got into trouble for not catching Mrs. Kean, when, as Constance in "King John," she sank down upon the ground:

"Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it!"

I was, for my sins, looking at the audience, and Mrs. Kean went down with a *run*, and was naturally very angry with me!

I Leave the Princess' Theater

In 1860 the Keans gave up the management of the Princess' Theater and went to America. They traveled in a sailing vessel, and, being delayed by a calm, had to drink water caught in the sails, the water supply having given out. I believe that although the receipts were wonderful, Charles Kean spent much more than he made during his ten years of management. Indeed, he confessed as much in a public announcement. The Princess' Theater was not very big, and the seats were low-priced. It is my opinion, however, that no manager with high artistic aims, resolute to carry them out in his own way, can ever make a fortune!

Of the other members of the company during my three years at the Princess', I remember best Ryder, who was like an old tree, or a greenless barren rock to look at, and Walter Lacy, who was the William Terriss of the time. He knew Madame Vestris and had many entertaining stories about her. Then there were the Leclercqs, a clever trio of sisters, Pauline, Carlotta, and Rose, who all did great things later on. Men, women, and children alike worked hard, and if the language of the actors was more Rabelaisian than polite, they were good fellows, and heart and soul devoted to their profession. Their salaries were smaller and their lives were simpler than is the case with actors now.

Kate and I had been hard at work for some years, but our parents had no notion of our resting. We were now to show what our training had done for us in "A Drawing-room Entertainment."

THE LIFE OF MARY BAKER G. EDDY

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

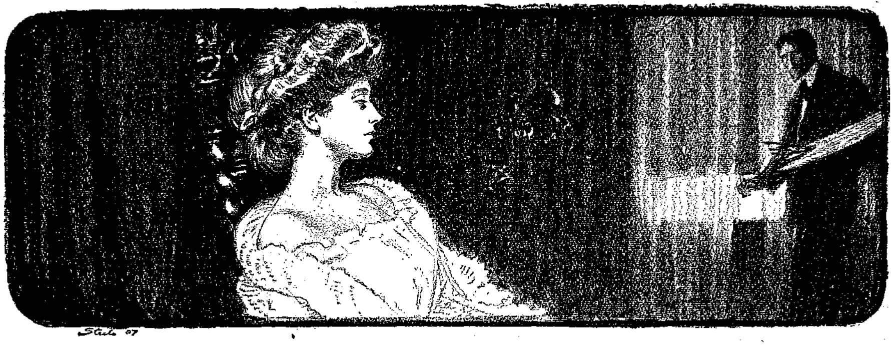
THE May article ended the first part of "The Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy," following her to the point where she was fairly established in Lynn as the teacher of a new faith. In the second part of the series, which will begin in the July number of McClure's Magazine, the author turns from the more obscure and ineffectual period of Mrs. Eddy's life to the years of stress and endeavor during which she founded Christian Science.

In the July article Miss Milmine takes up the story of that strange belief which Mrs. Eddy has variously called Mesmerism, Demonology, and Malicious Animal Magnetism. This element of the Christian Science doctrine, which has been the subject of so much discussion, is simply the converse of Quimbyism — a belief that the power of mind can be perverted from its natural benignant function and can be used to accomplish evil. Mrs. Eddy believes that by means of this malignant power a man can bring disaster, insanity, and even death upon his neighbor, and her discussions of this subject have been among her most revelatory and characteristic contributions to the literature of Christian Science. Her discovery of this supposed power for evil was not accidental, but, like everything else in her Science, was closely connected with events in her own life and was largely the result of certain temperamental qualities in her.

This "malicious magnetism" was first widely advertised by an action brought against one of Mrs. Eddy's students, in which the court was petitioned to enjoin him from using his mental power to the hurt of an invalid woman of Ipswich. The case was famous through Massachusetts as the "Salem Witchcraft Case"— the action being brought in the Salem courts. The history of this case forms one of the most important features of the July article.

Not long after the Witchcraft Case had astonished New England, Mrs. Eddy's name was connected with another unusual legal proceeding. Her husband, Asa Gilbert Eddy, and one of her students, Edward J. Arens, were indicted by the grand jury and charged with conspiring to murder Daniel H. Spofford. This case was *nolle prossed* by the district attorney and never came to trial.

The August and September articles will take up Mrs. Eddy's removal to Boston, the development in her of certain telling qualities of leadership, and the beginnings of her great organization there. Later will follow a study of Mrs. Eddy's life in her Columbus Avenue and Commonwealth Avenue houses. For years Mrs. Eddy's household resembled nothing so much as one of the small Italian courts of the Fifteenth Century; reputations were made or lost by an accident, and the favorite of to-day was the exile of to-morrow. Though the inner circle of Mrs. Eddy's followers was constantly falling away, the body in the field remained constant; about this remarkable character and in these strange surroundings there was growing up that powerful and unique organization known to-day as the Christian Science Church.



THE PROFILE

BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER

AUTHOR OF "THE TROLL GARDEN," "THE NAMESAKE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM A DRAWING BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

THE subject of discussion at the Impressionists' Club was a picture, Circe's Swine, by a young German painter; a grotesque study showing the enchantress among a herd of bestial things, variously diverging from the human type, — furry-eared fauns, shaggy-hipped satyrs, apes with pink palms, snuffing jackals, and thick-jowled swine, all with more or less of agonized human intelligence protesting mutely from their hideous lineaments.

"They are all errors, these freakish excesses," declared an old painter of the Second Empire. "Triboulet, Quasimodo, Gwynplaine, have no proper place in art. Such art belongs to the Huns and Iroquois, who could only be stirred by laceration and dismemberment. The only effects of horror properly within the province of the artist are psychological. Everything else is a mere matter of the abattoir. The body, as Nature has evolved it, is sanctified by her purpose; in any natural function or attitude decent and comely. But lop away so much as a finger, and you have wounded the creature beyond reparation."

Once launched upon this subject, there was no stopping the old lion, and several of his confréres were relieved when Aaron Dunlap quietly rose and left the room. They felt that this was a subject which might well be distasteful to him.

I

Dunlap was a portrait painter — preferably a painter of women. He had the faculty of transferring personalities to his canvas, rather than of putting conceptions there. He was finely sensitive to the merest prettiness, was tender and indulgent of it, careful never to deflower a pretty woman of her little charm, however commonplace.

Nicer critics always discerned, even in his most radiant portraits, a certain quiet element of sympathy, almost of pity, in the treatment. The sharp, flexible profile of Madame R— of the Française; the worn, but subtle and all-capricious physiognomy of her great Semitic rival; the plump contours of a shopkeeper's pretty wife,— Dunlap treated them with equal respect and fidelity. He accepted each as she was, and could touch even obvious prettiness with dignity. Behind the delicate pleasure manifested in his treatment of a beautiful face, one could divine the sadness of knowledge, and one felt that the painter had yearned to arrest what was so fleeting and to hold it back from the cruelty of the years. At an exhibition of Dunlap's pictures, the old painter of the Second Empire had said, with a sigh, that he ought to get together all his portraits of young women and call them "Les Fiancées," so abloom were they with the confidence of their beautiful secret. Then, with that sensitiveness to style, which comes from a long and passionate study of form, the old painter had added reflectively, "And, after all, how sad a thing it is to be young."

Dunlap had come from a country where women are hardly used. He had grown up on a farm in the remote mountains of West Virginia, and his mother had died of pneumonia contracted from taking her place at the wash-tub too soon after the birth of a child. When a boy, he had been apprenticed to his grandfather, a country cobbler, who, in his drunken rages, used to beat his wife with odd strips of shoe-leather. The painter's hands still bore the mark of that apprenticeship, and the suffering of the mountain women he had seen about him in his childhood, had left him almost morbidly sensitive.

Just how or why Dunlap had come to Paris, none of his fellow-painters had ever learned. When he ran away from his grandfather, he had been sent by a missionary fund to some sectarian college in his own state, after which he had taught a country school for three winters and saved money enough for his passage. He arrived in Paris with something less than a hundred dollars, wholly ignorant of the language, without friends, and, apparently, without especial qualifications for study there.

Perhaps the real reason that he never succumbed to want was, that he was never afraid of it. He felt that he could never be really hungry so long as the poplars flickered along the gray quay behind the Louvre; never friendless while the gay busses rolled home across the bridges through the violet twilight, and the barge lights winked above the water.

Little by little his stripes were healed, his agony of ignorance was alleviated. The city herself taught him whatever was needful for him to know. She repeated with him that fanciful romance which she has played at with youth for centuries, in which her spontaneity is ever young. She gave him of her best, quickened in him a sense of the more slight and feminine fairness in things; trained his hand and eye to the subtleties of the thousand types of subtle beauty in which she abounds; made him, after a delicate and chivalrous fashion, the expiator of his mountain race. He lived in a bright atmosphere of clear vision and happy associations, delighted at having to do with what was fair and exquisitely brief.

Life went on so during the first ten years of his residence in Paris — a happiness which, despite its almost timorous modesty, tempted fate. It was after Dunlap's name had become somewhat the fashion, that he chanced, one day, in a café on the Boulevard St. Michel, to be of some service to an American who was having trouble about his order. After assisting him, Dunlap had some conversation with the man, a Californian, whose wheatlands comprised acres enough for a principality, and whose enthusiasm was as fresh as a boy's. Several days later, at the Luxembourg, he met him again, standing in a state of abject bewilderment before Manet's Olympe. Dunlap again came to his rescue and took him off to lunch, after which they went to the painter's studio. The acquaintance warmed on both sides, and, before they separated, Dunlap was engaged to paint the old gentleman's daughter, agreeing that the sittings should be at the house on the Boulevard de Courcelles, which the family had taken for the winter.

When Dunlap called at the house, he went through one of the most excruciating experiences of his life. He found Mrs. Gilbert and her daughter waiting to receive him. The shock of the introduction over, the strain of desultory conversation began. The only thing that made conversation tolerable — though it added a new element of perplexity — was the girl's seeming unconsciousness, her utter openness and unabashedness. She laughed and spoke, almost with coquetry, of the honor of sitting to him; of having heard that he was fastidious as to his subjects. Dunlap felt that he wanted to rush from the house and escape the situation which confronted him. The conviction kept recurring that it had just happened, had come upon her since last she had passed a mirror; that she would suddenly become conscious of it, and be suffocated with shame. He felt as if some one ought to tell her and lead her away.

"Shall we get to work?" she asked presently, apparently curious and eager to begin. "How do you wish me to sit to you?"

Dunlap murmured something about usually asking his sitters to decide that for themselves.

"Suppose we try a profile, then?" she suggested carelessly, sitting down in a carved wooden chair.

For the first time since he had entered the room, Dunlap felt the pressure about his throat relax. For the first time it was entirely turned from him, and he could not see it at all. What he did see was a girlish profile, unusually firm for a thing so softly colored; oval, flower-tinted, and shadowed by soft, blonde hair that wound about her head and curled and clung about her brow and neck and ears.

Dunlap began setting up his easel, recovering from his first discomfort and grateful to the girl for having solved his difficulty so gracefully. But no sooner was it turned from him than he felt a strong desire to see it again. Perhaps it had been only a delusion, after all; the clear profile before him so absolutely contradicted it. He went behind her chair to experiment with the window-shades, and there, as he drew them up and down, he could look unseen. He gazed long and hard, to blunt his curiosity once and for all, and prevent a further temptation to covert glances. It had evidently been caused by a deep burn, as if from a splash of molten metal. It drew the left eye and the corner of the mouth; made of her smile a grinning distortion, like the shameful conception of some despairing medieval imagination. It was as if some grotesque mask, worn for disport, were just slipping sidewise from her face.

When Dunlap crossed to the right again, he found the same clear profile awaiting him, the same curves of twining, silken hair. "What courage," he thought, "what magnificent courage!" His heart ached at the injustice of it; that her very beauty, the alert, girlish figure, the firm, smooth throat and chin, even her delicate hands, should, through an inch or two of seared flesh, seem tainted and false. He felt that in a plain woman it would have been so much less horrible.

Dunlap left the house overcast by a haunting sense of tragedy, and for the rest of the day he was a prey to distressing memories. All that he had tried to forget seemed no longer dim and far-away — like the cruelties of vanished civilizations — but present and painfully near. He thought of his mother and grandmother, of his little sister, who had died from the bite of a copperhead snake, as if they were creatures yet unreleased from suffering.

II

From the first, Virginia's interest in the portrait never wavered; yet, as the sittings progressed, it became evident to Dunlap that her enthusiasm for the picture was but accessory to her interest in him. By her every look and action she asserted her feeling, as a woman, young and handsome and independent, may sometimes do.

As time went on, he was drawn to her by what had once repelled him. Her courageous candor appealed to his chivalry, and he came to love her, not despite the scar, but, in a manner, for its very sake. He had some indefinite feeling that love might heal her; that in time her hurt might disappear, like the deformities imposed by enchantment to test the hardihood of lovers.

He gathered from her attitude, as well as from that of her family, that the thing had never been mentioned to her, never alluded to by word or look. Both her father and mother had made it their first care to shield her. Had she ever, in the streets of some foreign city, heard a brutal allusion to it? He shuddered to think of such a possibility. Was she not living for the moment when she could throw down the mask and point to it and weep, to be comforted for all time? He looked forward to the hour when there would be no lie of unconsciousness between them. The moment must come when she would give him her confidence; perhaps it would be only a whisper, a gesture, a guiding of his hand in the dark; but, however it might come, it was the pledge he awaited.

During the last few weeks before his marriage, the scar, through the mere strength of his anticipation, had ceased to exist for him. He had already entered to the perfect creature which he felt must dwell behind it; the soul of tragic serenity and twofold loveliness.

They went to the South for their honeymoon, through the Midi and along the coast into Italy. Never, by word or sign, did Virginia reveal any consciousness of what he felt must be said once, and only once, between them. She was spirited, adventurous, impassioned; she exacted much, but she gave magnificently. Her interests in the material world were absorbing, and she demanded continual excitement and continual novelty. Granted these, her good spirits were unfailing.

It was during their wedding journey that he discovered her two all-absorbing interests, which were to become intensified as years went on: her passion for dress and her feverish admiration of physical beauty, whether in men or women or children. This touched Dunlap deeply, as it seemed in a manner an admission of a thing she could not speak.

Before their return to Paris Dunlap had, for the time, quite renounced his hope of completely winning her confidence. He tried to believe his exclusion just; he told himself that it was only a part of her splendid self-respect. He thought of how, from her very childhood, she had been fashioning, day by day, that armor of unconsciousness in which she sheathed her scar. After all, so deep a hurt could, perhaps, be bared to any one rather than the man she loved.

Yet, he felt that their life was enmeshed in falsehood; that he could not live year after year with a woman who shut so deep a part of her nature from him; that since he had married a woman outwardly different from others, he must have that within her which other women did not possess. Until this was granted him, he felt there would be a sacredness lacking in their relation which it peculiarly ought to have. He counted upon the birth of her child to bring this about. It would touch deeper than he could hope to do, and with fingers that could not wound. That would be a tenderness more penetrating, more softening than passion; without pride or caprice; a feeling that would dwell most in the one part of her he had failed to reach. The child, certainly, she could not shut out; whatever hardness or defiant shame it was that held him away from her, her maternity would bring enlightenment; would bring that sad wisdom, that admission of the necessity and destiny to suffer, which is, somehow, so essential in a woman.

Virginia's child was a girl, a sickly baby which cried miserably from the day it was born. The listless, wailing, almost unwilling battle for life that daily went on before his eyes saddened Dunlap profoundly. All his painter's sophistries fell away from him, and more than ever his early destiny seemed closing about him. There was, then, no escaping from the cruelty of physical things — no matter how high and bright the sunshine, how gray and poplar-clad the ways of one's life. The more willing the child seemed to relinquish its feeble hold, the more tenderly he loved it, and the more determinedly he fought to save it.

Virginia, on the contrary, had almost from the first exhibited a marked indifference toward her daughter. She showed plainly that the sight of its wan, aged little face was unpleasant to her; she disliked being clutched by its skeleton fingers, and said its wailing made her head ache. She was always taking Madame de Montebello and her handsome children to drive in the Bois, but she was never to be seen with little Eleanor. If her friends asked to see the child, she usually put them off, saying that she was asleep or in her bath.

When Dunlap once impatiently asked her whether she never intended to permit any one to see her daughter, she replied coldly: "Certainly, when she has filled out and begins to look like something."

Little Eleanor grew into a shy, awkward child, who slipped about the house like an unwelcome dependent. She was four years old when a cousin of Virginia's came from California to spend a winter in Paris. Virginia had known her only slightly at home, but, as she proved to be a charming girl, and as she was ill-equipped to bear the hardships of a winter in a *pension*, the Dunlaps insisted upon her staying with them. The cousin's name was also Eleanor — she had been called so after Virginia's mother — and, from the first, the two Eleanors seemed drawn to each other. Miss Vane was studying, and went out to her lectures every day, but whenever she was at home, little Eleanor was with her. The child would sit quietly in her room while she wrote, playing with anything her cousin happened to give her; or would lie for hours on the hearth rug, whispering to her woolly dog. Dunlap felt a weight lifted from his mind. Whenever Eleanor was at home, he knew that the child was happy.

He had long ceased to expect any solicitude for her from Virginia. That had gone with everything else. It was one of so many disappointments that he took it rather as a matter of course, and it seldom occurred to him that it might have been otherwise. For two years he had been living like a man who knows that some reptile has housed itself and hatched its young in his cellar, and who never cautiously puts his foot out of his bed without the dread of touching its coils. The change in his feeling toward his wife kept him in perpetual apprehension; it seemed to threaten everything he held dear, even his self-respect. His life was a continual effort of self-control, and he found it necessary to make frequent trips to London or sketching tours into Brittany to escape from the strain of the repression he put upon himself. Under this state of things, Dunlap aged perceptibly, and his friends made various and usual conjectures. Whether Virginia was conscious of the change in him, he never knew. Her feeling for him had, in its very nature, been as temporary as it was violent; it had abated naturally, and she probably took for granted that the same readjustment had taken place in him. Perhaps she was too much engrossed in other things to notice it at all.

In Dunlap the change seemed never to be finally established, but forever painfully working. Whereas he had once seen the scar on his wife's face not at all, he now saw it continually. Inch by inch it had crept over her whole countenance. Yet the scar itself seemed now a trivial thing; he had known for a long time that the burn had gone deeper than the flesh.

Virginia's extravagant fondness for gaiety seemed to increase, and her mania for lavish display, doubtless common enough in the Californian wheat empire, was a discordant note in Paris. Dunlap found himself condemned to an existence which daily did violence to his sense of propriety. His wife gave fêtes, the cost of which was noised abroad by the Associated Press and flaunted in American newspapers. Her vanity, the pageantries of her toilet, made them both ridiculous, he felt. She was a woman now, with a husband and child; she had no longer a pretext for keeping up the pitiful bravado under which she had hidden the smarting pride of her girlhood.

He became more and more convinced that she had been shielded from a realization of her disfigurement only to the end of a shocking perversity. Her costumes, her very jewels, blazed defiance. Her confidence became almost insolent, and her laugh was nothing but a frantic denial of a thing so cruelly obvious. The unconsciousness he had once reverenced now continually tempted his brutality, and when he felt himself reduced to the point of actual vituperation, he fled to Normandy or Languedoc to save himself. He had begun, indeed, to feel strangely out of place in Paris. The ancient comfort of the city, never lacking in the days when he had known cold and hunger, failed him now. A certain sordidness had spread itself over ways and places once singularly perfect and pure.

III

One evening when Virginia refused to allow little Eleanor to go down to the music-room to see some pantomime performers who were to entertain their guests, Dunlap, to conceal his displeasure, stepped quickly out upon the balcony and closed the window behind him. He stood for some moments in the cold, clear night air.

"God help me," he groaned. "Some day I shall tell her. I shall hold her and tell her."

When he entered the house again, it was by another window, and his anger had cooled. As he stepped into the hallway, he met Eleanor the elder, going up-stairs with the little girl in her arms. For the life of him he could not refrain from appealing for sympathy to her kind, grave eyes. He was so hurt, so sick, that he could have put his face down beside the child's and wept.

"Give her to me, little cousin. She is too heavy for you," he said gently, as they went up-stairs together.

He remembered with resentment his wife's perfectly candid and careless jests about his fondness for her cousin. After he had put the little girl down in Eleanor's room, as they leaned together above the child's head in the firelight, he became, for the first time, really aware. A sudden tenderness weakened him. He put out his hand and took hers, which was holding the child's, and murmured: "Thank you, thank you, little cousin."

She started violently and caught her hand away from him, trembling all over. Dunlap left the room, thrice more miserable than he had entered it.

After that evening he noticed that Eleanor avoided meeting him alone. Virginia also noticed it, but upon this point she was consistently silent. One morning, as Dunlap was leaving his wife's dressing-room, having been to consult her as to whether she intended going to the ball at the Russian Embassy, she called him back. She was carefully arranging her beautiful hair, which she always dressed herself, and said carelessly, without looking up at him:

"Eleanor has a foolish notion of returning home in March. I wish you would speak to her about it. Her family expect her to stay until June, and her going now would be commented upon."

"I scarcely see how I can interfere," he replied coolly. "She doubtless has her reasons."

"Her reasons are not far to seek, I should say," remarked Virginia, carefully slipping the pins into the yellow coils of her hair. "She is pathetically ingenuous about it. I should think you might improve upon the present state of affairs if you were to treat it — well, say a trifle more lightly. That would put her more at ease, at least."

"What nonsense, Virginia," he exclaimed, laughing unnaturally and closing the door behind him with guarded gentleness.

That evening Dunlap joined his wife in her dressing-room, his coat on his arm and his hat in his hand. The maid had gone up-stairs to hunt for Virginia's last year's fur shoes, as the pair warming before the grate would not fit over her new dancing slippers. Virginia was standing before the mirror, carefully surveying the effect of a new gown, which struck her husband as more than usually conspicuous and defiant. He watched her arranging a pink-and-gold butterfly in her hair and held his peace, but when she put on a pink chiffon collar, with a flaring bow which came directly under her left cheek, in spite of himself he shuddered.

"For heaven's sake, Virginia, take that thing off," he cried. "You ought really to be more careful about such extremes. They only emphasize the scar." He was frightened at the brittleness of his own voice; it seemed to whistle dryly in the air like his grandfather's thong.

She caught her breath and wheeled suddenly about, her face crimson and then gray. She opened her lips twice, but no sound escaped them. He saw the muscles of her throat stiffen, and she began to shudder convulsively, like one who has been plunged into icy water. He started toward her, sick with pity; at last, perhaps,— but she pointed him steadily to the door, her eyes as hard as shell, and bright and small, like the sleepless eyes of reptiles.

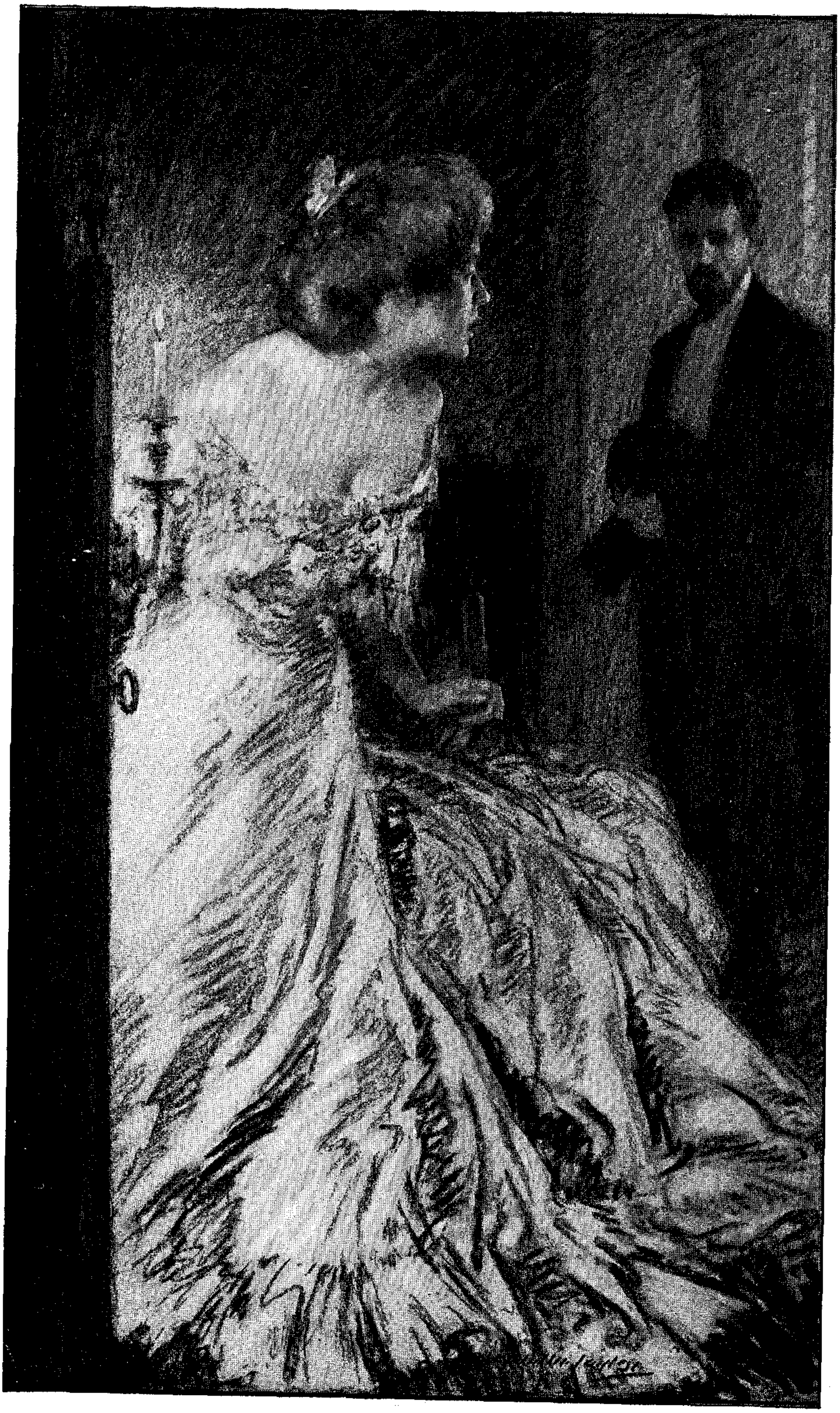
He went to bed with the sick feeling of a man who has tortured an animal, yet with a certain sense of relief and finality which he had not known in years.

When he came down to breakfast in the morning, the butler told him that Madame and her maid had left for Nice by the early train. Mademoiselle Vane had gone out to her lectures. Madame requested that Monsieur take Mademoiselle to the opera in the evening, where the widowed sister of Madame de Montebello would join them; she would come home with them to remain until Madame's return. Dunlap accepted these instructions as a matter of course, and announced that he would not dine at home.

When he entered the hall upon his return that evening, he heard little Eleanor sobbing, and she flew to meet him, with her dress burned, and her hands black. Dunlap smelled the sickening odor of ointments. The nurse followed with explanations. The doctor was up-stairs. Mademoiselle Vane always used a little alcohol lamp in making her toilet; to-night, when she touched a match to it, it exploded. Little Eleanor was leaning against her dressing-table at the time, and her dress caught fire; Mademoiselle Vane had wrapped the rug about her and extinguished it. When the nurse arrived, Mademoiselle Vane was standing in the middle of the floor, plucking at her scorched hair, her face and arms badly burned. She had bent over the lamp in lighting it, and had received the full force of the explosion in her face. The doctor was unable to discover what the explosive had been, as it was entirely consumed. Mademoiselle always filled the little lamp herself; all the servants knew about it, for Madame had sent the nurse to borrow it on several occasions, when little Eleanor had the earache.

The next morning Dunlap received a telegram from his wife, stating that she would go to St. Petersburg for the remainder of the winter. In May he heard that she had sailed for America, and a year later her attorneys wrote that she had begun action for divorce. Immediately after the decree was granted, Dunlap married Eleanor Vane. He never met or directly heard from Virginia again, though when she returned to Russia and took up her residence in St. Petersburg, the fame of her toilets spread even to Paris.

Society, always prone to crude antitheses, knew of Dunlap only that he had painted many of the most beautiful women of his time, that he had been twice married, and that each of his wives had been disfigured by a scar on the face.



"SHE CAUGHT HER BREATH AND WHEELED SUDDENLY ABOUT"

ROCHESTER'S PURE MILK CAMPAIGN

BY

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

AUTHOR OF "TUBERCULOSIS: THE REAL RACE SUICIDE," "TYPHOID: AN UNNECESSARY EVIL," ETC.

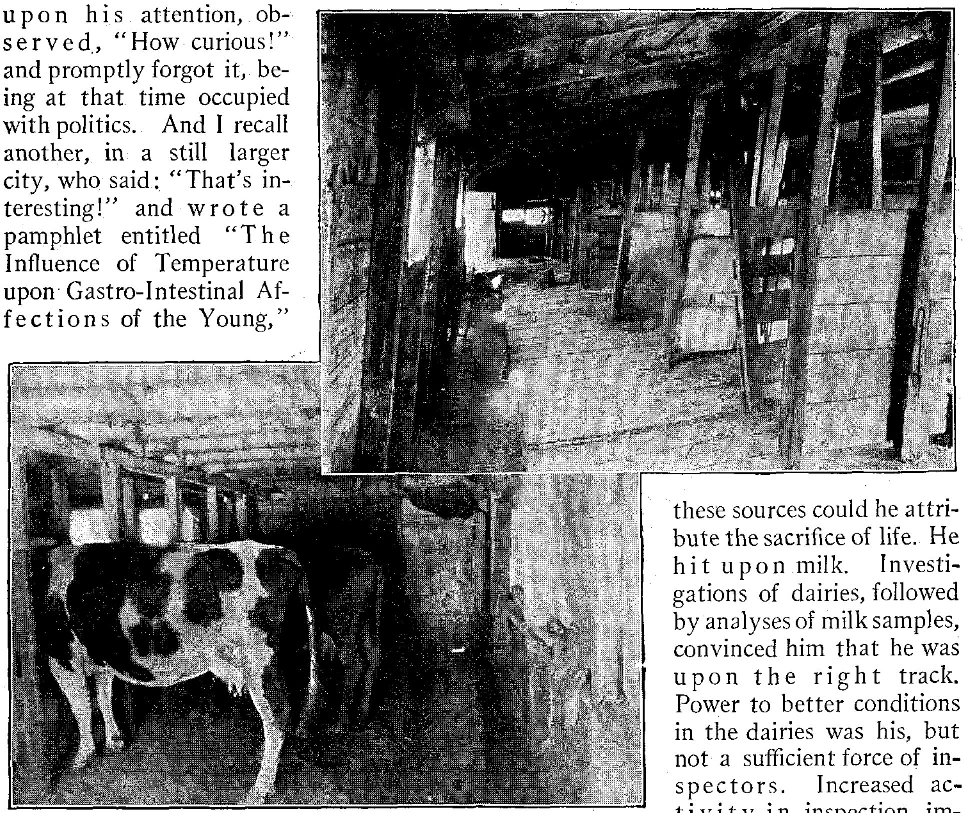
NEXT to air and water, milk is the chief disseminator of human disease. In order for the individual to live, he must have air and water; in order for the community to endure, under our modern American conditions, it must have milk, since infancy, in the altering phase of the genus *Homo*, is largely dependent upon bovine support. The importance of a good breathing supply has long found emphasis in the records of our death-rate from consumption, and the intelligent war which for years has been waged against foul air is beginning to have its effect in a slow lessening of the tuberculosis figures. Water protection, a lesson which folly has learned by the costly experience of typhoid fever, promises eventually to become a universal science. But guardianship of the third most important factor in public health, milk, is yet in its infancy. Hence the value of a definite object-lesson, such as the municipal experiment in Rochester, New York.

For those two months of every year when heat and bad food bring the infant mortality to its highest point, the City of Rochester sells milk to all comers. Because its customers are people who formerly fed their families on bad milk, the death-rate for children under five years of age, for the time when the depots are kept open, has been more than cut in half. The enterprise loses a little money, about a thousand or eleven hundred dollars a year. Upon that outlay it saved last season the lives of more than one hundred and fifty children, who, if the figures of former seasons mean anything, would otherwise have succumbed. This is at a cost of about seven dollars and a half per human life. It is a cheaper price for that commodity than any economic statistician (since Malthus) has ventured to set. To preserve life at so insignificant an expense is perhaps the most expert specific achievement of modern American hygiene. In establishing such a standard, Rochester has set an example for other communities to ponder, to take pattern by, as in time all our cities must; to improve upon, as, happily, some of our cities, in the fullness of time, may.

The life-saving is accomplished by furnishing clean milk. Not sterilized milk; not Pasteurized milk; not any kind of otherwise -ized, baked, boiled, or metamorphosed milk at all; but just pure, clean milk furnished to young children in place of foul, diseased, poisoned milk; whereby these little citizens, instead of swelling the infant mortality records of the hot months with fat entries of cholera infantum, convulsions, gastritis, acute intestinal inflammation, and other interesting euphemisms for infanticide due to that modern Borgia, maternal ignorance, come through, well and hearty, and ready to go to school instead of to the cemetery. The milk is sold at a rate somewhat higher than that charged for bad milk, the economic rule that a good article costs more than a poor article being, unfortunately, subject to no exceptions in the best-intentioned enterprises. As this particular enterprise is in no sense a charity, the city's customers are not "pauperized" or "de-individualized" or debauched in any of those harmful ways which, to a certain type of sociological mind, overpend the race as soon as any State or city government seeks to make surer, better, or brighter the lives of its citizens. The worst thing that can be said, thus far, about the Rochester plan, is that in saving lives it loses money. When the public is more generally educated to the point of realizing that pure milk is worth an extra price, it will probably make money.

The Rochester milk movement began ten years ago, when the Health Officer, Dr.

George W. Goler, studying his city's mortality statistics, was struck with the prevalence of fatal diseases, mainly intestinal, among children under five years of age, in the months of July and August. Most health officials encounter this significant and sinister fact at some time. I remember one such, having in charge the health of a city somewhat larger than Rochester, who, on the intrusion of the matter upon his attention, observed, "How curious!" and promptly forgot it, being at that time occupied with politics. And I recall another, in a still larger city, who said: "That's interesting!" and wrote a pamphlet entitled "The Influence of Temperature upon Gastro-Intestinal Affections of the Young," which, so far as I know, never profited any living person in the slightest degree, being, indeed, merely a sign-post pointing down the wrong road. Dr. Goler is of a different temper. Some people call him a crank, a term which, when applied by a certain sort of complainant, is a pretty good recommendation for a health official. As he studied the mortality figures just mentioned, Dr. Goler's "crankiness" began to rise, and with it his gorge. "This thing," he said, "is all wrong. Let's see what's the matter."

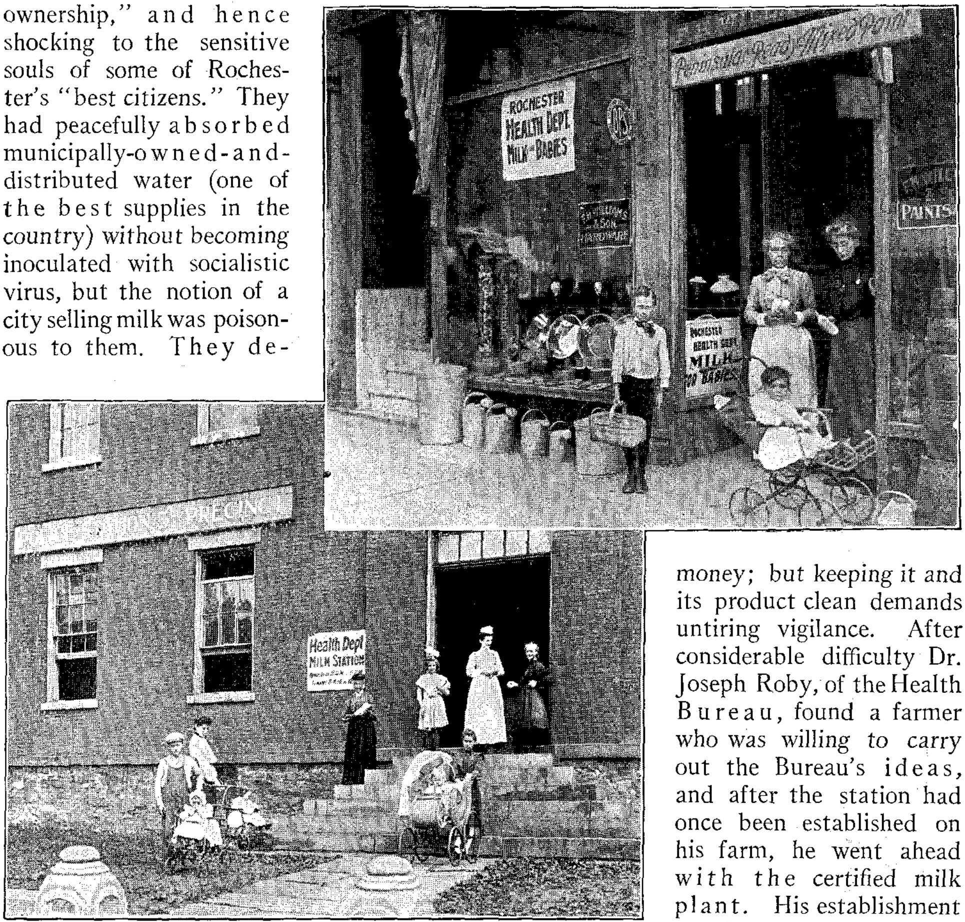


Two filthy cow-sheds from which some of New York's milk supply is received

Rochester water, he knew, was good, unusually good, because Rochester, proud of its drinking supply, demands — and gets, as every city gets what it seriously demands — good water officials. It wasn't the water. Tenements of the kind that disgrace New York and Chicago are practically unknown in Rochester. The food supply is fair. The garbage collecting (an important influence on health in the heated term) is tolerably efficient. To none of these sources could he attribute the sacrifice of life. He hit upon milk. Investigations of dairies, followed by analyses of milk samples, convinced him that he was upon the right track. Power to better conditions in the dairies was his, but not a sufficient force of inspectors. Increased activity in inspection improved matters (and made a great many people extremely indignant) but it was only a palliative, not a cure, of the trouble. The remedy seemed far to seek. But if he could not purify his city's milk supply, Dr. Goler could at least give those who most needed it a chance to get pure milk, and, at the same time, establish certain standards which, in time, the public might come to appreciate and demand from all dealers.

"Milk stations which should be reasonable and good markets on the one hand, and practical demonstration schools on the other," is the way he puts it.

Of course, this is in a small way "municipal


ROCHESTER HEALTH DEPT MILK-BABIES
Peninsular Ready Mixed Paint
PAINTS
ROCHESTER HEALTH DEPT MILK FOR BABIES
Health Dept MILK STATION

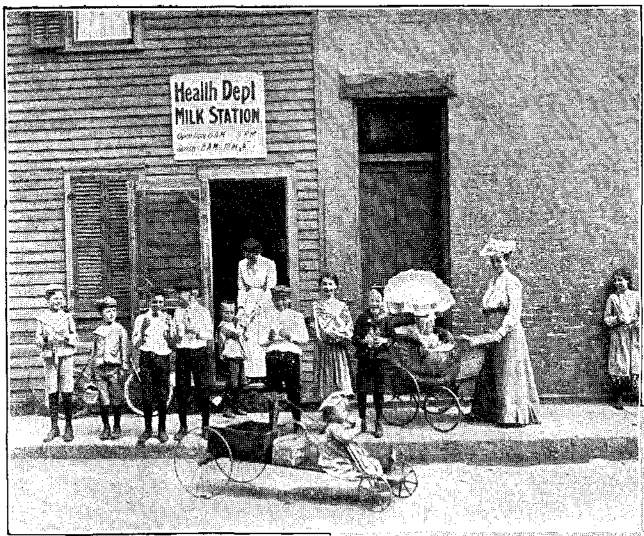
"Anything does for a milk station, so that it be reasonably clean. Last year, one was in a police station, one in a plumbing shop, another in a small store"

ownership," and hence shocking to the sensitive souls of some of Rochester's "best citizens." They had peacefully absorbed municipally-owned-and-distributed water (one of the best supplies in the country) without becoming inoculated with socialistic virus, but the notion of a city selling milk was poisonous to them. They denounced the scheme. They declared they wouldn't buy the milk, and they didn't. (Their wives did, some of them, while they weren't looking, because nowhere else could they be sure of pure milk for their babies.) Dr. Goler went ahead with his plans, undisturbed. He isn't particularly interested in theoretical politics. His concern is practical life-saving.

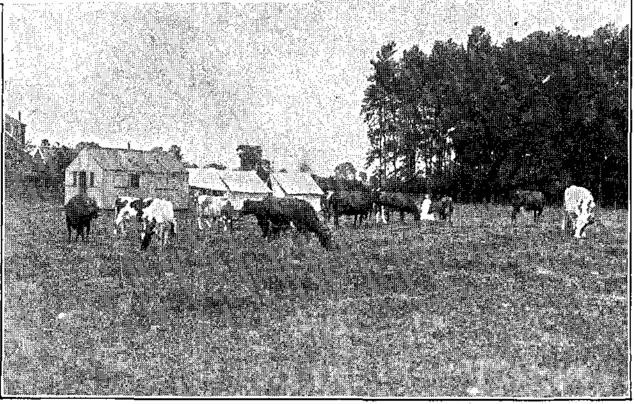
He was fortunate in finding in the Health Bureau two men remarkable for honesty, capability, and industry, Frederick R. Eilinger, chemist, and William O. Marshall, chief milk inspector. It is to the labors of these men that much of the success of the Rochester undertaking is due.

The primary step was to establish a source of supply. First, Dr. Goler had to catch his farm and clean it. Now, making a dairy-farm clean isn't very difficult, though it costs money; but keeping it and its product clean demands untiring vigilance. After considerable difficulty Dr. Joseph Roby, of the Health Bureau, found a farmer who was willing to carry out the Bureau's ideas, and after the station had once been established on his farm, he went ahead with the certified milk plant. His establishment was by no means an ideal one; his barn was an old-fashioned affair; his cattle were none too carefully kept. But he was willing to follow instructions. With the slow steps by which that farm was made the one and only safely pure milk supply out of the seven-hundred-odd dairies which furnish Rochester, I shall not deal here. Those who may desire the technical points can get them, on request, from the Rochester Health Bureau, which has already become a radiating educational influence. The net result of the toilful building-up was this: that when the plant was in working order, it produced clean milk and kept it clean up to the time it was delivered to the purchaser.

The first point of importance was the condition of the cows. According to the estimates of hygienists, about thirty per cent of the cattle in the State of New York are tuberculous. No one knows the exact proportion, because the New York State



"Through four milk stations the output is sold. All of these are in the poorer quarters of the city, since it is there that the child mortality is greatest"



"The municipal attempt, in its first year, established its plant in tents"

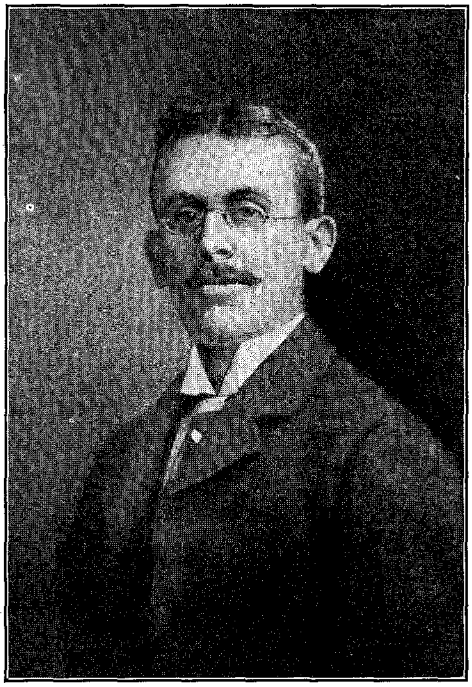
Department of Agriculture is too busy with less important matters to take any steps toward ascertaining it. Obviously, there must be no such cattle in the municipal milk herd as would infect the supply with the germs of consumption. All the cattle were tested, and a number were destroyed. Then came instructions to the employees regarding cleanliness in milking and in handling the milk. A system was perfected whereby the fluid, from the time it leaves the cow, touches nothing that is not absolutely sterile, that is, free from contamination, and germproof.

First, the milking pail is steamed, and the mouth of it covered with sterilized cheese-cloth. The milkman, his hands carefully washed, milks through this cheese-cloth, under the supervision of a Health Bureau nurse, the pail being then carried to a small shed near by, where the sterilized distributing bottles are awaiting it. Double screen doors keep out that mischievous distributer of dirt and disease, the fly, and should one squeeze its way in, it is hunted down with as determined a ruthlessness as if it were a rattlesnake. Untouched by human hands, the milk is siphoned into the bottles, which are at once sealed with sterile stoppers and packed in an ice-box until ready for delivery. Thus produced and bottled for delivery, it is insured against taint. Nowhere can it encounter a germ until it reaches the consumer. The cow and the baby are the only containers not absolutely sterile, and the cow is as safe as inspection can make her.

Does it not sound extremely simple, this matter of producing clean milk? There is nothing more to it than I have described. In the mere matter of cleanliness lies the difference between milk on which babies thrive, and milk on which babies pine and die. When I visited the Rochester farm last August, the weather had been uncomfortably warm for two weeks. At my summer place, which is on the shore of a lake and hence free from dust and contamination, I had experienced difficulty in keeping milk sweet — sound country milk, fresh from the creamery. Dr. Roby gave me a glass from the Rochester farm's cooler, where it had been kept at a temperature of about fifty degrees, and asked my opinion of it. It was excellently sweet and fresh.

"That milk," said he, after consulting a record, "is just a trifle more than ten days old."

If you are a house owner or a flat renter, ask your wife how long a supply keeps, even on the ice. Probably not more than three or four days at the most. The difference is that your milk, before it reaches you, has become contaminated through foreign substances, while the genuinely pure milk has nothing in it to cause premature souring, and, kept cool, will remain sweet for a fortnight before the natural processes take place. Nor, having soured, is it therefore tainted. Children thrive better on sour clean milk than on sweet tainted milk. However, the Rochester article is never more than ten hours from cow to consumer. As for the practical effects of such a plan, it is enough to say that of all the children who were fed on that supply last year, during the two summer months when the enterprise runs, only two died, and they were practically moribund when brought to the milk depot.


DR. GEORGE W. GOLER

Through four selling stations the output is sold. All of these are in the poorer quarters of the city, since it is there that the child mortality is greatest. One is in a Jewish district, one touches an Irish and Italian quarter which is as near to being a slum as anything the cleanly city permits within its borders, and the others are in districts near where the poorer laboring classes live. The price of the milk averages nine cents a quart, which is above the market price of ordinary milk. Nevertheless, even among the very poor, the doctrine that in pure milk lies sound household economy spread with surprising rapidity. Nor was the sale confined to the poorer classes alone. Before the plan was long afoot, carriages began to make their way through those mean streets, bringing the well-to-do or their servants, to buy the only milk which even those with unlimited means could be sure of finding pure and healthful for their little ones. Of course, the fact that the municipal enterprise cannot deliver its merchandise very greatly limits the sales. Could it afford to deliver at nine cents, Health Officer Goler believes that the business would increase to thirty-five per cent of the total sold in the city.

Anything does for a milk station, so that it be reasonably clean. Last year, one was in a police station, one in a plumbing shop, another in a small store. One is even in a hospital! Each is presided over by a nurse, who gives kindly and tactful advice to the mothers of children, whether sound or ailing. And here, without any desire to detract from the beneficial effects of the milk itself, I am bound to express a settled conviction that a considerable part of the lowered death-rate should be credited to this system of instruction. Through the influence of the nurse the amazing diet on which children of the tenements are customarily brought up is often modified radically.

For example, this conversation, last August, between a milk-station nurse and a superfluously motherly Irishwoman leading a boy of two and a half years, the latest of seven. (Item: five of the seven died before the age of three vears, for reasons which will appear.)

The Baby — "Yah-ah-ah-yah!" (Rubs his small paunch, which is distended like a foot-ball.)

The Mother — "Be aisy, will ye, ye little divvle!" To the Nurse: "Sure, I don't know what's the matter wit me Jawnny at tall, ma'am. He do be yellin' the roof of his head off, all day."

The Nurse — "What have you been feeding him?"

The Mother — "Nothin' at tall, ma'am, that you'd think to call feedin'."

The Nurse — "Only the milk?"

The Mother —"Maybe a bit o' dinner ——"

The Baby — "Yah-ah-ah-ya-a-aow!"

The Nurse —"Give him to me. Now, what was it you had for dinner?"

The Mother — "Well, a bit o' pork. He cried for that."

The Nurse — "And you gave it to him?" (*sotto voce*) "with the mercury at ninety. Any cabbage with it?"

The Mother — "Ain't you the thoughtful lady! Sure, he was to set his teeth on a bit o' cabbage, or he'd have his heart out of his little t'roat, with the yellin'."

The Nurse (carelessly) — "And you had a glass of beer with your meal?"

The Mother — "An' a sup o' good beer'll not hurrt him, I'm thinkin'. Sure, it was only a spoonful."

The Nurse (suggestively) — "And yesterday? He didn't sleep well last night, perhaps?"

The Mother — "Didn't he! I gev him two spoons of the Baby Fri'nd,* and it's like the dead he shlept."

Then came the lecture, tactfully given so as to avoid offense; and the mother of the distended "Jawnny" went home with her bottle of milk and the beginnings of wisdom, wherewith, haply, to keep the baby from the graveyard whither five others had preceded him. This conversation I quote at length, not because it is in any way remarkable, but because it is in every sense typical. So, I say, when the records are considered, the good milk that the Rochester babies get must divide the credit with the withholding of the average indigestibles they used to be stuffed with. And here is the record in plain figures:

Inherently the success of the Rochester plan depends upon the original purity of the milk, beginning with the health and cleanliness of the cattle. Hence, the design has been to move the municipal plant — the packing and sterilizing apparatus and quarters — from farm to farm, thus educating the farmer to the feasibility of hygienic dairying. Unfortunately, few farmers could be brought to take any interest in the matter. Although there is absolutely no expense to the dairyman, other than what is involved in decent cleanliness, and although there are no requirements beyond a pure water-supply and decently humane ventilation of the barns, the farming population of Monroe County preferred to furnish dirty and more or less diseased milk in the old, easy way. The municipal attempt, in its first year, established its plant in tents, on a farm at Brighton, one of Rochester's suburbs. Last year the farm chosen was in the outskirts of the city, to the north. This year another place may be chosen, and meanwhile last year's farm, run by a farmer named Lovett, who has recently put in an ideal farm, will continue to produce pure milk, such as can be certified by the local medical authorities.

Example alone being insufficient to the solving of the problem, Health Officer Goler does not abstain from the sharper lesson of punishment. All dairies are inspected at least twice a year. If conditions fall below a certain standard, Dr. Goler notifies the offender. Always, every reasonable chance is given before further steps are taken. The retailer who handles the dangerous output is also notified. Now, should the dairyman disregard the warning (more than two thousand letters of this kind were sent out from the Health Bureau last year) his milk is condemned. An embargo is put upon it. No sale of it

DEATHS AMONG CHILDREN UNDER ONE YEAR AND FROM ONE TO FIVE YEARS FOR TWO TEN-YEAR PERIODS, ONE BEFORE AND THE OTHER AFTER SYSTEMATIC MILK WORK WAS BEGUN AT ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.†

1887—1896

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sep.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Total
Under 1	319	303	316	316	258	280	1010	808	554	342	234	244	4975
1 to 5	233	214	201	210	192	163	212	267	185	181	200	218	2476
	552	517	517	526	450	443	1222	1075	739	523	434	462	7451

1897—1906

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sep.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Total
Under 1	210	265	265	283	218	205	413	478	424	270	194	196	3421
1 to 5	178	134	142	160	128	117	127	125	109	112	99	113	1544
	388	399	407	443	346	322	540	603	533	382	293	309	4965

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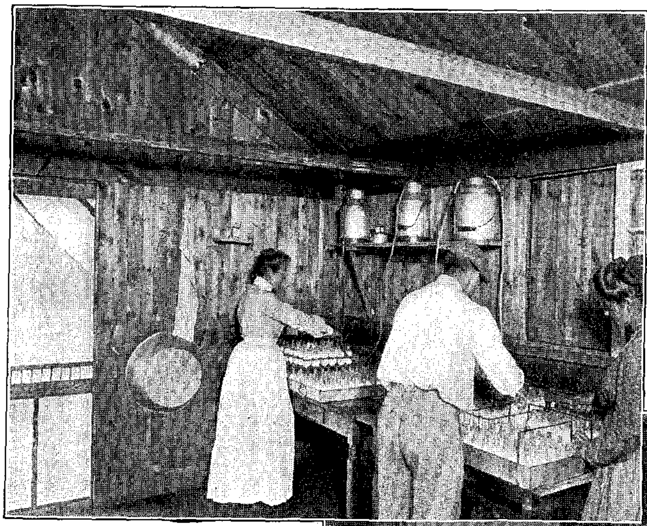
* "Kopp's Baby Friend," a poisonous, morphine patent medicine, with which mothers of the lower classes are wont to "dope" and sometimes to kill their restless children.

†Note the tremendous decrease between the first and the second lists, in the months of July and August, when the effects of the good milk are felt.



"Untouched by human hands, the milk is siphoned into the bottles, which are at once sealed with sterile stoppers and packed in an ice-box until ready for delivery"

ROCHESTER HEALTH DEP'T.
MILK
FOR BABIES

"Each station is presided over by a nurse, who gives kindly and tactful advice to the mothers of children, whether sound or ailing"

can be made within the city limits of Rochester. If the man is wise, he cleans up his plant. If he is obstinate, he sells his bad milk elsewhere. If he is both obstinate and foolish, he continues to bring it to the old market, until, some sad day, his wagon is unceremoniously held up, and the interested wayfarers listen to surprised and pained profanity upon the part of the driver, while the streets gutters are flushed with a rich, white flood.

For the retailer who adulterates his milk after receiving it from the dairyman, there is worse in store than the loss of his merchandise. He is promptly haled to court and vigorously prosecuted. Up to 1905 nearly twenty per cent of the milkmen in Rochester had been prosecuted, and *successfully,* for adulteration of their supply.

Such pernicious activity has, of course, tended to make the Health Department unpopular in certain quarters. "Vested interests," that shibboleth of the modern commercial Juggernaut, raised their voices. It is always so; every attempt to save human lives wholesale means a cutting down of somebody's profits.

In Scranton, last winter, as in Ithaca a few years before, the town was literally poisoned by typhoid because a conscienceless private water company wouldn't go to the expense of keeping sewer filth out of the drinking supply. Pittsburg and Dayton know well how their "local business interests" have, in the past, bulldozed and compelled the health authorities into concealing smallpox, lest the panic "scare away trade," the contagion, meanwhile, spreading unchecked. New Orleans has in years gone by paid its toll to commerce, in the falsification and suppression of yellow-fever records, and, first of American cities to emerge from that slough of cowardice and shortsightedness, has since fought and won its battle in the open. San Francisco has played the foul game and lost by it, in its official course of mendacity, when bubonic plague was rife there. And in a score of cities, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, St. Louis, the nation-wide movement to wipe out tuberculosis has been and still is grimly fought by the owners of the grisly tenements wherein the Great White Plague breeds, lest they lose their deadly percentages. A strange battle-line, indeed, these Soldiers of the Common Ill,—to distort the phrase of a man who has been one of their determined foes,— venomous politicians, brothel-keepers, dive-proprietors, fighting side by side with mighty church organizations and educational institutions, for preservation of their precious profits — profits which, if justice worked infallibly, would poison their takers with the very pestilence which radiates from their sources.

So, in Rochester, keeping milk unpoisoned meant interference with the Divine Right to Get and Hold. The milkmen rose up in their wrath and formed an organization to do away with such meddling. They undertook to pass an ordinance putting the Health Bureau completely under political control. With refreshing frankness their spokesman, a local lawyer, expressed their point of view, at a hearing before the council, to the effect that making a city of two hundred thousand people pay more for milk, simply for the sake of the twenty thousand babies in the population, was absurd and ridiculous.

To comment upon this would be to paint the lily. It may stand as a fit embodiment of the principles which underlie the anti-public-health campaign in its every phase. Happily, Rochester knows the worth of its own Health Bureau. Dr. Goler came out victorious, unshorn of any of his powers, which are by no means excessive.

At the present time the Rochester plan seems likely to be followed by other cities. The cost of bad milk has been sharply brought home to many communities in the last few years by epidemics of typhoid, scarlet fever, and other infections, running with unmistakable accuracy along the lines of certain milk routes, and as unmistakably indicating infected milk. At the time of writing Chicago is struggling with a terrific scarlet fever epidemic, originating, presumably, in a Wisconsin dairy-farm. Assistant Food Commissioner Schuknecht of Illinois believes, on data from the investigation of the supply in thirty-five Illinois cities, that nearly one-third of the supply in the cities of the State is unfit for human consumption. New York, too, is attacking the problem with vigor, and the newspapers have shown an encouraging interest in the problem, though, to my mind, the present outcry for Pasteurization of milk is based upon a mistaken apprehension.

The demand is that all milk shipped to or offered for sale in New York be Pasteurized. Unquestionably, this would do away with the original danger of active infections, and in emergency crises, such as that of Chicago, it might be necessary. But as a general and permanent principle, it is wrong and harmful. Young children do not thrive upon Pasteurized milk, and it is to this class of the community that milk is vitally necessary. In the heating which destroys the pathogenic bacilli (disease germs), ferments proper to the milk are destroyed, thus decreasing its nutritive qualities. More, it has been shown in Germany, where Pasteurization and sterilization have been carried to extremes, that children fed upon Pasteurized milk are liable to scurvy, rickets, malnutrition, and anemia. Finally, the Pasteurizing of all milk means the tearing down of all that has been built up in the way of improved dairy conditions, since the filthiest supply may be admitted, after treatment by the germ-killing process. No one wants to eat decayed meat, even though it be deodorized and treated with bactericidal processes. Similarly, the public of a great city should not have the gates thrown open to filthy milk, no matter how protected against specific infections.

Sterilization was tried in Rochester. It did not work well. The milk was not nutritious. Then Dr. Goler hit upon what seems to me the centrally important truth in the milk problem: that not the milk itself, but everything with which it comes in contact, should be made germ-proof. Back of that lies more careful inspection of dairies, better State and city public service in this important matter, and a public educated to demanding pure and safe milk at a living price. Whether the municipality itself produce the pure milk or simply furnish the official machinery to guarantee its purity, is a matter which each city may well work out for itself. And as the basis upon which it all rests, stands the vital lesson of hygienic economics which this country is learning with appreciably growing enlightenment; that bad air, bad water, bad housing, bad sewering, dirty streets, and poor or impure food of whatever sort, cheaper though they may be in the immediate expense, come back upon a community or a nation, in the long run, with a bill of arrears, upon which the not-to-be-avoided percentage is appallingly exorbitant.

THE WILDNESS OF MR. HARCOURT PETERS

BY

REBECCA LANE HOOPER

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

IN front of a great, glorious, roaring, snapping wood fire, with his feet upon the fender, sat Mr. Harcourt Peters, gazing abstractedly at the merry destruction before him. He was not consumed with poetical fancies, as one is popularly supposed to be in front of that variety of fire, — but he felt an unaccustomed sense of longing, which as yet had focused into nothing more than a deep frown and a few gusty sighs. These aroused the attention of his mother, who was sitting by the lamp, and she looked up with some alarm over the baby sack she was crocheting, but, with feminine respect for masculine meditation, she hazarded no remark. Although Mr. Harcourt Peters had behaved to his mother as a son should, during the thirty-five years of his model life, she had never ceased to enjoy worrying over him. She dimly felt his unrest at the present moment, and shared it sociably and silently.

Yearning, with no object in view, is monotonous, not to say irritating, and Harcourt cast about him for something definite to want. He began with externals, and his eye roved round the room. His mother followed his glance to see if anything was amiss, but after he had dwelt upon every other object without comment, he spied the telephone and glowered at it. There, within call, were his friends. If he wanted to go to bed, — he pressed a button at the foot of the stairs, and his room was lighted up. When he reached it, his half-finished volume of Henry James lay on the table by his bed, and the best kind of a reading-lamp, with its green shade, hung just above his pillow. Everything was as it should be. Ah! Here was the trouble. He was tired of civilization! He felt the "call of the wild." Away with your ostentatious gleaming porcelain bath-tubs! What he wanted was a dip in a crystal lake at dawn. Get thee hence, course breakfasts with a finger-bowl at each end! He hungered for smutty potatoes baked in a fire in the open. He worked himself up into such a state of pleasurable excitement, that Mrs. Peters beamed as she watched him. Suddenly a slight frown crossed his face. This curious phenomenon, this longing for Nature, while it must be respected and even gratified, must yet be handled carefully and with some suspicion. If he went alone into the heart of the wilderness, he might never return, and he didn't want to succumb to that extent.

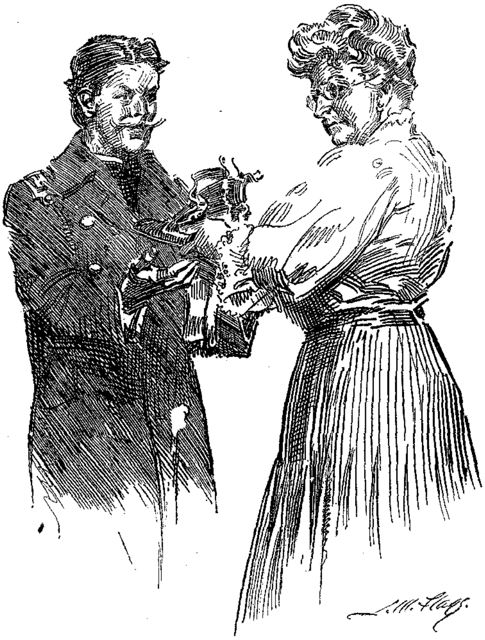
"Mother, I think I'll get up a camping party."

"It's too late in the season, dear, — see how cold it is to-night, and besides, the Matthews are coming Thursday, and you ought to be here."

The Matthews were old friends of the family, who came a-visiting every year, and were a very great bore, — but each year Mrs. Peters decided that it would be ungracious not to reinvite them, and the Matthews agreed among themselves that it would be impolite not to accept, although they were bored, too. As there didn't seem to be any help for it, the Matthews' visit occurred annually. The thought of escaping this event whetted Harcourt's appetite for camping.

"It is necessary for my health that I should live in the open air for a while," he announced with finality, as he went to the telephone. In his new-found loathing for civilization, Mr. Peters did not disdain to use its conveniences to organize the camping party.

One of the men who was invited said he knew of an ideal place to go, — he had never seen it, to be sure, — but the Golf Club owned a camp on Lake Woodward, which was about nine miles long, and you drove twenty miles up hill to get to it. As they were all members of the Club, they would have a perfect right to make use of "Camp Idlewilde." This name thrilled Harcourt. He felt idly wild and wildly idle.


"presented with guilty qualms to a polite Salvation Army man, who called each week to tempt her"

The "crowd" was got together. It consisted of a chaperone, six engaged girls, whose fiancés were toiling away in town, and five young brothers and cousins of the girls, who went for the sport of the thing. Thus we have got down to the rock bottom fault in Mr. Harcourt Peters. From the time when he first went to school and wore dresses, and a certain small girl seemed fascinated, and followed him about, he had always disliked the unattached young girl. Taken collectively or individually, he considered them bunches of crudities, which, like fire-crackers, were likely to go off and hit or maim him who tampered with them. He liked the older women, with whom he was mildly popular, and he knew that engaged girls would be convenient on the present expedition, because they always learned to cook.

"There'll be no idiotic love affairs on this trip," he said to himself gleefully, as he went up-stairs to pack.

The love which Mr. Harcourt Peters did not lavish on the opposite sex, was bestowed upon his clothes. It would not be putting it too strongly to say he idolized his clothes, especially his old ones. And then, — his old shoes! The dear things stood in a row down the side of an immense closet, in chronological order, representing some ten years of fashion in foot-gear. In the spring they moved to the country. In the fall they returned to town with the rest of the family. Never would he knowingly part from any of them. Occasionally his mother stole a pair from the more ancient end of the row, which she presented with guilty qualms to a polite Salvation Army man, who called each week to tempt her.

Harcourt decided that clothes three years old were appropriate to the wildness of the present occasion, and he caressed the immaculate creases of his trousers, as he put them tenderly in his suit-case — a splendidly dignified institution that creaked with respectability and fine leather. He then went to bed, after having pitched Henry James informally under the bureau. For some, this act would be mild, but it was as reckless in Mr. Peters as setting the house afire would be in you, when you were enraged at their not having the dessert you liked.

The next morning, after a last plunge in the hated porcelain tub, Mr. Harcourt Peters hastily got his things together, kissed his mother good-by, and, with the others, dramatically turned his back upon civilization.

The part-songs and jokes of the nature enthusiasts died a sudden and unnatural death when the campers realized that the "up-hill" part of the twenty-mile drive was only too true. The road, which had started in a well-meaning way, began to do egregious things, like those people who have kind hearts. It changed its mind about being a road and developed a succession of rocky ledges — so picturesque when viewed from orchestra chairs at popular stereopticon lectures, but calculated to dismay a cultured and dock-tailed horse.

At last, after many hours of rough scrambling, and a luncheon eaten en route, level ground was reached, where a small river glided peacefully through a wooded meadow. It was a pretty sight, and the horses trotted good-humoredly along the winding bank of this river for several miles. Still there were no signs of Lake Woodward. Save for the road, and a little hut which they passed, it was all absolutely primitive.

Mr. Peters said at last that they must be driving the wrong way, and he threw a chip in the river to see which way *it* was going, explaining that the river doubtless was the outlet to the lake, and that it behooved them to take the opposite direction from that of the chip. But the chip didn't go; it lay motionless.

"This river's got no current," said Billy Williams.

"Of course it has a current," said Mr. Peters, frowning at Billy and looking respectfully at the river. "Let us drive on to the rapids — of course there are rapids — and there is never any doubt about their direction."

They did drive on until something happened which not even a Mr. Peters could have foreseen. The river came to an end. It stopped. That was all there was of it.

"I have never heard of a river's doing a thing like that," said Mr. Peters to Mrs. Manners of Brookline, who was chaperoning.

"Fellow-campers," said Billy Williams, "I believe this river is the lake."

"But they said the lake was nine miles long," objected Mr. Peters.

"Did they say anything about its width?" asked Billy.

Mr. Peters didn't think they had mentioned any special width, but did not know whether it was customary to do so, when speaking of lakes. However, if this little river was the lake, then the hut must have been Camp Idlewilde.

"If that hovel has the coat of arms of the Gresham Golf Club over its fireplace, it is our destination," said Mr. Peters. "I will paddle back in my canoe and ascertain. Meanwhile, please have supper, and save some of the creamed chicken for me."

Billy and Mr. Peters lifted the canoe from the provision wagon, and Harcourt soon disappeared round one of the little bends in the river.

He reached the despised hut in about half an hour. To his surprise, the door was open, and as he peered into a little room about ten feet square, he met the astonished gaze of a girl, who was seated on a rough bench reading.

"Beg pardon, sorry to disturb," said Harcourt, when he found his voice. "I happen to be looking for Lake Woodward and Camp Idlewilde. Do you know if these are they?" He didn't mean to be funny, but sometimes the things one says in all seriousness sound funny after they are out, and as the girl laughed, Harcourt joined her, pleased and surprised at his own wit.

"I don't know what these are," replied the girl.

At this, Mr. Peters looked at her in disapproval. It was amusing, perhaps, for him to be lost, but it was highly unoriginal in a total stranger to be lost, too.

"Do you mean to say you don't know where you are?" he asked sharply.

"No; but then, you don't either," said the girl, with some jauntiness.

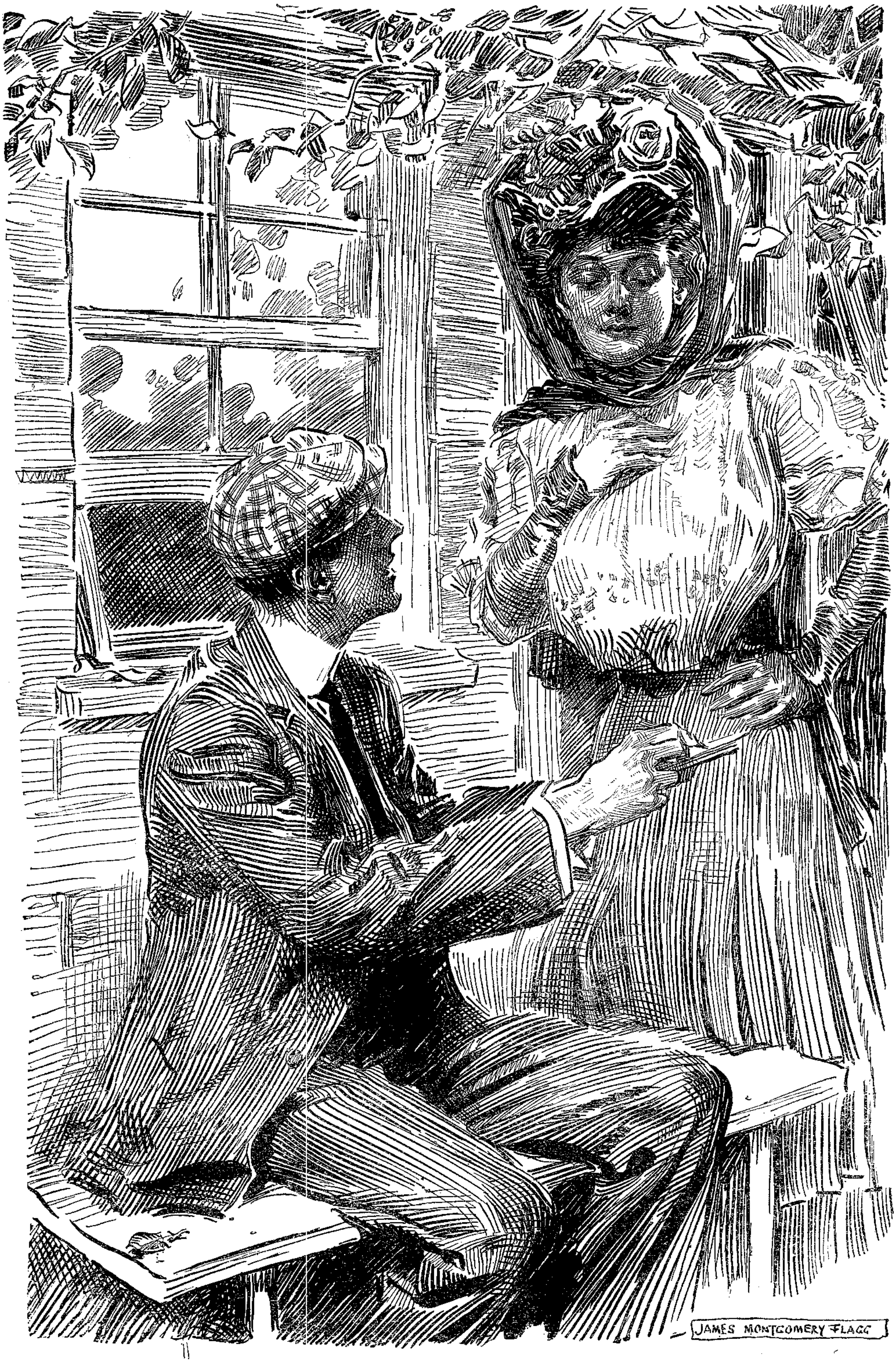
Mr. Peters scrutinized her closely and, seeing that she was so good-looking, decided to forgive her for being lost, if she could account satisfactorily for the fact that she was all by herself in the wildness of Nature. He was about to say, "Who are you?" briefly, when she spoke.

"Have you seen a motor-car?"

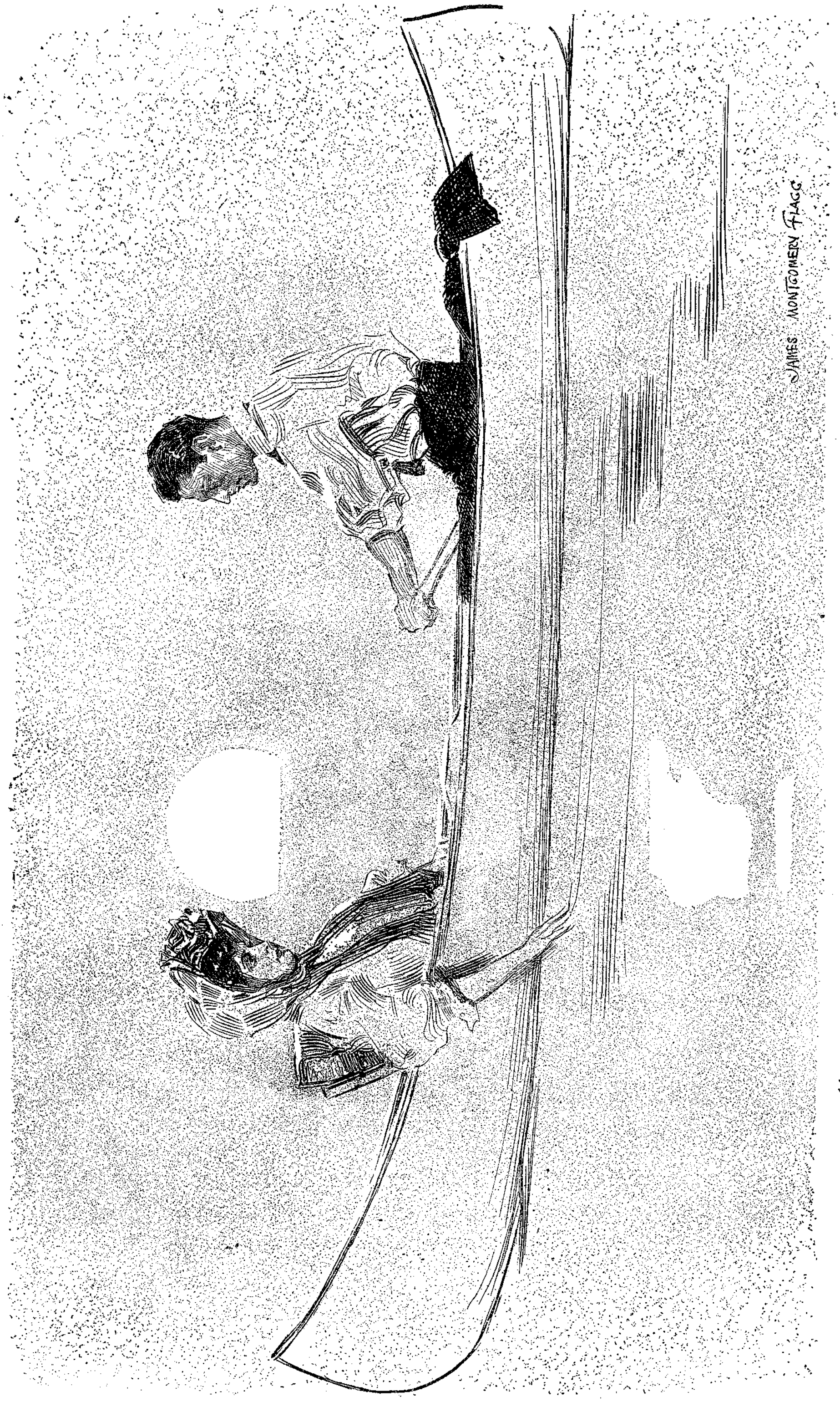
No, Mr. Peters had neither heard, seen, nor smelled an automobile.

"Harry, — that is, Mr. Harrow and I were motoring, and stopped here to eat our luncheon. Mr. Harrow was going out of our way to a little town for more gasolene, and was to pick me up on the way back. He's been gone an awfully long time," and she looked anxiously at Mr. Peters, as if he were to blame.

"Mrs. Harry Harrow! What a wretched name," said Harcourt to himself. He covertly eyed her clothes, which were beyond even his fastidious criticism. "Probably on her honeymoon!" Aloud he said: "If you are going on, I believe I'll put up here for the night." He turned and looked round the room, and there, sure enough, over the fireplace, roughly drawn in red chalk, was the pompous coat of arms of the Gresham Golf Club. "Ah," he said. "This proves that the queer river is Lake Woodward, and this magnificent villa is Camp Idlewilde." He sank down, as if overcome.


JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"'THAT'S MY NAME,' HE EXPLAINED"


JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"HARCOURT PADDLED ALONG IN SILENT APPRECIATION OF HER"

The girl was looking at him suspiciously. "Did you say you were going to spend the night here?" she asked very distinctly.

"Certainly I am," answered Mr. Peters. "Do you suppose I'd sleep in the open, when I could have such palatial apartments as these?"

Mr. Harcourt Peters was unconscious of the fact that she regarded him and the hour as dangerous. It was too bad he didn't know, because he would have been so pleased, — but of course she couldn't be expected to tell a devotee of Henry James at sight.

"What are those queer noises?" she asked suddenly, as a series of prolonged howls were dimly heard in the distance. They sounded hungry and menacing.

"Those are wood noises," said Mr. Peters carelessly. "Some of the detached sounds one expects to hear in the country. Well, I'm afraid I must bid you good-by."

"What?" asked the girl in surprise. When Mr. Peters explained that campers and creamed chicken awaited him at the end of the Lake, she veered about — and from being afraid of Harcourt, began to plead with him not to go off and leave her alone.

There are times when a man likes to see a woman "go ahead, and not be afraid of anything," and there are others when he is disappointed when she isn't timid. Roughly speaking, — as a rule for conduct, — it might be said that independence is mostly successful by daylight, and the clinging vine mood requires twilight as an effective background. So when Amy Harrow seized the left arm of Mr. Harcourt Peters and said beseechingly, "Please don't leave me alone," Mr. Peters' heart gave an enormous and unexpected heave, and he replied with fervor that he wouldn't dream of doing such a thing.

"I must let my people know I have discovered the camp, but why don't you come with me? It's really a simply ideal evening for a paddle." She looked out over the lake. It was more attractive in the dim haze than it had been by daylight.

"Suppose Harry comes back while I'm gone?"

"I'll fix 'Harry'," said Harcourt, and he tore a sheet from his pocket diary. This act was even wilder than throwing Henry James under the bureau. He had kept a diary since he was five, and had never missed a day, except when he had measles. On the leaf which he had cruelly wrenched from its fellows, he wrote in his precise, somewhat distinguished hand, "Dear Harry,—I have gone canoeing with a Mr. Harcourt Peters."

"That's my name," he explained.

"I judged as much," said the girl.

He went on writing. "Will be back in about an hour. Don't worry."

"Now," he said, with what he considered great diplomacy, "tell me your first name, so that Harry will know who is writing to him." The girl seized the pencil and paper, wrote her name so that he couldn't see it, and pinned the note on the door of the camp. When she came back to Harcourt, he held out his right hand to her.

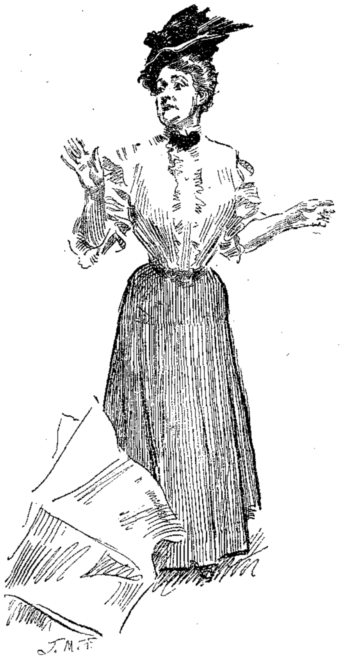
"You ought to shake hands with me," he said gravely. "We have just been introduced by the lead-pencil." They shook hands with solemnity, and then hurried down to the canoe.

"It's lucky for you that you're married," he observed politely, as he helped her in.

"Why?" asked the girl, as she sat down in her end of the boat with graceful precision. She seemed amused, but Harcourt, as he thought over his last remark, saw nothing funny in it, so he went on — "I don't care much for women, unless they're engaged or married. I like them best married." After the lead-pencil jest, the girl didn't know whether this was something extremely subtle, or a statement of a fact. It was getting too dark for a very critical survey of his expression, so she decided he was joking.

"What a relief all this unconventionality is," Harcourt went on. "Here are you, and here am I. We don't know one another at all, and yet we're out here on this lake all by ourselves, and actually enjoying it." Something was happening to Harcourt, — he didn't quite know what, but it was pleasant.

"How beautiful it all is," said the girl, and she stretched out her arms as if she would embrace the landscape. "Lucky landscape, lucky husband," thought Harcourt. She was one of those people who have the charm of personality, that most elusive of all gifts, which makes everything some people say or do profoundly interesting; the lack of which is all the more fatal, because those who haven't it never find out what is the matter with them. Harcourt paddled along in silent appreciation of her, — and she slowly turned her eyes back to him, and his lingered in the depths of hers, which seemed to be growing deeper in the dim light. The silence was so full of meaning to Harcourt, that involuntarily he stopped paddling and leaned toward her. The canoe drifted along in the light breeze. When she finally spoke, the vibrations of her voice answered his unspoken thoughts, although she only asked what time it was. Harcourt lit a match and looked at his watch.



“‘I feel it in my bones that something very serious has happened’”

“Quarter of eight,” he announced, with the pleasurable thought that He was telling Her the time.

“I don't see what can have become of Harry,” she said. “He left about four o'clock. What's the matter?” she added, as she heard a short exclamation from the other end of the canoe. “Is there a leak?”

“Well,” said Harcourt reluctantly, “I thought I was paddling straight toward the place where I left my party, — but a strange lake is deceptive at night, and — ”

“Are we lost?”

“I suppose that's about it.”

II

Meanwhile the campers had amused themselves by eating twice as much supper as usual, and then they played children's games with great zest, until Mrs. Manners told Billy Williams that she thought he and all the rest of them were heartless creatures, that poor Mr. Harcourt Peters was probably lost or drowned, and that, as chaperone, she thought they ought to drive back at once to the hut, where there might have been a mountain-lion.

“I feel it in my bones that something very serious has happened,” she went on. “At this very moment Mr. Peters may be wrestling with a panther.”

Inwardly jeering at the mountain-lion-panther idea, the campers drove back to the hut, where all was darkness and silence. Billy lit one of the lanterns and strode up to the door, where he found the note.

“The panther has eaten Peters and left a note to tell us,” he announced. Then he read aloud: “‘Dear Harry, — I have gone canoeing with a Mr. Harcourt Peters. Will be back in about an hour. Don't worry. Amy.’ That is the panther's name. Any one know a panther named Amy?”

No one seemed to.

Just then the faint “chug! chug!” of an automobile was heard. It came rapidly nearer, until the car stopped in front of the camp.

“Hello, Amy,” said a voice. “Did you think I was never coming?”

“The panther's keeper,” whispered Billy. Then, aloud, “There isn't any Amy here.”

“But this is where I left my sister,” said the Voice in surprise. Billy handed him the note, and held the lantern, for the Voice to read. “How long have they been gone?” asked the Voice.

“We don't know. We only just came,” said Billy.

“Then you don't know this Mr. Harcourt Peters?” said the Voice anxiously. Billy explained.

“And you are our guest until your sister returns,” said Mrs. Manners, as if it were a law of the Medes and Persians, or a by-law of the Brookline Woman's Club.

“Thank you, my name is Harrow,” said the Voice, detaching itself from the motor-car. Mr. Harrow made himself nervously agreeable for a time, but after a while he led Billy Williams aside and said excitedly:

“I don't want to be impertinent about your friend, but I'm worried about my sister. Was this Mr. Harcourt Peters — er — perfectly — er — in a condition to be trusted when you last saw him?”

Billy assured Harrow that Mr. Peters was never in any other condition and graphically related tales of Mr. Peters' aversion to girls. Harrow thanked Billy feelingly, whereat Billy slapped him on the back, and they were friends. Women have to discuss clothes to become really intimate, but men merely hit each other.

As it grew later, doubts of all shapes and sizes began to settle over the party again. The campers weighed and analyzed everything Harrow said, in order to glean some information as to what kind of a sister he had, — the sort of girl who could kidnap Mr. Harcourt Peters. When Harrow said "shall" instead of "will," Mrs. Manners decided that, according to the Back Bay code, Amy Harrow was a dangerous girl. Mr. Harrow meanwhile concluded that Mr. Harcourt Peters was a scoundrel, because some one had implied that the Peters family were rolling in money. "He's one of those scoundrels with a veneer of respectability which hoodwinks his friends," thought Harrow. It took all Billy Williams' spirits to keep a "grouch" from settling over the party.

"Eleven o'clock," announced Billy. "Mrs. Manners, there is no need of your sitting up, and all the girls ought to go to bed."

Some sleeping accommodations of unusual but fairly comfortable variety had been discovered in the camp.

Mrs. Manners plucked Billy's coat-sleeve, and said in loud whispers that she thought Mr. Harrow ought to be searched, because this might all be a plot: the sister to lure off Harcourt, and the pretended brother with the concealed weapons, and all. Billy assured her that everything would be properly attended to.

"That woman has Boston manners and a Laura Jean Libbey imagination," said Billy to himself. "She is the long-sought-for result of an immovable body's being met by an irresistible force."

It was no reflection on Billy's college yarns that his listeners dozed off one by one. They were so unused to being long in the open air that they fairly ached with sleep. Finally Billy told Harrow he'd take five winks, and then he'd watch while Harrow took five. But Billy Williams did everything thoroughly, and once asleep, he slept on and on and on. Harrow listened to his regular breathing, and at last, without meaning to, he fell sound asleep, himself. The little fire which they had built on the shore died down between the rocks and finally went out.

The next morning the sun was high when Harrow woke. He rubbed his eyes perplexedly and turned over, trying to think where he was, when he noticed a canoe lying among some reeds on a lake, and in it, curled up among the cushions, sound asleep, was his sister. When he found he wasn't dreaming, he ran down to the canoe with a shout of relief which woke all the rest of the party, — that is, all but Mr. Harcourt Peters, who lay very much asleep some fifteen feet from Billy Williams. As soon as Billy spied Mr. Peters, he proceeded to shake him.

"Where were you last night?" he asked savagely. Mr. Peters at once arose, felt of the top of his head as if he had doubts as to whether it was still there, and then said to Billy in surprise:

"Where in the world did you come from?"

"It is you who have arrived, not we," answered Billy. He had always been rather in awe of Mr. Harcourt Peters, but he spoke to him now in the tone of an irate mama who scolds a small, erring girl.

"Mr. Harrow has been with us since half-past eight last night, and we've been watching ever since."

Mr. Peters seemed dazed.

"Was I here, when I lay down?" he asked.

"How do I know?" returned Billy, with early morning irritability.

"I suppose that's Harrow down by the canoe," said Harcourt, and he stumbled down to the shore, where Harrow and his sister were both talking at once.

"Mr. Harrow," he said, "I'm Harcourt Peters, and I have to apologize to you for getting lost and losing Mrs. Harrow."

"Miss Harrow," corrected her brother. Mr. Peters turned pale.

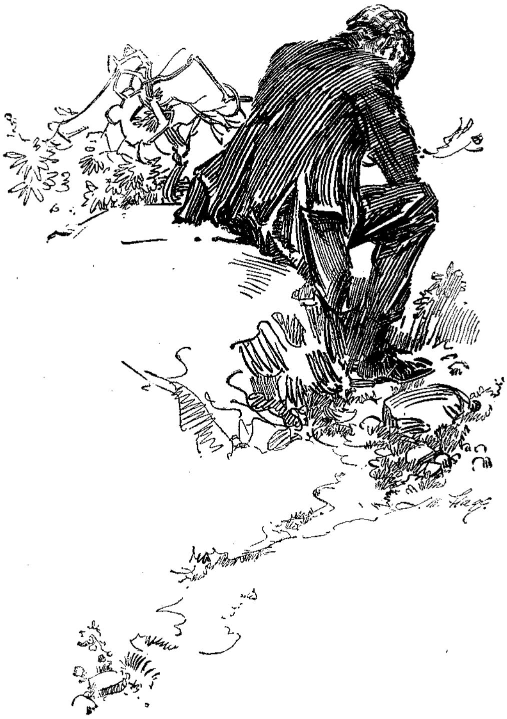
"Do you mean to tell me you aren't married?" he asked Amy.

"Not yet," she said, and they all laughed; that is, every one but Mr. Harcourt Peters. He walked away to the top of a little knoll, where he stood with his arms folded and his back to the rest. The others listened to Miss Harrow's account of how Mr. Peters had shouted and paddled about for hours in the windings and little bays of the lake, trying to find the campers. At last he told her he would leave her safely in the canoe, while he explored the country for some signs of civilization. She begged him to wait until morning, and to remain within call, in case she became frightened. They hadn't guessed they were within forty feet of the sleeping campers when they finally halted.

"Human beings ought to be able to see in the dark," she finished.

Mrs. Manners now emerged breathless from the camp, and when she saw Mr. Harrow and his sister by daylight, she could only gasp. At last she said faintly:

"Why, they live across the street from me in Brookline, only I never knew their names! Where is Mr. Peters?" Billy nodded his head toward the knoll, and they all turned. Apart from the world, sitting on a stone, silent and dejected, was Mr. Harcourt Peters. Nothing daunted by this dramatic isolation, Mrs. Manners broke in upon it.



"Apart from the world, sitting on a stone, silent and dejected"

"Thank goodness you aren't drowned," she observed to Harcourt's back. No reply. She walked round in front of him. "I said, thank goodness you aren't drowned," she reiterated to the top of his head, which was held between his hands. Finally, "Mr. Peters, what's the matter with you?" she said, in a tone which Harcourt recognized from the depths of his despair as one that meant business.

"I am positively sick at heart," he said, without looking up.

"You ought to be thankful at heart," said Mrs. Manners bracingly.

Silence on the part of Mr. Peters.

"Are you physically ill?" demanded Mrs. Manners. She would have wormed the Sphinx's riddle from its stone lips, and what was Mr. Peters against her?

"I have always avoided and disliked girls," confessed Mr. Peters. "I wouldn't have taken Mrs.— I mean, Miss Harrow, out in a canoe, if I'd known — oh, think how alarmed she must have been to be lost out in a lake alone with me! Oh, if — just suppose I hadn't landed by you!"

"Yes, but you did, and it's all right, so act like a sensible being," said Mrs. Manners, at which Harcourt got up, walked to a more distant stone, and sat down with his back to Mrs. Manners again. She followed.

"Mr. Peters," she said, "you are making yourself very conspicuous."

"I mistrusted myself and my motives when I started on this trip," said Harcourt. "Last night I talked to her as I never talked to any one. I talked Platonic friendship. I talked ideals. I even talked religion."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Manners, vaguely and soothingly.

"And now I have found out it was because I love her. I shall be unable to live without her, and she will never accept me. I don't blame her. I'm a precise old maid of a man. I sha'n't even propose to her, but — Oh, Lord, here she comes," and before Mrs. Manners could stop him, he had dashed into the woods.

Miss Harrow seized Mrs. Manners excitedly. Tears stood in her eyes.

"Mrs. Manners," she said half-sobbingly, "I wanted to tell Mr. Peters I was sorry I deceived him about my being married. I'm afraid I have shattered his ideals." She sat down on the rock where Harcourt had just been sitting, and sobbed aloud.

"The best thing that could happen to Mr. Peters would be to shatter some of his ideals," said Mrs. Manners, as if she were speaking of the best way to preserve peaches.

"You don't understand. Last night he talked about the beauty in art and truth and life, and I thought how lucky I was to know him, and yet all the time I felt guilty, because I let him think I was married — even if it was for my own protection. He said he hated shams, and now he loathes me. He won't even speak to me."

Mrs. Manners would have proposed for Mr. Peters, had not Mr. Harrow appeared to tell his sister to come and eat the eggs which Billy Williams was kindly scrambling, because they must go at once to Laconia, where they had been due last night.

They breakfasted hurriedly, without Harcourt, and despite Mrs. Manners' almost hysterical pleading that they would stay for the day, Harrow and his sister got in their motor-car.

"Where's Peters?" asked Billy, amidst the good-by's.

"Oh, Mrs. Manners, will you please tell Mr. Peters good-by?" asked Amy Harrow hastily. "Do start at once, Harry."

"A very good-looking panther, that, Mrs. Manners," said Billy reflectively, as the car disappeared.

III

Quite regardless of the fact that Nature was irretrievably ruining his beloved three-year-old trousers, Mr. Harcourt Peters stumbled about the woods, over underbrush and through swamps, possessed by his third and greatest wildness. Just as typhoid fever attacks a healthy person much more seriously than a poor and pindling one, so love seized upon the hitherto unstirred condition of Harcourt's emotions, and he was having it hard. He would recover, but he would never be the same again.

"I love her more every minute," he informed a large boulder. When he fell over a stump, he said, "I love her." When a branch all but put out his eye, he said, 'She's got to have me." When he had repeated this any number of times, he gained enough courage and self-confidence to win a whole row of Amy Harrows, and he made his way impatiently back to the camp.

Here sat the six fiancées, embroidering articles for their trousseaux, while the men bathed sportively in the somewhat frigid waters of Lake Woodward.

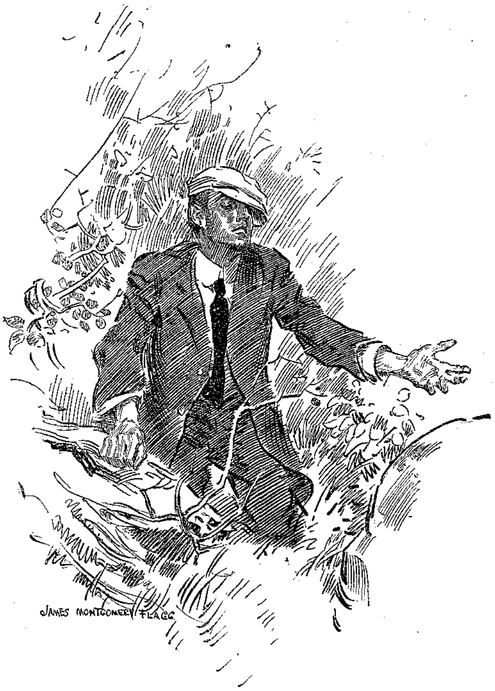
"Where are the Harrows?" asked Harcourt. At the look in his eye, the rest of the party refrained from commenting on his appearance.

Mrs. Manners courageously explained that the Harrows had been gone some two hours.

"Gone?" repeated Harcourt. "Gone? I don't believe it. It isn't true! It can't be." Billy Williams looked at Harcourt with approbation.

"I congratulate you," he said. "At last you have shown some human rage. You may borrow anything I have." Harcourt groaned.

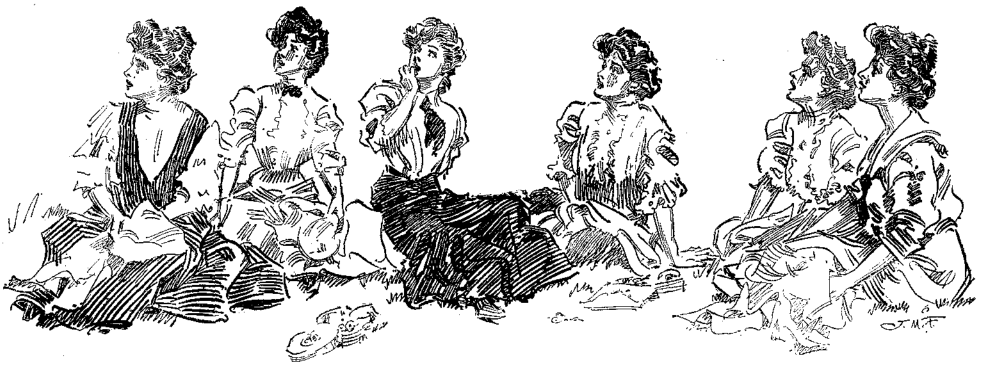
"Oh, you don't understand! How CAN you joke when you have let HER go away from me, perhaps forever?"



"'I love her more every minute,' he informed a large boulder"

This indication of the utter wildness of Mr. Peters acted like a mild bombshell. The six fiancées dropped their six pieces of embroidery, the bathers dropped their lower jaws, and Mrs. Manners let fall last week's *Evening Transcript*.

"Mr. Peters," she said, "go and eat something. Then make yourself presentable. Take your horse and drive as fast as you can to Laconia, where the Harrows will spend the night. Find Amy Harrow and propose to her. But — if you ever return to Camp Idlewilde — do not expect to find us. We shall return to our separate homes. We won't say things to you, because we are willing to bear anything at this crisis in your life. We don't complain, but we have done our part, and we are going home."



"The six fiancées dropped their six pieces of embroidery"

Harcourt had disappeared with his suitcase long before the end of this, and in an incredibly short time he emerged, pale, spotless, and determined, and drove off rapidly in the direction of Laconia.

A few weeks later, when Mrs. Manners was calling on Mrs. Peters, she observed that Mr. Harcourt Peters' face quite lit up the dark corners of the rooms of that immaculate house, which, under the direction of Mrs. Peters, had been scrubbed until they must have ached.

"Harcourt's fiancée is coming to visit me," she confided importantly to Mrs. Manners. Harcourt appeared on the piazza, which had been freshly painted, and sat down imperiously in one of the new wicker chairs. He had a look as if he would say, "Oh, yes, I'm getting quite used to it all."

"Amy is coming," he announced aloud. "I can't have the house all cluttered up. Mrs. Manners, do you suppose that my old clothes and shoes would fit that young man you are sending through Harvard?"

SONG

BY

A. E. HOUSMAN

THE winds out of the west land blow,
  My friends have breathed them there;
Warm with the blood of lads I know
  Comes east the sighing air.

It fanned their temples, filled their lungs,
  Scattered their forelocks free;
My friends made words of it with tongues
  That talk no more with me.

Their voices, dying as they fly,
  Thick on the wind are sown;
The names of men blow soundless by,
  My fellows' and my own.

Oh lads, at home I heard you plain,
  But here your speech is still,
And down the sighing wind in vain
  You hollo from the hill.

The wind and I, we both were there,
  But neither long abode;
Now through the friendless world we fare,
  And sigh upon the road.

From "A Shropshire Lad."

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

THE ELEVENTH CORPS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND A MAP

In reorganizing the Army of the Potomac, General Hooker abolished the "Grand Divisions," the chiefs of which were otherwise disposed of, among them General Franz Sigel. I had been promoted to a major-generalship on March 14, 1863, and when Sigel left, the command of the corps fell temporarily to me as the ranking officer, and Sigel strongly recommended me as his successor in the permanent command. His recommendation was not accepted.

I can say with truthfulness that I not only did not covet that position but did not desire it. It appeared to me perfectly natural that under existing circumstances a regular army officer of merit should be put into that place, and I therefore welcomed General Howard with sincere contentment. He was a slender, dark-bearded young man of rather prepossessing appearance and manners; no doubt a brave soldier, having lost an arm in one of the Peninsular battles; a West-Point graduate, but not a martinet, and free from professional loftiness. He had the reputation of being a very strict and zealous churchman. He did not impress me as an intellectually strong man. A certain looseness of mental operations, a marked uncertainty in forming definite conclusions became easily evident in his conversation. I thought, however, that he might appear better in action than in talk. Our personal relations grew quite agreeable, and even cordial, at least on my side. But it soon became apparent that the regimental officers and the rank and file did not take to him. They looked at him with dubious curiosity; not a cheer could be started when he rode along the front. And I do not know whether he liked the men he commanded better than they liked him.

My command remained the same — the Third Division of the Eleventh Corps — but it was strengthened by the addition of some fresh regiments. There was the 82nd Illinois, commanded by no less a man than Colonel Friedrich Hecker, the most prominent republican leader in the Germany of 1848, now an ardent American patriot and anti-slavery man, no longer young, but in the full vigor of ripe manhood. Among his captains was Emil Frey, a young Swiss, who had interrupted his university studies to come over and fight for the cause of human liberty in the great American Republic. After the War he returned to his native land and then came back to the United States as Minister of Switzerland; and has since held some of the highest political offices in his native country. There was also the 26th Wisconsin, mainly composed of young men of the best class of the German-born inhabitants of Milwaukee. There was finally the 119th New York, commanded by Colonel Elias Peissner, a professor at Union College at Schenectady. He bore a very striking resemblance of feature to Ludwig I., King of Bavaria, and rumor had it that he was a natural son of that eccentric monarch, who in his day cultivated art and poetry along with his amours. I have good reason for believing that in this instance rumor spoke the truth. Colonel Peissner was a gentleman of the highest type of character, exquisite refinement, large knowledge, and excellent qualities as a soldier. And in his Lieutenant-Colonel, John T. Lockman, whom I have cherished as a personal friend to this day, he had a worthy companion.

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Of my two brigade commanders, Schimmelfennig had been made a brigadier-general, as he well deserved. Krzyzanowski was less fortunate. The President nominated him, too, for that rank, but the Senate failed to confirm him — as was said, because there was nobody there who could pronounce his name.

Hooker's Plan of Campaign

By the middle of April Hooker was ready to move. His plan was excellent. Lee occupied the heights on the south side of the Rappahannock, skirting the river to the right and left of Fredericksburg, in skilfully fortified positions. Hooker set out to turn them by crossing the upper Rappahannock so as to enable him to gain Lee's rear. A cavalry expedition under General Stoneman, intended to turn Lee's left flank and to fall upon his communications with Richmond, miscarried, but this failure, although disagreeable, did not disturb Hooker's general scheme of campaign. On the morning of April 27th the Eleventh, Twelfth, and Fifth Corps started for Kelly's Ford, twenty-seven miles above Fredericksburg, which they reached on the afternoon of the 28th. I remember those two days well. The army was in superb condition and animated with the highest of spirits. Officers and men seemed to feel instinctively that they were engaged in an offensive movement promising great results. There was no end to the singing and merry laughter, relieving the fatigue of the march. A pontoon bridge was thrown across the river, and our corps crossed before midnight.

After our two days' march up stream on the northern bank of the Rappahannock we now had two days' march down stream on its southern side. We forded the Rapidan, and on the afternoon of April 30th we reached the region called the "Wilderness." We stopped about two miles west of Chancellorsville. The following night four army corps camped in that vicinity, the Eleventh, Twelfth, and Fifth, which had come down from Kelly's Ford, and the Second, under General Couch, which had crossed at United States Ford as soon at that ford was uncovered by our advance — making in all a force of fifty thousand men. This flanking movement had been marked by an operation conducted by General Sedgwick, who crossed the Rappahannock a few miles below Fredericksburg with a force large enough to make Lee apprehend that the main attack would come from that quarter. This crossing accomplished, the Third Corps, under Sickles, joined Hooker at Chancellorsville. Until then, Thursday, April 30th, the execution of Hooker's plan had been entirely successful, and with characteristic grandiloquence the commanding general issued on that day the following general order to the Army of the Potomac: "It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the commanding general announces to the army that the operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him;— the operations of the Fifth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Corps have been a succession of splendid achievements."

The impression made upon the officers and men by this proclamation was by no means altogether favorable to its author. Of course, they were pleased to hear themselves praised for their achievements, but they did not forget that these had so far consisted only in marching, not in fighting, and that the true test was still to come. They indeed hoped that the Army of the Potomac, one hundred and thirty thousand strong, would prove able to beat Lee's army, only sixty thousand strong. But it jarred upon their feelings as well as their good sense to hear their commanding general gasconade so boastfully of having the enemy in the hollow of his hand, — that enemy being Robert E. Lee, at the head of the best infantry in the world. Still, we all hoped, and explored the map for the important strategical point we should strike the next day. But the "next day" brought us a fearful disappointment.

Hooker Abandons His Advantage

On the morning of Friday, May 1st, Hooker ordered a force several divisions strong to advance toward Fredericksburg and the enemy's communications. Our corps, too, received marching orders and started at noon. But the corps was hardly on the road in marching formation, when our movement was stopped, and we were ordered back to the position we had occupied during the preceding night. What did this mean? General Hooker had started out to surprise the enemy by a grand flank march taking us into the enemy's rear. We had succeeded. We had surprised the enemy. But the fruits of that successful surprise could be reaped only if we followed it up with quick and vigorous action. We could not expect a general like Lee to stay surprised. He was sure to act quickly and vigorously, if we did not. And just this happened. When we stopped at Chancellorsville on the afternoon of Thursday, April 30th, we might without difficulty have marched a few miles further and seized some important points, especially Bank's Ford on the Rappahannock, and some commanding positions nearer to Fredericksburg.

It was then that Lee, having meanwhile divined Hooker's plan, gathered up his forces to throw them against our advance. And as soon as on Friday, May 1st, our columns, advancing toward Fredericksburg, met the opposing enemy, Hooker recoiled and ordered his army back into a defensive position, there to await Lee's attack. Thus the offensive campaign, so brilliantly opened, was suddenly transformed into a defensive one. Hooker had surrendered the initiative of movement and given to Lee the incalculable advantage of perfect freedom of action. Lee could fall back in good order upon his lines of communication with Richmond, if he wished, or he could concentrate his forces, or so much of them as he saw fit, upon any part of Hooker's defensive position which he might think it most advantageous to himself to attack. As soon as it became apparent that Hooker had abandoned his plan of vigorous offensive action and had dropped into a merely defensive attitude, the exuberant high spirits which so far had animated the officers and men of the Army of the Potomac turned into headshaking uncertainty. Their confidence in the military sagacity and dashing spirit of their chief, "Fighting Joe," was chilled with doubt. The defensive position into which the Army of the Potomac was put could hardly have been more unfortunate. It was in the heart of the "Wilderness." That name designated an extensive district of country covered by thick woods of second growth, with a tangled underbrush of scrub oak and scrub pine. There were several clearings of irregular shape which afforded in spots a limited outlook. But they were surrounded by gloomy woods which were not dense enough to make the approach of a hostile force impossible, but almost everywhere dense enough to conceal its approach.

The Field of Battle

I must ask pardon for describing the position of the troops somewhat elaborately in order to make the tragedy which followed intelligible. The westernmost of the clearings or openings in the Wilderness, occupied by our army, was Talley's farm, crossed by the "Old Turnpike" running east and west from Fredericksburg to Orange Court-house. Along that Turnpike the First Division of the Eleventh Corps, under General Devens, was strung out, the first brigade of which, Colonel Gilsa's, was posted west of the clearing on the road, dense woods being on all sides. To protect the right flank and rear, two of Colonel Gilsa's regiments were placed at a right angle with the road, and two pieces of artillery in the road. The rest of the brigade was on the road itself, facing south, with thickets in front flank and rear. The second brigade, under General McLean, was stationed, also facing south, on the road, with the same thicket in its rear, the southern front protected by hastily constructed breastworks. Next came my division, partly also in the road, facing south, breastworks in front and thickets in rear, partly in reserve on a large opening containing Hawkins' farm, an old church in a little grove, and Dowdall's Tavern, a wooden house situated on the Pike, where the corps commander, General Howard, had his headquarters. On that clearing, near Dowdall's Tavern, another road, coming from the southwest, called the Plank road, joined the Turnpike at a sharp angle, and at that angle Dilger's battery was placed, also facing south. Connecting with Dilger's left was Colonel Buschbeck's brigade of the Second [Steinwehr's] Division, with Captain Wiedrich's battery behind a rifle-pit, also facing south. General Barlow's brigade, with three batteries of reserve artillery, stood near the eastern border of the opening as a general corps reserve.

Thus the Eleventh Corps formed the extreme right of the army. East of it there was another body of thick woods, through which the Turnpike led to the third great opening, in the eastern part of which stood the "Chancellor House," in which General Hooker had established his headquarters. On the left of the Eleventh Corps, the Third

[Sickles] and the Twelfth [Slocum] were posted, and further east the rest of the army, in positions which I need not describe in detail.

Early on Saturday morning, May 2nd, General Hooker, with some members of his staff, rode along his whole line and was received by the troops with enthusiastic acclamations. He inspected the position held by the Eleventh Corps and found it "quite strong."

The position might have been tolerably strong if General Lee had done General Hooker the favor of running his head against the breastworks by a front attack. But what if he did not? Our right wing, as I said in my official report, stood completely in the air, with nothing to lean upon, and that, too, in a forest thick enough to obstruct any free view to the front, flanks, or rear, but not thick enough to prevent the approach of the enemy's troops. Our rear was at the mercy of the enemy, who was at perfect liberty to walk around us through the large gap between Gilsa's right and the cavalry force stationed at Ely's Ford. As we were situated, an attack from the west or northwest could not be resisted without a complete change of front on our part. For such a change, especially if it were to be made in haste, the formation of our forces was exceedingly unfavorable. It was almost impossible to manoeuver some of our regiments, hemmed in as they were on the Old Turnpike by embankments and rifle-pits in front and thick woods in the rear, drawn out in long deployed lines, giving just room enough for the stacks of arms and a narrow passage. This Turnpike road was at the same time the only line of communication we had between the different parts of our front. Now, the thing most to be dreaded, an attack from the west, was just the thing coming. But that night passed quietly.

The Peril of the Eleventh Corps

Not long after General Hooker had examined our position, I was informed that large columns of the enemy could be seen from General Devens' headquarters, moving from east to west on a road running nearly parallel with the Plank road, on a low ridge at a distance of about a mile or more. I hurried to Talley's farm where I could plainly observe them as they moved on, passing gaps in the woods, infantry, artillery, and wagons. Instantly it flashed upon my mind that it was Stonewall Jackson, the "great flanker," marching toward our right, to envelop it and to attack us in flank and rear. I galloped back to corps headquarters at Dowdall's Tavern, and on the way ordered Captain Dilger to look for good artillery positions fronting west, as the corps would, in all probability, have to execute a change of front. I reported promptly to General Howard what I had seen, and my impression, which amounted almost to a conviction, that Jackson was going to attack us from the west in flank and rear. In our conversation I tried to persuade him that in such a contingency we could not make a fight in our cramped position facing south, while being attacked from the west; that General Devens' division and a large part of mine would surely be rolled up, telescoped, and thrown into utter confusion unless the front were changed and the troops put upon practicable ground; that in my opinion our right should be withdrawn and the corps be formed in line of battle at a right angle with the Turnpike, lining the church grove and the border of the woods east of the open plain with infantry, placing strong echelons behind both wings, and distributing the artillery along the front on ground most favorable for its action, especially on the eminence on the right and left of Dowdall's Tavern. In such a position, sweeping the opening before us with our artillery and musketry, checking the enemy with occasional offensive returns, and opposing any flanking movements with our echelons, we might be able to maintain ourselves even against greatly superior forces, at least long enough to give General Hooker time to take measures in our rear according to the exigencies of the moment.

I urged this view as earnestly as my respect for my commanding officer would permit, but General Howard would not accept it. He clung to the belief which, he said, was also entertained by General Hooker, that Lee was not going to attack our right, but was actually in full retreat toward Gordonsville. I was amazed at this belief. Was it at all reasonable to think that Lee, if he really intended to retreat, would march his column *along* our front instead of *away* from it, which he might have done with far less danger of being disturbed? But General Howard would not see this as I did, and closed the conversation saying

MAJOR-GENERAL CARL SCHURZ

Commander of the Third Division of the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville

General Schurz' division, posted on the exposed right flank of the Federal Army, bore the brunt of the Confederate attack

that General Hooker had a few hours before inspected the position of the Eleventh Corps and found it good. General Hooker himself, however, did not seem quite so sure of this at that moment as he had been a few hours before.

Hooker Finally Takes Alarm

Some time before noon General Howard told me that he was very tired and needed sleep and asked me, as second in command, to stay at his headquarters, open all despatches that might arrive, and wake him in case there were any of urgent importance. Shortly afterwards a courier arrived with a despatch from General Hooker calling General Howard's attention to the movement of the enemy toward our right flank and instructing him to take measures to resist an attack from that quarter. At once I called up General Howard, read the despatch aloud to him, and put it into his hands. We had exchanged only a few words about the matter when another courier, a young officer, arrived with a second despatch of the same tenor. At a later period I saw the document in print and recognized it clearly as the one I had read and delivered to General Howard on that eventful day. It ran thus:

"HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, CHANCELLORSVILLE, May 2, 1863, 9:30 A.M. MAJOR-GENERALS SLOCUM AND HOWARD: I am directed by the Major-General Commanding to say that the disposition you have made of your corps has been with a view to a front attack by the enemy. If he should throw himself upon your flank, he wishes you to examine the ground and determine upon the position you will take in that event, in order that you may be prepared for him in whatever direction he advances. He suggests that you have heavy reserves well in hand to meet this contingency. The right of your line does not appear to be strong enough. No artificial defenses worth naming have been thrown up, and there appears to be a scarcity of troops at that point, and not, in the General's opinion, as favorably posted as might be. We have good reason to suppose that the enemy is moving to our right. Please advance your pickets as far as may be safe, in order to obtain timely information of their approach. J. H. VAN ALEN, Brig.-Genl. & Aide-de-Camp."

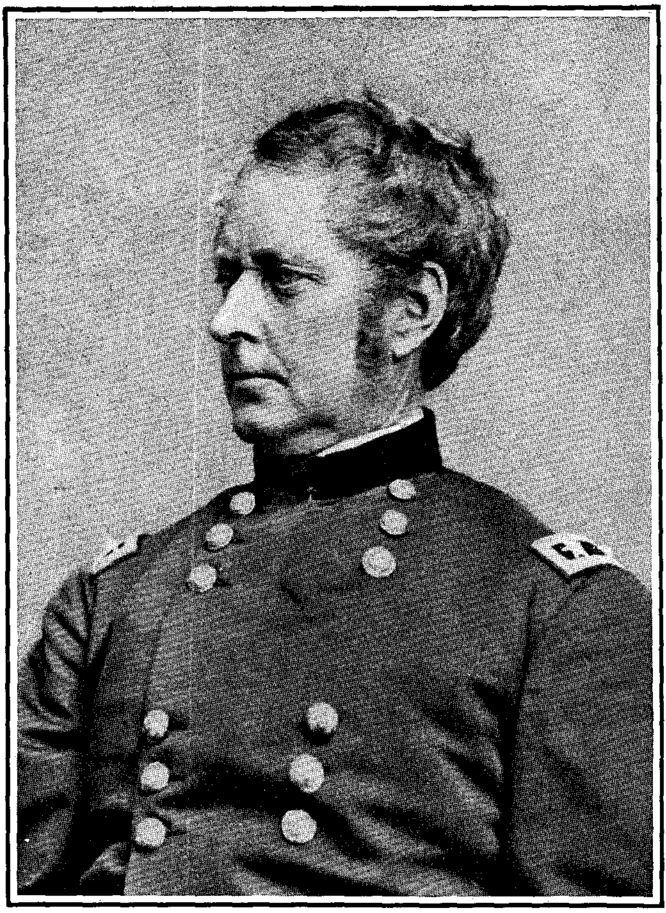
Howard's Singular Obstinacy

To my astonishment I found, many years later, in a paper on "The Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville," written by General Howard for the *Century Magazine*, the following sentence: "General Hooker's circular order to 'Slocum and Howard' neither reached me nor, to my knowledge, Colonel Meysenberg, my adjutant-general."

How he could have forgotten that I had read and delivered to him that identical despatch I find it difficult to understand, especially as it touched so vital a point, and as its delivery was followed by another animated discussion between us, in which I most earnestly — although without effect — endeavored to convince him that in case of such an attack from the west, our right, as then posted, would be hopelessly overwhelmed.

We were standing on the porch of Dowdall's Tavern. I saw Major Whittlesey, one of General Howard's staff-officers, coming out of the woods not far from the Turnpike. "General," I said, "if you draw a straight line from this point over Major Whittlesey's head, it will strike Colonel Gilsa's extreme right. Do you not think it certain that the enemy, attacking from the west, will crush Gilsa's two regiments, that are to protect our right and rear, at the first onset? Is there the slightest possibility for him to resist?" All General Howard had to say was: "Well, he will have to fight," or something to that effect. I was almost desperate, rode away, and, on my own responsibility, took two regiments, the 58th New York and the 26th Wisconsin, from my second line facing south and placed them facing west on Hawkins' farm in the rear of Gilsa's forlorn right, with a third regiment, the 82nd Ohio, a little further back, so that, when the attack on our flank and rear came, there should be at least a little force with a correct front. When I reported this to General Howard, he said that he did not object. This was all, literally all, that was done to meet an attack from the west, except the tracing of a shallow rifle-pit, the embankment of which reached hardly up to a man's knees, running north and south, near Dowdall's Tavern, and the removal of the reserve artillery, three batteries, to the border of the woods on the east of the open ground. As for the rest, the absurdly indefensible position of the corps remained unchanged.

A little after three o'clock in the afternoon we were startled by two discharges of cannon, followed by a short rattle of musketry, apparently near Gilsa's position. Could this already be Jackson's advance? I jumped upon my horse and rode with all speed to the spot from which the noise came. No, it was not Jackson's advance. I found that only a few rebel cavalrymen had shown themselves on the Old Turnpike west of our right, and that the two pieces of artillery posted on the road had been fired off without orders. Evidently Jackson was still feeling our lines. But my horse was surrounded by regimental officers of Devens' division telling me with anxious faces that their pickets had time and again during the day reported the presence of large bodies of rebel troops at a short distance from their right flank, and that, if an attack came from that quarter, they were not in a position to fight. What did I think? I was heartsick, for I could not tell them what I did think for fear of producing a panic. Neither would I deceive. So I broke away from them and hurried to General Devens to try whether I could not get him to aid me in another effort to induce General Howard to order a change of front. To my surprise I found him rather unconcerned. He had reported all his information to corps-headquarters, he said, and



MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER

Commander of the Army of the Potomac at Chancellorsville

After inaugurating what promised to be a brilliant offensive campaign, he surrendered the initiative to Lee and during the remainder of the action showed a spirit of indecision that was quite out of keeping with his title of "Fighting Joe"

asked for instructions, and the officer carrying his messages had been told there that General Lee seemed to be in full retreat. He, Devens, thought that at corps-headquarters they were better informed than he was, and that he could only govern himself by the instructions received from his superior.

To corps-headquarters I returned to make another effort. There General Howard met me with the news that he had just been ordered by General Hooker to send Barlow's brigade to the aid of General Sickles, who had about noon set out with his corps to attack and capture Stonewall Jackson's rear-guard with its wagon-trains—and that was the meaning of the cannonading we had heard since noon. This, General Howard added, was clear proof that General Hooker did not expect us to be attacked in the flank by Jackson, for if he really expected anything of the kind, he would certainly not at that moment deprive the Eleventh Corps of its strongest brigade, the only reserve it had. I replied that if the rebel army were really retreating, there would be no harm in a change of front on our part; but that, if the enemy should attack us on our right, as I still firmly believed he would, the withdrawal of Barlow's brigade made a change of front all the more necessary. But all my reasoning and entreating were in vain, and General Howard rode off with Barlow's brigade on what proved to be a mere wild-goose chase.

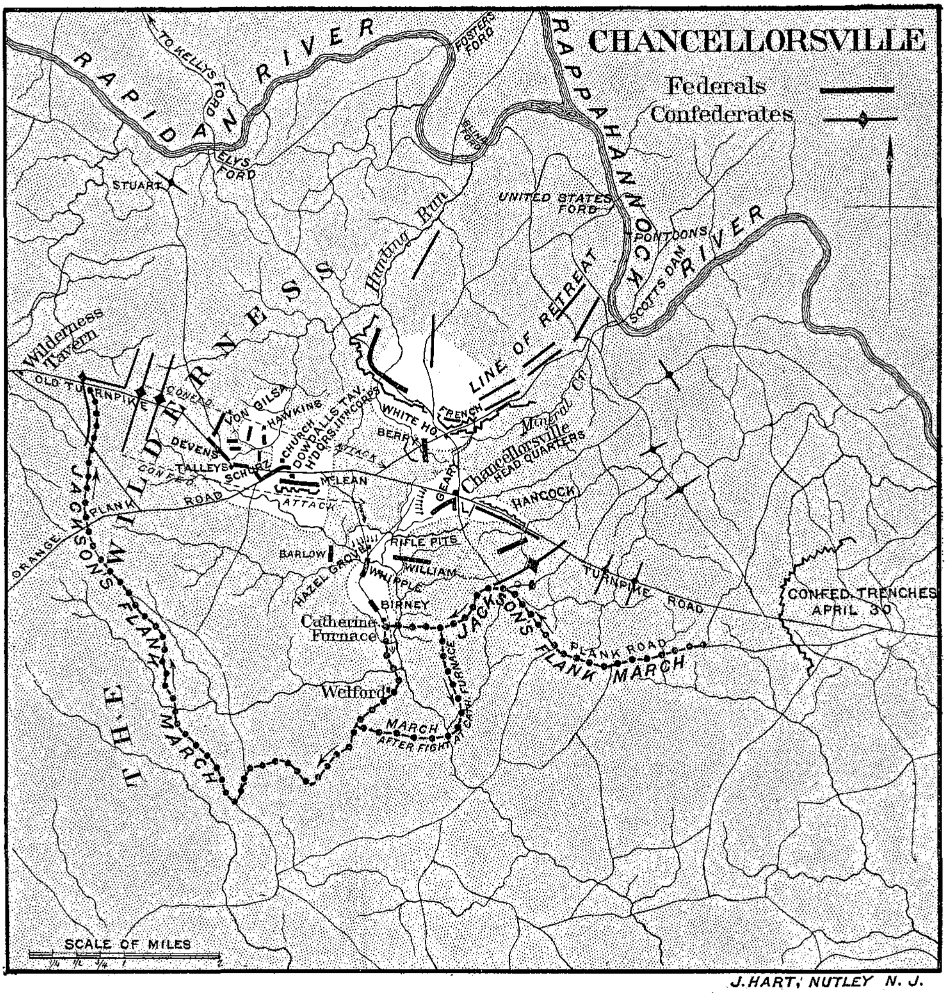
Jackson's Great Flanking Movement

There we were, then. That the enemy was on our flank in very great strength had become more certain every moment. Schimmelfennig had sent out several scouting parties beyond our regular pickets. They all came back with the same tale, that they had seen great masses of rebel troops wheeling into line; that they had even heard the commands of rebel officers. The pickets and scouts of McLean and Gilsa reported the same. My artillery captain, Dilger, returned from an adventurous ride. He had made a reconnaissance of his own, had been right among the rebels in Gilsa's front, had been chased by them, had been saved from capture by the speed of his horse, had been at army headquarters at the Chancellor House, where he related his experience to a Major belonging to the staff, had been told by him to go to his own corps with his yarn, and had finally come back to me. In fact, almost every officer and private seemed to see the black thundercloud that was hanging over us. Could there be better reason for this unrest? Within little more than rifle-shot of our right flank there stood Stonewall Jackson with twenty-five thousand men, the most dashing general of the Confederacy, with its best soldiers, forming his line of battle, which at the given word was to fold its wings around our feeble flank; within his grasp the Eleventh Corps — originally twelve thousand strong, but reduced to nine thousand men by the detachment of its strongest brigade and main reserve, with which its commanding general had gone away; to cap the climax, hardly a Federal soldier within two miles on its left and rear, to support it in case of need,— for Sickles' corps and a large part of Slocum's had moved into the woods after Jackson's wagon-train; and in addition to all this, the larger part of the corps so placed as to be helpless against an attack from the west. It may fairly be said that, if there had been a deliberate design, a conspiracy, to sacrifice the Eleventh Corps — which, of course, there was not — it could not have been more ingeniously planned. This was the situation at five o'clock.

At last the storm broke loose. I was with some of my staff at corps-headquarters, waiting for General Howard to return, our horses ready at hand. It was about twenty minutes past five when a number of deer and rabbits came bounding out of the woods bordering the opening of Hawkins' farm on the west. The animals had been started from their lairs by Jackson's advance. Ordinarily such an appearance of game would have been greeted by soldiers in the field with outbreaks of great hilarity. There was hardly anything of the kind this time. It was as if the men had instinctively understood the meaning of the occurrence. A little while later there burst forth, where Gilsa stood, a heavy roar of artillery, a continuous rattling of musketry, and the savage screech of the "rebel yell," and then happened what every man of common-sense might have foreseen. Our two cannon standing in the road threw several rapid discharges into the dense masses of the enemy before them and then limbered up and tried to escape. But the rebel infantry were already upon them, shot down the horses, and captured the pieces. Gilsa's two regiments, formed at a right angle with the Turnpike, were at once covered with a hail of bullets. They discharged three rounds — it is a wonder they discharged as many — and then, being fired into from front and from both flanks at close quarters, they had either to surrender or beat a hasty retreat. They retreated through the woods, leaving many dead and wounded on the field. Some of Gilsa's men rallied behind a reserve regiment of the First Division, the 75th Ohio, whose commander, Colonel Riley, had been sensible and quick enough to change front, and without orders advanced to help Gilsa. But they were promptly assailed in front and flank by several rebel regiments and completely wrecked, Colonel Riley being killed and the adjutant wounded. Meanwhile the enemy had also pounced upon the regiments of the First Division which were deployed in the Turnpike. These regiments, hemmed in on the narrow road between dense thickets, and attacked on three sides, many of the men being shot through their backs, were not able to fight at all. They were simply telescoped and driven down the Turnpike in utter confusion.

The Rout of the Eleventh Corps

While this happened, a vigorous attempt was made to form a line of defense which in some way might stem the rout of our sacrificed regiments and impede the progress of the enemy. As soon as I heard the firing


CHANCELLORSVILLE
Federals
Confederates
RAPIDAN RIVER
RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER
TO KELLYS FORD
FOSTERS FORD
ELYS FORD
STUART
UNITED STATES FORD
PONTOONS
SCOTTS DAM
Hunting Run
WILDERNESS
LINE OF RETREAT
Wilderness Tavern
OLD TURNPIKE
CONFED.
VON GILSA
HAWKINS
CHURCH
DOWDALLS TAV.
H'D'QRS.11TH CORPS
WHITE HO.
FRENCH
BERRY
DEVENS
TALLEYS
SCHURZ
ATTACK
McLEAN
Mineral Cr.
Chancellorsville HEAD QUARTERS
GEARY
HANCOCK
CONFED.
PLANK ROAD
ORANGE
JACKSON'S FLANK MARCH
RIFLE PITS
BARLOW
HAZEL GROVE
WILLIAM
WHIPPLE
BIRNEY
Catherine Furnace
TURNPIKE ROAD
CONFED. TRENCHES APRIL 30
JACKSON'S FLANK MARCH
PLANK ROAD
Welford
CATH. FURNACE
MARCH AFTER FIGHT AT CATH. FURNACE
THE WILDERNESS
SCALE OF MILES
1/4 1/2 3/4 1

J. HART, NUTLEY N. J.

THE BATTLEFIELD OF CHANCELLORSVILLE

Showing the position of the Eleventh Corps at half-past five on the afternoon of May 2nd. Prepared from data left by Carl Schurz

on our right, I despatched an aide-de-camp to Colonel Krzyzanowski to turn about all his regiments and front west. For the same purpose I hurried to the point where the Plank road and the Turnpike united. There I found General Schimmelfennig already at work. Our united efforts succeeded in changing the front of several regiments and in forming something like a line facing the attack, but not without very great difficulty. Several pieces of the artillery of the First Division, as well as some wagons and ambulances, came down the Turnpike at a full run, tearing lengthwise through the troops still deployed in line on the road. They were followed by the telescoped regiments of the First Division in the utmost confusion. We had scarcely formed a regiment in line, fronting west, when that rushing torrent broke through its ranks, throwing it into new disorder. Thus it was that General Devens could state in his report that being carried past, wounded, he failed to see any second line behind which his dispersed troops might have rallied; while, as a matter of fact, after seeing him taken to the rear, we held that point twenty minutes. For in spite of the terrible turmoil, which almost completely wrecked two of my best veteran regiments, we did succeed in forming, in the hurry, a somewhat irregular and broken line near the church grove, consisting of the 61st Ohio, 119th New York, 157th New York, and the 82nd Illinois, and further to the right, the 82nd

MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

Commander of the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville

General Howard refused to believe that an attack was really intended by the Confederates, and allowed himself to be taken by surprise

Ohio, and the 58th New York and 26th Wisconsin, the regiments I had placed front-west earlier in the afternoon.

Captain Dilger quickly moved his six guns a short distance back upon higher ground, where he could sweep the Turnpike and the Plank road. He poured shot and shell into the enemy's battalions as they advanced on the heels of the wrecked regiments of our First Division. On they came with fierce yells and a withering fire of musketry, widely overlapping our line on both sides. At their first onset the noble Colonel Peissner, of the 119th New York, dropped dead from his horse, but Lieutenant-Colonel Lockman held his men bravely together. My old revolutionary friend, Colonel Hecker, of the 82nd Illinois, who had grasped the colors of his regiment to lead it in a bayonet charge, was also struck down, wounded by a rebel bullet, and was taken behind the front. Major Rolshausen, who promptly took command of the regiment, met the same fate. A multitude of our dead and wounded strewed the field. But in spite of the rain of bullets coming from front, right, and left, these regiments held their ground long enough to fire from twenty to thirty rounds.

On my extreme right, separated from the line just described by a wide gap, which, from want of troops, I could not fill, things took a similar course. A short time after the first attack a good many men of Colonel

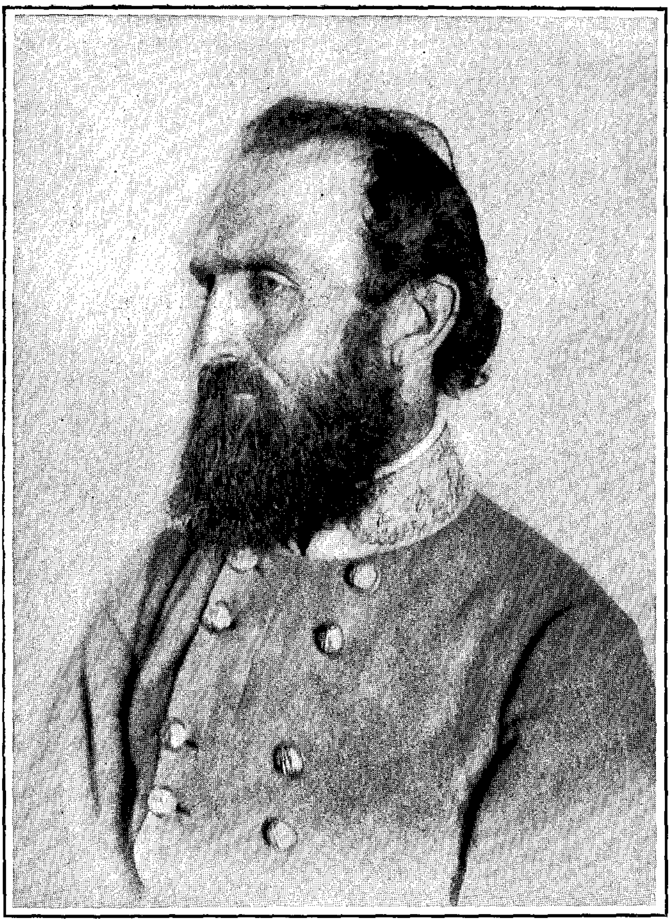
Gilsa's and General McLean's wrecked regiments came in disorder out of the woods. A heavy rebel force followed them closely with triumphant yells and a rapid fire. The 58th New York, a very small regiment, and the 26th Wisconsin received them firmly. Captain Braun, in temporary command of the 58th New York, fell, one of the first, mortally wounded. The regiment, exposed to flanking fire from the left, where the enemy broke through, and most severely pressed in front, was pushed back after a desperate struggle of several minutes. The 26th Wisconsin, a young regiment that had never been under fire, with splendid gallantry maintained the hopeless contest for a considerable time. It did not fall back until I ordered it to do so. Colonel Krzyzanowski, the brigade commander, who was with it, asked for immediate reinforcement, as the 26th Wisconsin, being nearly enveloped on all sides, could not possibly maintain its position longer. Not having a man to send, I ordered the regiment to fall back to the edge of the woods in its rear, which it did in perfect order, facing about and firing several times as it retired.

Stemming the Rout

In the meantime the enemy had completely turned my left flank — and had not the rebel general, Colquitt, who commanded a force of seventeen regiments to execute that flanking movement, made the mistake of stopping his advance for a while, believing that his right was threatened, a large part of the Eleventh Corps might have been captured before it could have reached the open ground surrounding the Chancellor House. But the Confederate force which actually did attack my left was far more than strong enough to press back the 119th New York and to fall upon the left of Captain Dilger's battery. Captain Dilger kept up his fire with grape and canister to the last moment. He gave the order to limber up only when the enemy's infantry was already between his pieces. His horse was shot under him, and the two wheel-horses and a lead horse of one of his guns were killed. After an ineffectual effort to drag this piece along with the dead horses hanging in the harness, he had to abandon it to the enemy. The rest of the battery he sent to the rear, with the exception of one piece which he kept in the road, firing it from time to time as he retreated.

The rebels were now pressing forward in overwhelming power on our right and left, and the position in and near the church grove could no longer be held. We had to fall back upon the shallow rifle-pit running north and south near Dowdall's Tavern, which had been dug when General Howard had a dawning suspicion that we might be attacked by Jackson from the west. This rifle-pit was partly occupied by Colonel Buschbeck's brigade of our Second Division, which had stood on the extreme left of the corps and had ample time to change front, and was therefore in perfect order. On its left several companies of the 74th Pennsylvania, the 61st Ohio, and the 119th New York took position, and on its right the 82nd Ohio and the fragments of other regiments. Several pieces of the reserve artillery were still firing over the heads of the infantry. It was there that I found General Howard again, who, meanwhile, had come back from Barlow's detached and wandering brigade and rejoined his corps about the time when Jackson's attack on our right flank began, or soon after. He was bravely engaged in an effort to rally the broken troops and exposed himself quite freely. I did my best to assist him. So did General Schimmelfennig.

But to reorganize the confused mass of men belonging to different regiments was an extremely difficult task under the constant attack of the enemy. I succeeded once in gathering a large crowd, and, placing myself at its head, led it forward with a hurrah. It followed me some distance, but was again dispersed by the enemy's fire pouring in from the front and both flanks. One of my aides was wounded on that occasion. Two or three similar attempts had the same result. As the enemy advanced on our right and left with rapidity, the artillery ceased firing and withdrew, and the rifle-pit had to be given up. As I said before, it was too shallow to afford any protection to the men behind it. The infantry fell back into the woods, the density of which naturally caused renewed disorder among regiments and companies that had remained well organized or had been successfully rallied. I joined Captain Dilger with his one gun on the road to Chancellorsville. He was protected by two companies of the 61st Ohio. His grape and canister checked the enemy several times in his pursuit. When I entered the woods, I looked at my watch. It was about fifteen minutes past



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON

The most brilliant of Lee's lieutenants, whose vigorous flank movement against the Federal forces at Chancellorsville might have completely destroyed them and made a turning point in the War, if he had not been accidentally shot and mortally wounded by his own men in the very hour of victory

seven. The fight of the nine thousand men of the Eleventh Corps, so posted as to present their unprotected flank to the enemy, against Stonewall Jackson's twenty-five thousand veterans, had therefore lasted, at the lowest reckoning, one hour and a half. Not a man nor a gun came to their aid during their hopeless contest. They had to retreat a mile and a half before they met a supporting force. But when this was found, the wrecked corps was soon fully reorganized, each regiment being around its colors and under its own officers before eleven o'clock.

Early next morning, Sunday, May 3rd, we were put on the extreme left of the army. I rode to General Hooker's headquarters to ask him that we be given another opportunity for showing what we could do, after the disaster of the previous evening. He seemed to be in a very depressed state of mind and said he would try. But we remained on the extreme left, with nothing but slight skirmishing in our front, until the army recrossed the Rappahannock on the morning of May 6th.

Jackson Mortally Wounded

When at last Jackson's overwhelming assault had wrecked the helpless Eleventh Corps, there was no other power of resistance between Jackson's triumphant force and the Chancellor House — the very heart of the position of the Army of the Potomac — but the remnants of the Eleventh Corps in a disorganized condition, and what troops could be hastily summoned from other points. As already mentioned, Berry's division, standing north of the Chancellor House, was promptly thrown forward. Captain Best, the chief of artillery of the Twelfth Corps, who was still on the ground, soon had his guns trained upon the advancing Confederates. The retreated batteries of the Eleventh Corps joined him. Several divisions that had been engaged in the bootless chase after Jackson's rear-guard and wagon-train in the woods were brought up in a hurry. But other circumstances coöperated to help us over the critical situation. Although the moon shone brightly, it grew dark in the shadows of the forest, and, moreover, the first two lines of the Confederates, owing partly to the temporary resistance of the Eleventh Corps, partly to the breaking of the formations in their advance through tangled woods, had fallen into great confusion, which was increased by the murderous fire now bursting from the hastily formed Federal front. Thus some time was consumed in restoring order in the Confederate brigades. But Jackson was still hotly intent upon pressing his advantage in getting into Hooker's rear. Then fate stepped in with an event of great portent. The victorious Confederates lost their leader. Returning from a short reconnaissance outside of his lines, Stonewall Jackson was grievously wounded by bullets coming from his own men, to die eight days later, and the attack stopped for that night.

Lee's Brilliant Tactics

The next morning, Sunday, May 3rd, found the Army of the Potomac, about ninety thousand men of it under General Hooker's immediate command, strongly entrenched in the vicinity of the Chancellor House, and about twenty-two thousand men, under General Sedgwick, near Fredericksburg, moving up to attack General Lee in his rear. Never did Lee's genius shine more brightly than in the actions that followed. He proved himself, with his sixty thousand men against nearly double that number, a perfect master of that supreme art of the military leader: to appear with superior forces at every point of decisive importance. First he flung Jackson's old corps, now under the command of General "Jeb" Stuart, against some of Hooker's breastworks in the center, carrying one line of entrenchments after another by furious assaults. Then, hearing that Sedgwick had taken Marye's Heights and was advancing from Fredericksburg, he detached from his front against Hooker a part of his force large enough to overmatch Sedgwick and drove that general across the Rappahannock. Then he hurried back the divisions that had worsted Sedgwick, to make his own forces superior to Hooker's at the point where he wished to strike. Hooker, meanwhile, seemed to be in a state of nervous collapse. On the second day of the battle, standing on the porch of the Chancellor House, he was struck by a wooden pillar which had been knocked down by a cannon-ball. For an hour he was senseless and then recovered. But before and after the accident his mental operations seemed to be equally loose and confused.

There has been much speculation as to whether those who accused General Hooker of having been intoxicated during the battle of Chancellorsville, were right or wrong. The weight of the testimony of competent witnesses is strongly against this theory. It is asserted, on the other hand, that he was accustomed to the consumption of a certain quantity of whisky every day, that during the battle of Chancellorsville he utterly abstained from his usual potions for fear of taking too much inadvertently, and that his brain failed to work because he had not given it the stimulus to which it had been habituated. Whichever theory be the correct one, certain it is, that to all appearances General Hooker's mind seemed, during those days, in a remarkably torpid condition. On no such theories can we explain General Howard's failure to foresee the coming of Jackson's attack upon our right flank — for he was a man of the soberest habits. How he, in spite of the reports constantly coming in, in spite of what, without exaggeration, may be called the evidence of his senses, could finally conclude on the 2nd of May that Jackson, instead of intending to attack, was in full retreat, I have never been able to understand, except upon the theory that his mind simply failed to draw simple conclusions from obvious facts.

The Army Escapes Annihilation

Our corps remained inactive on the left flank of the army all through the 3rd, 4th, and 5th of May. Eager to be led to the front again, all we could do was to listen anxiously to the din of battle near us, straining our senses to discern whether it approached or receded. In fact, it approached, indicating that our army was giving up position after position, and that the battle went against us. At last, on the evening of the 5th, we received orders to be ready to move at two o'clock the next morning. We understood it to be a general retreat across the river. During the afternoon a heavy rain began to fall, which continued into the night. Wet through to the skin, we shivered until twenty minutes past one in the morning, when without the slightest noise the troops were formed in line, ready to wheel into column of march. So we stood, without moving, from two until six o'clock. At last the order to start came. We had to withdraw from the presence of the enemy unobserved, and in this we succeeded. When we reached the large clearing at United States Ford, where the river was bridged for the army to cross, an appalling spectacle presented itself. The heavy rains had caused a sudden rise in the river, which threatened to sweep away the pontoon bridges. There were three of them, one of which was taken up to strengthen the others. General Hooker with his staff had already passed over, the preceding evening. The artillery also, except that of the corps covering the retreat, had crossed during the night. But here, on that open ground on the river bank, was the infantry, some seventy thousand to eighty thousand men, packed together so closely, that between the different organizations there was hardly an interval wide enough to permit the passage of a horse, waiting to file in thin marching columns over the bridges, regiment after regiment. Had the enemy known of this and succeeded in planting one battery in a position from which it might have pitched its shells into this dense, inarticulate mass of humanity, substantially helpless in its huddled condition, the consequences would have baffled the imagination. A wild panic would have been unavoidable, and a large part of the Army of the Potomac would have perished in the swollen waters of the Rappahannock. But General Lee did not disturb our retreat, and by four o'clock in the afternoon the whole army was safely over.

The Eleventh As a Scapegoat

But we of the Eleventh Corps had to meet there a trial far more severe than all the dangers and fatigues of the disastrous campaign. Every newspaper that fell into our hands told the world a frightful story of the unexampled misconduct of the Eleventh Corps; how the "cowardly Dutchmen" of that corps had thrown down their arms and fled at the first fire of the enemy; how my division, represented as having been first attacked, had led in the disgraceful flight without firing a shot; how these cowardly "Dutch," like a herd of frightened sheep, had overrun the whole battlefield and come near stampeding other brigades or divisions; how large crowds of "Eleventh Corps Dutchmen" ran to United States Ford, tried to get away across the bridges, and were driven back by the provost guard stationed there; and how the whole failure of the Army of the Potomac was owing to the scandalous poltroonery of the Eleventh Corps. Of the generals, only Couch and Doubleday were heard from, as expressing the opinion that there might be another side to the story. All the rest, as far as we could learn, vied with one another in abusive and insulting gibes. The situation became unendurable. Would not justice raise its voice?

Vain Appeals for Justice

On May 12th I sent up my official report. It contained a sober and scrupulously truthful recital of the events of the 2nd of May — at least, scrupulously correct according to my knowledge and information — and closed with these words: "I beg leave to make one additional remark. The Eleventh Corps, and, by error or malice, especially the Third Division, have been held up to the whole country as a band of cowards. My division has been made responsible for the defeat of the Eleventh Corps, and the Eleventh Corps for the failure of the campaign. Preposterous as this is, yet we have been overwhelmed by the army and the press with abuse and insult beyond measure. We have borne as much as human nature can endure. I am far from saying that on May 2nd everybody did his duty to the best of his power. But one thing I will say, because I know it: these men are not cowards. I have seen most of them fight before this, and they fought as bravely as any. I am also far from saying that it would have been quite impossible to do better in the position the corps occupied on May 2nd, but I have seen with my own eyes troops, who now affect to look down upon us with sovereign contempt, behave much worse under circumstances far less trying. Being charged with such an enormous responsibility as the failure of a campaign involves, it would seem to me that every commander has a right to a fair investigation of his conduct and of the circumstances surrounding him and his command on that occasion. I would, therefore, most respectfully and most urgently ask for permission to publish this report. Every statement contained therein is strictly truthful, to the best of my information. If I have erred in any particular, my error can easily be corrected. But if what I say is true, I deem it due to myself and those who serve under me, that the country should know it."

In order to avoid every possible objection to the publication of my report, I had been studiously moderate in my description of occurrences and circumstances; I had refrained from accusing anybody of anything; I had mentioned only with the greatest mildness of statement my urgent efforts to induce General Howard to make the necessary change of front. In spite of all this, the permission to publish my report was refused. General Hooker wrote: "I hope soon to be able to transmit all the reports of the recent battles, and meanwhile I cannot approve of the publication of one isolated report."

I appealed to Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, — of course through the regular military channels,— repeating my request that my report be published as soon as it reached the War Department, and adding that, if the publication of my report should be deemed inexpedient, I urgently asked for the calling of a court of inquiry to investigate publicly "the circumstances surrounding my command on the 2nd day of May, the causes of its defeat, and my conduct on that occasion." General Howard's endorsement of this letter was as follows: "Respectfully forwarded. With reference to the court of inquiry asked for, I recommend that the request be granted. I do not know of any charges against General Schurz from any official quarter, but I do not shrink from a thorough investigation of all the circumstances connected with the disaster of May 2nd. O. O. HOWARD, Major-General." This could be interpreted as meaning that, as to me, a court of inquiry was not necessary, there being no official charges against me; and as to him, he did not shrink from a thorough investigation of the event, but did not ask for it. The result was that the court of inquiry was not granted. The only answer I received was from General Halleck: "Publication of partial reports not approved till the General Commanding has time to make his report." The General Commanding, General Hooker, never made any report. Mine was simply buried in some pigeonhole. My request for a court of inquiry was not even mentioned. I could not publish my report without permission, for that would have been a breach of military discipline. So I found myself completely muzzled.

While thus the official world seemed determined to take no notice of our distress, the flagrant injustice done us created much excitement among the German-born people of this country. Some prominent German-American citizens in New York called a mass-meeting — so far as I know entirely without incitement or suggestion from members of the Eleventh Corps — and expressed their indignation at the scandalous treatment meted out to us.

As a last resort I applied for a hearing before the Congressional "Committee on the conduct of the War." But when this application, too, remained without a response, I found myself driven to the conclusion, that there was in all the official circles concerned, a powerful influence systematically seeking to prevent the disclosure of the truth: that a scapegoat was wanted for the remarkable blunders which had caused the failure of the Chancellorsville campaign, and that the Eleventh Corps could plausibly be used as such a scapegoat — the Eleventh Corps, which had always been looked at askance by the Army of the Potomac as not properly belonging to it, and which could, on account of the number of its German regiments and officers, easily be misrepresented as a corps of "foreigners," a "Dutch corps," which had few friends and which might be abused and slandered and kicked with impunity. But for this, why was my demand for a Court of Inquiry ignored? Not for my own sake, but in the name of thousands of my comrades, I asked for nothing but a mere opportunity, by a fair investigation of the facts, to defend their honor, against the most infamous slanders and insults circulated from mouth to mouth in the army and throughout the whole country by the press. When that opportunity was denied me, was there not ample reason for the conclusion that there was a powerful influence working to suppress the truth, and that the Eleventh Army Corps, and especially the German part of it, was to be systematically sacrificed as the scapegoat?

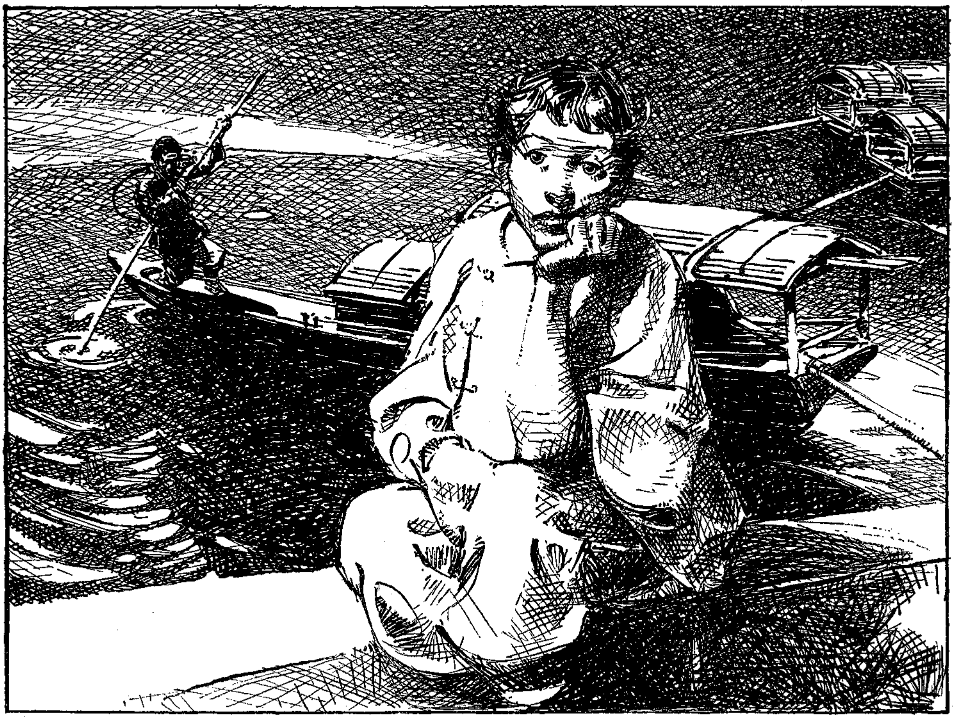
General Howard's Amazing Attitude

It might have been expected that one general, at least, who knew the truth as to where the responsibility for the disaster rested, would have spoken a frank and sympathetic word to remove the stain of ignominy from the slandered troops. It would have been much to the honor of the corps commander, General O. O. Howard, had he done so promptly. He would have stood before his countrymen as Burnside did, when, after the bloody defeat at Fredericksburg, he frankly shouldered the responsibility for that calamity and exonerated his officers and men; or as, two months after the battle of Chancellorsville, General Lee did, when on the third day of the battle of Gettysburg that great soldier said to his distressed men looking up to him: "It is my fault, my men! It is my fault!" Alas, the attitude of our corps commander was different. In a council of war during the night of the 2nd to the 3rd of May, as was reported, he only complained of the "bad conduct" of his corps. In his official report on the battle he spoke of the density of the woods preventing the whereabouts of the enemy from being discovered by scouts and patrols and reconnaissances, — an assertion glaringly at variance with the facts, for the scouts had seen and reported the advance of Jackson — and he spoke of a "panic produced by the enemy's reverse fire, regiments and artillery being thrown suddenly upon those in position," and of a "blind panic and a great confusion at the center and near the Plank road"; about a "rout which he and his staff-officers struggled to check," — but not a word about a large part of the corps being so posted that it could not fight; not a word to take the responsibility for the disaster from the troops, not a word to confess that he was warned early in the day, and repeatedly as the day advanced; not a word to take the stigma of cowardice from his corps.

The one way most surely and most quickly to restore the morale of the Eleventh Corps would have been to give it another commander, whom the men could trust and respect. But that would have been apt to destroy the myth that the "misconduct" of the soldiers of the Eleventh Corps was wholly accountable for the Union defeat; and this the ruling influences would not permit.

The Impartial Verdict of History

The mist hanging over the Eleventh Corps and the events of the 2nd of May, 1863, has at last been dissipated by historical criticism, — not as soon as we had hoped, but thoroughly. The best military writers — notably Colonel Theodore A. Dodge, of the United States Army — have, after arduous and conscientious study, conclusively shown, not only that the Chancellorsville defeat was not owing to the discomfiture of the Eleventh Corps, but that the conduct of the Eleventh Corps was as good as could be expected of any body of troops under the circumstances. The most forcible vindication of the corps, however, has come from an unexpected quarter. Dr. August Choate Hamlin, formerly lieutenant-colonel and medical inspector of the United States Army, a nephew of Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin, had in the course of the War become acquainted with many of the officers and men of the Eleventh Corps. The frequent repetitions he heard of the old stories about the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville — not, indeed, from serious military critics, but from that class of old soldiers who were fond of vaunting their own brave deeds at the expense of others — provoked him so much, that, prompted by a mere sense of justice, he undertook to investigate the happenings at Chancellorsville, so far as they touched the Eleventh Corps, to the minutest detail. He not only studied all the documents bearing upon the subject, but he visited the battlefield, inspected the positions, measured to the yard and to the inch the distances between the various points mentioned in the reports, and sought out every person North and South that could give him any information of consequence. After sifting his evidence with unsparing rigor, he delivered his judgments with absolute impartiality, not only sweeping away the slanders that had been heaped upon the Eleventh Corps, but also putting under merciless searchlight many of the fanciful stories told of the heroic deeds performed in the dark of night, to repair the mischief done by the so-called "misconduct" of that ill-fated body of brave soldiers.



SHIRAZ

By Henry C Rowland

I FIRST met him near the cross-road that cuts in two the golf course in the Happy Valley at Hongkong. He and three of the little Chino caddies had been passing a tennis-ball, one from another, with their feet, after the usual inverted Chinese order of things, when it suddenly occurred to his Occidental instincts to elaborate the game. At least, that was what I gathered from the monosyllabic chatter and the gestures with the ball.

He impressed me as being rather young to have mastered the dialect in which he was eagerly haranguing his companions. It had taken me ten long years of careful study, and he did not look as if he could boast that many to his age. Even for his inconsiderable span of life he seemed diminutive, but here and there a deeper pock on his square little face seemed to indicate a possible cause. Physically, aside from actual size, he left but little to desire, and his cold gray Western eye, square little shoulders, and stubby calves were in rather ridiculous contrast to the shifty faces and lithe limbs of the embryonic Orientals around him. Strange to say, though a child of apparent European origin, he was not dressed in the orthodox sailor-suit with an H. M. S. cap ribbon, or in the trig Eton suit, with its abbreviated stern, in which the average exiled English mama loves to clothe her progeny. Neither were there any of the frills and ruffles of the high-caste Portuguese, although no one would have expected them, the Anglo-Saxon parentage of the child was so obviously apparent. An incident that followed made it unmistakable.

The argument had grown heated. Apparently the little Chinos were unsympathetic to any Western modification of a time-honored Oriental game. More than that, they were suspicious — not because it seemed dangerous, but because it was new. The odds in their favor were a majority, but the white child held a powerful trump in the tennis-ball that was firmly clenched in a little brown paw. This was evident to his wily comrades, and soon I saw a furtive, slant-eyed look shift from one in front to one behind.

A slight push and a stealthy grab precipitated things. Both failed, but the design lay unmasked in all its horrid nakedness. The brown-haired boy grasped the situation on the instant, and, with an instinct as quick as the treachery, took a half step forward and planted a hard little fist between the eyes of the largest assailant, the boy in front of him.

Followed a fight which for the displacement of the contestants was as keen an exhibition as I have ever seen. I suppose that I should have interfered, but I have always an extreme distaste for stopping a fight as long as the party which has my sympathy is doing nicely. I laid a mild bet with myself that my half of the world would win, and so it would have done but for a trick of destiny.

He dropped the ball, the better and harder to use his fists, and I was wondering what latent instinct had caused a boy of his apparent Eastern education to resort to his fists as naturally as a puppy brought up with kittens would bite rather than scratch, when suddenly he swung at an assailant on his left, stepped squarely on the tennis-ball, and the next instant both stocky legs shot up in the air, and he landed with a thud squarely on his square little back.

Of course the scurvy spawn of Confucius rushed in and tried to kick him in the face and one succeeded before I was able to reach him with my Malacca. Then they fled and from farther up the road hurled insults pertaining to foreign devils.

My friend was on his feet in an instant and looking for a stone. Failing in the search, he turned to me. There was a rapidly growing bump over his left eye, where one of the boys had kicked him, and his upper teeth had cut deep into his lip so that the blood trickled down the corner of his mouth and dripped on to his khaki blouse. His manner, however, was unruffled and full of dignity.

"Permit me to thank you, sar," he remarked, with a peculiar accent which I was at a loss to place. "You have come in the time to save me the beating, but I think he would not happen if I do not step on the ball. Surely it would not happen if I have taken Yung ——"

"They do not fight fair like us Englishmen," I answered; "and who is Yung, may I ask?"

"Yung is my Chow dog. At most times he is with me, but to-day he does not come, because later I go with my father to the Parsee cemetery, and it is in my mind that the dog is not allow." He looked at me for a moment keenly but politely, wishing, as I could see, to ascertain my caste before giving a personal turn to the conversation. Apparently the investigation was satisfactory, for he resumed:

"You are in mistake, sar, to suppose that I am an Englishman. I am an American."

"Indeed?" I answered, then hauled out my card-case and handed him a card. He took it with a slight bow and glanced at the inscription.

"It is unfortunate that I am unable to offer you the card, Dr. Boles," he remarked, "but I am Shiraz Moore."

"Shiraz," said I thoughtfully. "That is a Persian city. Perhaps you are partly of Persian descent?"

"God forbid," he answered quickly. "I was born there, but" (semi-apologetically) "it was simply an accident. More importantly it is there that I have the misfortune to lose my mother." He removed his cap reverently at the name of his mother. I did the same.

"Thank you," he said. "Now I must go, for I can see that my father have finish his game and is returning to the pavilion. It is my wish, sar, that we meet again."

I echoed the sentiment. We bowed and parted.

That same evening, after dinner, I wandered into the billiard-room in search of an acquaintance named Brown, whom I found with a group of other men absorbedly watching a game of billiards.

"Watch this game, Boles," he said to me. "You know I'm a bit of a player, myself, but this bearded chap could make me look like a beginner."

"Who is he?" I asked, backing into one of the high chairs.

"I don't know — haven't heard his name, but I could swear that I have met him somewhere — something familiar about the eyes. He's drunk now — or ought to be. Before dinner he sat near me on the veranda, and in an hour and a half he had got away with a quart of whisky; the boy brought a full bottle and set it down beside him, and when he got up, it was empty. Since he's been playing here, he has soaked up about a quart more. Never'd guess it, would you? He must be a natural physical antidote for rum!"

As he spoke, the bearded man finished a long run, and as he turned to reach for his half-filled glass, my friend struck his fist softly against his open hand.

"I have it! I know who he is! Jerrold Moore, by Gad! The portrait-painter who made such a splash in London about five years ago. Don't you remember? I knew him slightly when he was studying in Paris."

"Has he a son? A little nipper about ten years old?" I asked, for all at once I traced the familiarity of his expression to my little friend of the golf-links.

"Yes — I believe he has. Poor chap, I remember now. He married a great beauty, an American girl, whom he met in London. They were to take a tour around the world, but lived for about a year in India, where Moore did some of his best work, painting rajas and Hindus and things. Afterward they went to Persia, where he did a portrait of the Shah. I believe that there was a child born there, and not long afterwards Mrs. Moore met with an accident while riding. Horse fell on top of her and smashed her all up! Died of her injuries. Ugh! I don't wonder the poor devil drinks; he was mad about her."

"There is still the boy to live for," I suggested.

"Of course — and he doesn't look like a weakling, does he?"

I glanced at the man with added interest. He was of medium height, broad-shouldered, but lean and wiry, with a small waist and narrow hips. His head was very thoroughbred, with small, close-set ears, and his face was tanned almost to mahogany. He wore a closely-trimmed Vandyke, and there was something wonderfully sympathetic in the expression of his eyes.

"Looks like a plucky sort of chap who is putting up a hard but losing fight against an overwhelming tragedy," said my friend, and this diagnosis impressed me as accurate.

Moore quickly ran off his string, and Brown took the opportunity to go over and speak to him. The other man laid aside his cue, settled the score, and came over and slid into a chair beside me. I had a speaking acquaintance with him, as we had been shipmates on the "Diamante" from Manila a few weeks previously.

"I used to think that I was a bit of a billiard crack," said he ruefully, "but I've changed my mind since I struck this chap. Now I want to see some one else get singed." He lowered his voice. "The wonder to me is that he's not under that table instead of knocking the balls together on top of it. He puts the rum away as if it were milk! He's got to windward of about half a gallon since tiffin!"

I did not reply, for I was watching a diminutive figure clad in linen blouse and baggy pongee trousers fastened under the knee with silver "good-luck" buckles. It was Shiraz, my friend of the morning, and he slipped quietly into the room as Moore and Brown started a game. The child recognized me with a respectful nod, then climbed into one of the high chairs, where he sat with his elbow on the arm and his square little chin dropped wearily into the palm of one hand, while his eyes, red and heavy-lidded, for the hour was late, never ceased to follow the figure of his father.

"See that kid?" said my acquaintance. "That's Shiraz — Moore's youngster. Rum little beggar — so quaint and old-fashioned. Moore lost his wife a few years ago, and since then he's been trailing all over Asia. Drags the kid around with him. Beastly shame; Shiraz ought to be at school and playing with other children. He can scarcely speak English! He and his dad chin in some Hindu dialect."

"It's a pity," I answered.

"That's just what I say. Just because his own life's been spoiled is no reason for neglecting the boy, poor little chap. See how done-up he looks! A chap who knows Moore slightly told me that he spends most of his time crystal-gazing, and all that rot. H'mph! I'll bet he finds more consolation in a glass bottle than he does in a glass ball. The two don't go together as I understand it — do they?"

He yawned and left me, and I was not sorry, for he was a garrulous animal, and, besides, I wanted to go over and say a word to Shiraz, whose head was drooping lower and lower, the bruise over his eye growing darker and more distinct as the tired blood withdrew from the weary little face.

"Shiraz," I said, after we had exchanged greetings, "it is late, and you are very tired. Will you not take an old doctor's advice, and go to bed?"

A little tinge of color crept back under the tan of his cheeks, possibly at the softness of my voice; for the sight of this lonely little motherless chap, patiently watching and waiting for a rum-soaking father, was infinitely pathetic to me.

Shiraz roused himself, and the square little shoulders went back a trifle.

"I thank you, sar, but I am not so tired that I look. It is rather ne'ssar' that I wait for my father, as he have not been well this day, having once had fever which will return in times with — with — that is, he may grow so that he fear those things which are not. For this disease he tell me that he must drink the whisky, and so I knows when it approach. To-day he have drink so much of the whisky that I fear he may be ill before the morning."

He had turned to me, dropping his voice, and the dread that showed in the brave gray eyes as he finished speaking was heartrending to see.

"Tell me about this sickness, Shiraz. I am a doctor, and perhaps I can help you. What is it like?"

"It is very terrible, sar. Once he will believe that there follow him swarms of jungle-monkeys that jabber and mock and dance around in circles. And once I am awake in the night by his scream, and he think that a king cobra have crawl out from under the bed, and behind him another and still more. It would not be so strange in that country, for there were plenty of these things. At that time I am much frightened, but I wish to save my father's life, so I slip from the bed and step with care across the floor, for the place is dark, and it is in my mind that the room is filled with cobra. Then I get to the corner and reach my father's fowling-piece. At this time my eyes are better for the light, and I see a long black thing by the end of the bed. It seem to move, so I shoot." He smiled wearily and pointed to a scar between his eyes. "*This* is what the fowling-piece do! It kick me almost through the thatch, for then I am not so big and strong as now. At this, my father scream very loud, and the servants come running in with lights, and I am ashamed when I find that I have shoot only a piece of old bark rope, the rest of which is around a box, and all of the talk of cobras is only in the mind of my father, who is ill."

"Nevertheless, your action was that of a brave man, Shiraz," I said.

He turned again to the contemplation of his father, and I to that of the pathetic heroism of this poor little wanderer, who had never known the love of a mother nor the love for a home. Now I understood the cause of the strange prematurity of face and speech. It was not the result of the vagrant, adventurous life that he had been compelled to lead, but the constant strain of anxiety and the undue responsibility: a responsibility that would have been beyond the conception of a boy of conventional education. I could feel that there was much more behind what he had told me, also that he had wished to shield his father from my criticism; and a closer glance at the man himself told me too well that the fortifying of his system against these periodical attacks, which were nothing more nor less than delirium tremens, had now become a chronic treatment, although subject to more vigorous application at certain times.

Presently I wished him good-night and rose to go. I hated to leave him, but it was necessary for me to get out aboard my ship, which was lying off the man-o'-war anchorage with hatches down, all ready to go to sea the following morning. As I went through the office, I called the clerk aside and asked him, for the boy's sake, to try to keep an eye on Jerrold Moore. He said that he would do so, but nevertheless it was with rather a heavy heart that I went down to the Bund and got a sampan to take me off; first giving my name to the policeman of the beat, who checked it off against the number of the sampan — a necessary precaution unless one wants to watch the coolies every second as a mongoose watches a snake.

Every one but the watchman had turned in when I went aboard; but either the Java, or the cheroots, or possibly a train of latent memories, turned up from musty corners of my heart by my conversation with Shiraz; one or all, together with the damp, cool breeze fanning seaward through the straits and laden with the spicy smells of piny smoke and joss-sticks expired from along the shores, and the fragmentary patter of voices whirling in the eddies of stealthily drifting junks; all of these things invited me more than the smells of salty mold and burnt machinery oil below decks.

So I hung over the taffrail and watched the flitter and sparkle of lights against the blackly neutral-colored mountain side, now and again idly trying to pick up the going and coming of an occasional swift sampan as it glanced across a lane of flickering light. Once I heard a sound as sinister as the black, eddying waters under our stern. It came from far away, but I caught distinctly the sudden scuffle of feet, then what seemed to be a choking cry, followed by a gurgle, like the ebbing tide around the heel of the rudder beneath me; then a silence as drab as slack water.

For some moments I pondered, weaving stories in my brain; stories put together of thoughts and fancies that would have melted in the sunlight, but in the atmosphere around me took on a form as gruesome and grotesque as the night upon the leaping hills beyond Kau-lung. Then, slowly, my fancies burned themselves out with the last of the cigar, and I turned to go below, when a new sound came quavering up from the sea. It was the sound of a man sobbing his heart out in the gloom; the hopeless, heartbreaking grief of a child, in the throat of a man.

The night cries from the city had become hushed, and a chill mist, creeping in from the sea, had dropped a humid veil, dimming the sparkle of the lights and shrouding everything that moved upon the waters. Even the sounds were muffled, but still through the murk came distinctly the low, even, heavy-throated sobbing; such an agonizing mystery of grief as made one almost wish to join it.

Nearer it came, and nearer, but strange to say it seemed to grow no louder, and soon I heard, as its accompaniment, the splash, gurgle, and suck of a sampan's sculling oar. Close to our stern came the silence, the ripple, and the steady sobbing. I could stand it no longer.

"In God's name, what is ailing you?" I called down softly. I knew that the noise came from a white man. A Chinaman does not sob; he moans or howls.

There was a moment's utter silence; then a voice that seemed torn from the soul came up in answer.

"Is there a surgeon on that ship?" Something about the voice was familiar to me.

"I am a surgeon," I answered. "Come alongside!" I hurried softly to the accommodation ladder, where the watchman, who had heard the hail, had preceded me.

"Some one in this boat alongside is hurt," I said briefly. "Go down and give them a hand aboard!"

The sampan glided quietly up to the staging. From below me there came the noise of heavy breathings and a shuffling step, but the lantern swinging at the head of the gangway threw a black shadow on all beneath. Then there came a startled oath from the watchman; unsteady steps were ascending the ladder, and the next moment the bare head of a man with a bloody, matted beard burst suddenly into the zone of light. In the man's arms was a small, huddled figure from which, at each step, there came a groan.

As the man stepped under the lantern, he turned his face toward me, and with a quick tug at the heart I leaped outside the rail and gazed at the bundle he carried in his arms.

It was Shiraz; little Shiraz, cut and hacked and slashed, a mass of blood and wounds. The man was Jerrold Moore.

Quickly we carried the child below, and catching a glimpse of the eyes of the father as he lurched into the brighter light of the saloon, I gave him a draught and sent him to a room in charge of the steward. Then we cut the bloody garments from the child and for two hours fought with death for the precious little life, and at last I hoped that we had won. Nevertheless, I sat by his bunk for the rest of the night.

At six in the morning one of the stewards brought me some coffee and the news that the ship would probably not sail until the following day, as the glass was falling, and there was every indication of an approaching gale. An hour later, when I went on deck, it was easy to see that he was right, and as soon as it was light enough, we could see that the hurricane signal was flying. I was not sorry, for I wanted to see my patient through the next forty-eight hours.

Late in the afternoon I was awakened from a nap in my state-room by a light knock on the door. I called out, and Jerrold Moore entered. He looked ten years older than when I had seen him in the billiard-room the night before, but although his face was lined and drawn, his speech and appearance were self-possessed.

"How is the boy, Doctor?" were his first words. "Will he pull through?"

"I hope so," I answered. "His wounds are not dangerous, but he has lost a lot of blood. We will go down and see him. I have overslept."

Perhaps it was a bit brutal of me to have taken the father in to see the boy as he looked just then, with the freckles standing out on the pinched little bloodless face, and the clear gray eyes bright with pain and the fever that was beginning to follow the hemorrhage; but I had my reasons for wishing the man to see the result of his folly. Shiraz was lying on his back, for he had a long slash across either shoulder. He smiled feebly at the sight of his father and reached out both little bandaged arms.

As he leaned over to kiss the boy, I saw a look in the man's eyes that was worth more to me than a thousand protestations of reform; and he dropped his head on the edge of the bunk, and his shoulders shook.

Shiraz looked up at me, distressed, ashamed that I should witness his father's emotion.

"It is that the bandage make him to think of my mother," he said in explanation. "You must know," he added softly, "that she meet her death by a fall from a horse by which she is much bruised. He have said," nodding imperceptibly at the bowed head of the man, "that I have the eyes of my mother ——"

"Be quiet, Shiraz," I interrupted. "You are too weak to talk."

Moore raised his head. As compared with the face of the man, the boy's was almost ruddy.

"Are you in much pain, Shiraz?" he asked.

"No, Father — and have the devilish coolie wound you?"

"Oh, no, my boy— I wish to God he had ——"

"Thank God that he did not, Father,— for then what would become of me? — and — have you killed him?"

"Yes, Shiraz,— I broke his neck across the gunnel!"

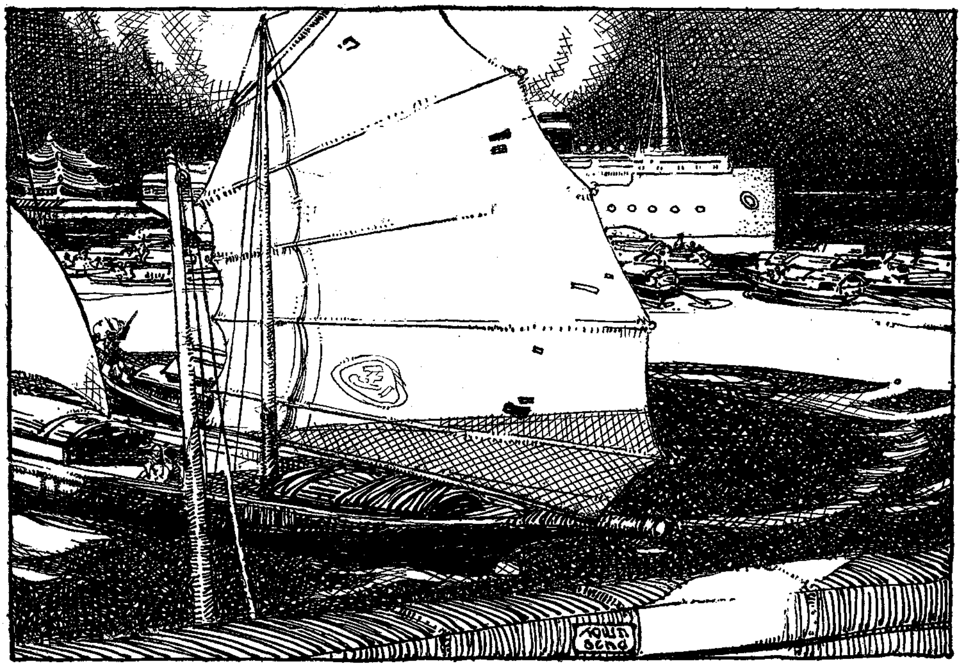
A look of satisfaction that made me smile came into the tired little face.

"That is as it should be, for he have try to stab you while you sleep, and when I grab him by the knees, he have cut me very bad. It is well that he is dead."

"Now try to sleep, my boy," I said. I motioned to the father, and we stole softly out.

Two hours later Moore came to my cabin with a look upon his face that made me want to shake his hand.

"We are going home, Doctor,— Shiraz and I — back to the States. I have just engaged a passage on this steamer as far as Bombay, where we shall leave you to catch a P. & O. I have finished living for myself. From this time on I live for Shiraz."



SECRET HISTORY

BY

VIOLA ROSEBORO'

AUTHOR OF "ARCHIE'S BABY," "THE MISTAKEN MAN," ETC.

IN his dingy comfortable sanctum the editor after hours was swapping stories with his lawyer. Some way the tales had come to turn mainly around the Irish. The lawyer remarked the fact;

"They're good material," he added, "they're so blamed uncertain. Only the Lord that made 'em can guess beforehand what any man-jack of the lot will do next."

"The beauty of the Irish," said the editor, "is that if the Lord can never count on them for superhuman impeccability, neither can the Devil ever rest perfectly easy about their next move either.

"When I first came to New York, I had a room over east on Twenty-third Street. The house was one of a row of dwellings that had recently been converted to business purposes, and I conducted the business of living in a rat-hole on its top floor. At night I had the whole house to myself; even the janitor lived next door. When there came a fire, one evening, that was between me and the entrance, I felt deeply convinced that the firemen would never speculate on the presence there of any creature. The smoke got so bad that I was very happy to find my way to the roof unobstructed. I chased along till I found an open door and plunged down a staircase. The top floor showed a light through a transom,— it was only a little after ten,— but I thought I'd just go on down and see if I could make an unaided exit. I didn't get far; there was light on the next floor, too, lots of it, and it showed a wooden wall around the staircase well, and a deal door above the stairs, and the door was locked. I came to a delayed but sudden realization that my position was liable to misconstruction, and that the felt bath-room slippers I wore didn't help the look of my case. While I pondered, the sound of steps coming upwards gave me more food for thought. At my left was a big, lighted, empty room, the inevitable New York 'front and back' thrown into one; a lot of wooden chairs were huddled against the walls, and underneath the gas in the middle of what had been the back room was a big, round, dark table; behind me was a little unlit hole, a whilom hall bedroom. I dove for its darkness just as naturally as if I'd had a jimmy on me. It wasn't a smart thing to do, but I felt like a thief, and I acted like one. Three men filed into the big room, and then it came to me where I was:— these were the quarters of a political club, a body devoted to the interests of the bigger club that ruled the town — that was about all I knew of the Organization. I was so green cows could have eaten me in those days, but even I tumbled at once to the fact that in the party before me one was a Big Man, and the others were henchmen, and that even the henchmen differed as one star differs from another in glory. The case was as obvious with these scions of the Plain People as it would have been at any other court.

"The first full sentence I heard was this: the smart young fellow was helping the Big Man off with his overcoat, when he, the Big Man, said, 'Is two hundred going to cover the witnesses for Mason's alibi?'

"The tone was the peremptory, matter-of-fact tone of a man moving effectively along the routine path of duty. It wasn't the smart valet-henchman that answered; the other spoke up like a competent expert in procuring perjury. I don't know what he said; his unmistakable subject and his modest efficiency were enough and too much for me. I was grasping the fact that the Big Man was all too plainly one of our rulers, — it soon appeared he must be the King of New York — and as little likely as any Oriental potentate to hold easy views about people who know too much. I wished I'd been nabbed as a mere burglar; there was nothing for me to do now but sit tight and let Fate go on stuffing me with harmful information to the increasing risk — well, I'd a wild notion even then that it was my habit of breathing that was in danger, and it stayed by me, that notion did, and grew and waxed stronger, like a gourd in the night.

"But I haven't told you just how I was situated in my little room; it had a second doorway communicating with the big room, and over that hung a curtain, pulled back just far enough and not too far, and altogether I had as fine a stage box as you'd need for any show, — there was even a broken-backed wooden chair in there, well placed. I sat down on my broken-backed chair and in spite of fear began to take an interest. It wasn't a pretty setting, but it suited the cast and the piece. There was dark linoleum on the floor, the grimy, colorless sort of thing that makes you low in your mind; the walls were a splotched dirty-yellow that looked like sin made visible; and the unshaded gas glared and sizzled wickedly over the bare, scarred table. The Big Man was big in body and head and face, a mastiff of a man, with a close-trimmed, grizzled beard, a broad, close-shut mouth, and deep-set eyes that took in everything and told nothing. The first lieutenant (they called him Mick) was heavy-set, too, and husky enough, but he looked soft, loose, compared to the Big Man; but his face — that wasn't soft any way you choose to use the word; and it wasn't loose, either, if you're a bit discriminating in your terms. He was of the black Irish, and tough, O tough! and evil and unscrupulous to the limit; but not dissipated, not debauched a little bit. No, sir; wary, grim, capable, and cool in a way. Of course, the coolness of any black Celt always strikes you as temporary. The third man doesn't matter, he was only a walking gentleman in this cast, and he looked the part. Moreover, they sent him off the boards in a few minutes, but still he struck me as a dreadfully significant detail while he stayed. The conscientious, silent assiduity he gave to his duties and his educational opportunities,— well, it illuminated a big background. You could see he was fairly awed by his chances for self-improvement. He was funny and awful, awful; smooth-faced and young, attached to the Big Man, you could see that, not too able, and sitting there in that ruck of crime, — no, that's not the main point; it wasn't the ruck of crime that counted most. How can I put it? This crime was mighty in high places, it had authority, that was it, as if the world had turned upside down, and the Devil was enthroned, and water ran up hill; that was what made me dizzy early in the game. Anyhow, there the boy sat on the edge of his chair, waiting for educative information like a trick terrier for lumps of sugar. I've wondered about that boy since; he had so much nice youngness about him, and he was so awful, funny and awful.

"While they were passing remarks as to the captain's shoving too close down there, and Liz saying it didn't pay her to keep open, and as to whether Jackson hogged too much or not, — the Big Man only asking succinct questions, — a bartender brought up a tray, beer and glasses on it, and went down again, and the valet-henchman went with him. Always the door was locked. Alone with the Big Man, Mick waited in respectful silence; it was noticeable, though, how far from obsequious Mick was; he was refreshing in comparison to the other's honest abasement.

"The Big Man began on the business in hand in his heavy, direct way; direct and almighty laconic; he didn't talk any for the pleasure of hearing himself, and he didn't explain the events leading up to the play for the benefit of the audience; so I didn't get an altogether clear notion of what the trouble was all about. I pieced bits together as they went along, and some items that I learned afterwards helped me out. I'll give you the benefit of my patch-work and guess-work as I go along, but they don't pretend to cover the case. You'll have to take it as you can get it, and you'll find it easier to swallow than I did there on the spot, for you know something about the general conditions in this town then, and I didn't.

"Say, those same 'general conditions' make me understand a good deal about decadent Rome and such like nightmares. Here in New York thugs ruled the town, bought and sold the courts, planned the jobs and shared the plunder of burglars and pickpockets, and made murder a matter of expediency, yet people were building hospitals and supporting orphan asylums, distributing alms and Bibles and preventing cruelty to animals, and every Sunday these thug-governed simple-Simons crowded the churches (New York churches have always in my day been amazingly attended), and I suppose sometimes they even had the Gospel preached to them.

"In the meanwhile here were Mick and the Big Man getting down to the business in hand.

"'You've heard about this chap that's going to show up Mother Martin? We've got to get him out the way.' The Big Man rumbled along as unemotionally as a wagon going about its business. 'Can't fix him, can't do anything else with him.'

"Mick's black eyes sharpened a trifle, as he answered, 'He must pull with a strong gang to tackle a job like that; is he in with them reformers?' I judge that he was considering the size of the job proposed to himself. 'I aint heard much,' he added, as the Big Man said nothing, 'except that there was a little trouble stirring around the old lady's Macdougal Street shop.' The Macdougal Street shop, as you'll soon see, was a place for receiving stolen goods, a fence.

"The Big Man was good enough to expand the case a trifle. 'No, he's playing a lone hand; that makes it easy for you. But it's a strong one; things worked in together; some woman, seamstress that works for his mother, had a room that looked down into the Macdougal Street house; Jim had her dispossessed when he caught on that a rear tenement had been pulled down so that she had too much view; dispossessed her and took the room himself, like the fool that he is, after she'd had her chance and used it and had paid her rent. She went to this Davis with her story. She wanted to bring suit. And right then Davis goes and finds a watch of his own, that the Eel had picked off him, for sale at the store on the Square; had a private mark on it, and Barney hadn't been sharp enough to see it when he changed the number; so lazy he'd half done his job! Then this fellow gets busy on the quiet and finds out things that's goin' to ruin his health. He's in for a newspaper game and is movin' to work up that damned *Times*. He's too wise to try takin' it into the courts. He's reckless, — nosed out something about that pearl necklace.'

"This laconic narrative seemed to afford the Big Man some faint relief of spirit. Without emphasis, without changing the growling pitch of his voice, a formidable intolerance for the incompetence of his lieutenants made itself felt and was as threatening as a force of nature. You see about how it was: Mother Martin, whose glittering jewelry shop all the town knew, kept a fence that was fairly a government institution; of course she had to be protected; what she could tell would shake the nation.

"After a pause long enough to be uneasy, he added, 'There's three hundred for you in it.'

"Mick turned grim at the mention of money. 'We'll talk about that after a while,' said he, mingling deference with self-respect, like an expert workman; 'what you want done?'

"The Big Man communed with himself, and self-communingly he answered: 'That's it, I've got no one now can take care of things. I had to come myself. Those nits that got us into this'— he came to a full stop; then, in a different key: 'I'd spend some money to get him away and keep him away, if any shanghai game could be fixed up that would work; in a year or two we could ball things up for him.' This, you may be sure, was just talk — a queer bit of loquacity from that taciturn source; but Mick understood and answered accordingly; I suppose he'd been up against bashful murderers before.

"'But he knows he's got you down on him, knows you own the Macdougal Street house, and knows other things, don't he? Uh! I reckon there's just one way to make him safe.'

"There was a silence of seconds, and then the Big Man said meditatively, 'All right, I've been fooling round the best part of a week trying to get him steered away from his own grave, damn him.'

"The oath was almost plaintive. The Big Man felt himself ill-used in having, after all, to give more time and trouble and money to this case.

"'What's his full name?' Mick asked. I suppose they were ready to turn to ways and means now; they didn't get far; this is where the prologue ends and the play begins.

"'Stephen R. Davis.'

"All expression left Mick's countenance like something sponged off; there was some displacement that jarred all his couplings loose; then he made connections again, and his dull, watchful eyes suddenly burnt bright.

"'Stephen Richard Davis?' he said.

"'How do I know? Stephen R., he writes it'; the Big Man was starting to go on with something more germane to the case, but Mick's hoarse voice leaped to down him; 'Bill Mitchell — was he Mitchell's stepson?'

"The mastiff turned on him a long scrutiny.

" 'What's the matter with you? His mother's a widow named Mitchell. They came here from Rochester.' He was a patient mastiff.

"Mick's fist crashed with one thunderous blow on the table; 'I'll not do it. I'll do no such dirty job for all the stuff you've got in the City Hall.' He reared back in his chair, strung up in an instant to the last desperate recklessness of the black Celt. I figured it out that to resist, to revolt against the Big Man's rule, was so mad a measure, that suddenly seeing nothing but revolt for him, he all but went out of his head.

"The other studied him with angry, measuring eyes; they had a fight with their eyes right there. The Big Man spoke with a formidable menace in his heavy slowness: 'What do you mean, breaking loose here like a wild bull? What do you think you dare mean, Mike Doolan? Who are you talking to? Do you think there's no joint to your neck, that it can't be broken?'

" 'I'll niver do it,' Mick blazed out again.

For ten seconds I wondered if they might not try to kill each other right there; Mick Doolan was strung to the last pitch, sure. But it was the other who was setting the pace, and he was no fool.

"Now you'd think, wouldn't you, when fear failed to cow his man, and calculation was in his eye, he'd begin to put up his price? But I tell you that in the fight that was on now, not once was money mentioned. No, sir, among themselves the Irish have so much hot passion to deal with, that the most cynical of 'em has to take a reef in the every-man-has-his-price theory. The old boss gathered mighty quick, you can bet, that no money was going to touch a lunacy like this. He leaned across the table and said something, something I couldn't hear. He was making another try at scaring his man, and it scared me to try to guess what he'd lower his voice for, after what I'd listened to in that den.

"But Mick's face only took on a sulkiness that was the most unreasonable thing that you ever saw in your life; as if explanations, arguments, excuses, to give or to take, were beyond a brain drowned in its own surges.

"I sat staring, and the gas sizzled, and the brown linoleum, the splotched yellow wall — well, I don't know what about them, except that it all looked so sinful.

"The Big Man pushed his beer-glass out of the way carefully and began a slow, massive indictment of Davis — for his dangerousness. If Mick could not be personally terrorized, he'd try to wake his tribal instincts, to strike the old, wild battle-call against the common enemy. I remember he said one thing that's come back to me often since for the truth of it. He had set out the situation with force and detail, though the detail was often cryptic to me, and shown that Mother Martin was a keystone whose displacement meant a debacle, and with measured emphasis he went on, and this is what struck me:

" 'Are you such a fool as to think because we've run things and played this town for a bunch of suckers, that we're not always in danger? Ain't you got the sense to see that we're always smoking in a powder-mill? I tell you, eternal vigilance is the price of *our* liberty.' He made a long pause, and went on with an access of anger: 'And here you lay down before a jay that's out to send us all up the river; men that have stood by you through thick and thin, — you — ' he stopped short, his epithet unspoken.

"Tribal instinct, personal loyalty, were appealed to in vain. Mick looked as if he only heard an antagonizing noise. It seemed in character that the Big Man showed so little curiosity as to what was chewing Mick. That was outside his game. He seemed to make one more call on that bottomless patience of his, and began again:

" 'I don't know much about this dirty slob you seem so close to, but I know he's from Ireland and a black Protestant and an Orangeman; he'll get out every heretic in New York to shame the Church with us.'

"Now did you ever hear anything like that? So anachronistic, among other things? This incredible appeal did not appeal right.

" 'And it's small credit we do the Church, and little she's to blame for the likes of us!' Mick's *non sequitur* came tense, almost shrill; then, 'If it's for the Church you want the man murdered, take it to Father Brady and see what he'll say to you!'

"The Big Man broke loose in startling, hammering curses, and Mick simply exploded. Then the atmosphere suddenly cleared; they had let off steam, and renewed their perception that they must call a halt on their passions. At last Mick came to something like his senses; I mean literally, that he got the use of his faculties. But his deepened brogue was proof that the heart of the man was burning deeper all the time.

" 'Man,' says he, taking the upper hand at a stroke and keeping it till — well, wait, you'll see; 'Man, that lad's stepfather was an Orangeman, I know it well, and God knows what the lad's ever heard about it all. His father was a Protestant, it's thrue for you, but do you mind the kind of an Orangeman *he* was? *Do you mind who Stephen Richard Davis' father was?* I'll tell ye. I'll tell ye. He's the son of William Davis, God rest his soul, William Davis that went to Kilmainham Jail and took his death there, for cryin', "God save Ireland," over the Manchester martyrs; over the Manchester martyrs it was; for cryin' out that prayer at the ind of his spache, "God save Ireland." God save Ireland!'

"That black thug reinforced his quotation with something great and deep from his own spirit, — from his own spirit? By the Eternal, it was from the heart of man! from the place down there below the muck of our lives where we all get together. He made it his prayer, a thing to make you take off your hat.

"The Big Man was motionless; but the mastiff face of him changed without moving; it got charged from some new kind of ferment inside.

" 'It was at the funeral procession in Dublin?'

" 'It was!'

"I don't know whether you are up enough on Ireland's woes to understand about the Manchester martyrs. They're just an item in that endless procession of things incredible, the English-Irish feud. You can't recognize either people half the time when they are up against each other, but it happens in this little instance it's the English who look queer.

"Along in 'Sixty-seven or thereabouts, some Irishmen tried to rescue a bunch of Fenian prisoners in Manchester, and a police-sergeant was shot and killed. The prisoners got away, which may have had something to do with the upshot, too. The Government was naturally sore, and they managed to hang three of the rescue party without too much fine-haired fuss as to whether they had had anything to do with the shooting or not. Well, it's a short story put that way, and sounds about as moving as an order to the ice-man; but you look up what Ireland felt about it! and not only Ireland, but the Irish the whole world over! At that time Fenians and Nationalists were at daggers drawn, and the church was heavy against the Fenians, of course; but they were all one, one in agony and shame over those Irish boys strung up in an English town. All their helplessness, all the bitterness of England's might, England managed with those halters to drive festering deep afresh.

"Think of a town the size of Dublin turning out a funeral procession of sixty thousand people, and think of how those sixty thousand Irish were feeling when I tell you they were quiet, quiet in those streets where the lowest hovels had hung out their bits of green-twined black.

"But the Government found sedition, it seemed, in the speech at the cemetery of the Protestant, William Davis. Afterwards I looked up the records and found that Mick Doolan wasn't so wrong about it. 'God save Ireland' had been interpreted by the Attorney-General, for a fact, as meaning all sorts of dark things against England; — which is a bit funny, too, when you come to think of it.

"But let's get back to our criminals.

" 'How do you know it?' The Big Man drove the question like a harpoon.

"The leash on Mick Doolan's excitement broke, and I can't begin to quote what he said; his words were the least part of it; his voice, and his working face, and the red sparks in his eyes, and the whole big, coarse body of him strung vibrant and expressive, they were the things that told. But brought down to the skeleton it was like this: He'd been a boy in Dublin at the time, and his mother's cousin was an old, valued servant in the Davis household. Davis was a young lawyer, and I gathered that, like his father before him, he had no truck with the Castle, and was known to be in a quiet way for the country. He was not in robust health when he spoke at the funeral of the men whose bodies were rotting in an English jail-yard, and during his imprisonment he went from bad to worse, and came out, his chance for life gone, to die in six months of consumption. Little Mick Doolan heard much of it all in the gossip at home, but more than that, —

" 'I meself heard him in the cimitary,' he cried, 'and I heard him in the court-room, standing there in me bare feet, scrouged in the crowd. "God save Ireland," says he agin, in the teeth of her inemies and their power.'

"Then, changing to a measured grimness, 'Was ye in Ireland thin?' he asked. Jove, it was a curious thing to see those two get down to bed-rock, and the master and man business fade out in a little memory-fest.

"'I was in Sydney, a green lad, just out from home. I marched in the funeral procession they had there.' The Big Man's sentences dropped heavy and slow; 'One of the lads was a North of Ireland man like meself.'

"Then Mick Doolan, watching him close, gave him the rest of it very quiet like.

"'Misther Davis' widow married agin when this bye was ten years old. That was five years afther his father died. They came to Ameriky, and one way and another I've heard tell of thim once or twice.'

"'And the likes of you are holding by an old story like that for to cut your own throat, are ye?'

"Mick watched him, watched him hard, saying nothing. Wherever the Big Man stood, it was plainer than any pike-staff now, plainer than ever, stamped sharp on my innermost conviction, and you can bet on the Big Man's, that you could flay Mick Doolan alive, but this time he'd never back down. Men don't get to be Big Men in politics without a wireless apparatus that gives them news like that straight. He knew where he was when he ran up against the basic passion of a black Irishman. I don't altogether know what he was up against in himself, he wasn't a scrutable cuss, but I reckon that forgotten funeral procession on the other side of the round globe was steering him into strange paths now.

"'What'll we do with him?' growls he after a while.

"Mick got his breath in a long, quivering intake, and then he answered respectfully. I pay my tribute to diplomacy like that — in the very instant of his bewildering victory to fall back into the respectful henchman!

"Mick said, 'You could easy send him away on some business of the one kind or the other, — get him sent.'

"The Big Man said nothing, but Mick spoke again as if he were making an answer. 'When he got back you could have things fixed up some. That woman that was dispossessed, 'twould be easy to get her a job in Chiny or Oshkosh or some place like that, and cost you no more than any other way of doin' the business. Av course, ye've still got him in your hands — '

"'You bet,' interpolated a laconic mastiff.

"'But wid most of his teeth drawn,' Mick added.

"The other pondered, and so did I. To my resourceless mind the case looked difficult.

"The Big Man cut the Gordian knot, so far as theory went, as neat as a knife. 'Nothin' to do but make his fortune,' growls he, with the sardonic humor of a meat-ax. 'Send him off, and by the time he gets back we can be ready for him; give him lots of business, and let him chew away when we've got to . . . Keep him from gettin' a good holt again.'

"Mick took it like milk, but I'll swear the Irish sense of humor has its limitations. The North of Ireland man showed a gleam for a second, but Mick saw nothing funny in the case at all. I've a notion that the Irish sense of humor is apt to miss the funny side of inconsistencies in conduct. That's its way of avoiding overwork.

"'Well, I'll have to be thinkin' this thing over,' said the Big Man, after he had eased things off with a casual excursion far afield, and Mick had answered his questions about the moves of the Dutch in some ward. 'I guess,' he went on meditatively, 'that the Marshalls will have to give him a slice off that South African business they're putting through in England.'

"'England!' There was a world of feeling in the exclamation, but nothing that had anything whatever to do with the Marshalls. It was only that the name touched a live wire; the Big Man gave a faint, comprehending nod, and reached thoughtfully for his hat.

"Mick got up, and then he broke forth again in a new place: 'His father's son ought to be up and doin' for the Owld Sod,' said the murderer-out-of-a-job, with the finest emphasis you ever heard in your life, — it had so many shadings; by Jove, there was a tinge of moral reproach in it.

"The Big Man looked up; 'that might be,' says he, like a Delphic oracle.

"And now, I tell you it's the truth, something more than was said, some inward vision shook Mick, and that hard, brute-wicked face of his crumpled with feeling.

"The Big Man rose. 'I guess we better be goin',' said he; 'I'll have to work this thing out.'

"'Joined the American Land League yet?' he asked, as the other stood back to let him pass; all this happened in the early days of Parnell.

"Speaking to Mick Doolan now was like making a pass blindfold at a row of bell-buttons, you didn't know what you'd ring up. 'The Clan,' he cried, 'could do nothin' wid the bye, but could ye set the right Land League men on him, wid his father's name in their mouths —'

"'Wait a minute,' said the Big Man, and after bellowing up the stairs to the janitor that they were going, straightway they were gone.

"I waited a good while, I can tell you, after the lights above were out, before I crept past that janitor's door, and over the roofs home again.

"Except for being smoked up, my place was all right, though the floor below was burnt out. It was only one o'clock when I went to bed as natural as if I had spent the evening reading a treatise on the contradictions of human nature.

"That's all; that's enough to illustrate my idea that the Devil has his troubles with the Irish like the rest of us. I'll tell you this, though,— Davis in five years' time landed in Parliament, fighting under Parnell. What do you think of that? Oh, plainly, he was cut out for a crusader of some sort.

"The whole story seems rather an awesome illustration of how the strings pull the puppets down here below; but it strikes me one man, the loser of the lot, mastered Fate. By the power of his manhood, William Davis, dead and buried, rose from the grave and saved his son."

BY AIRSHIP TO THE NORTH POLE

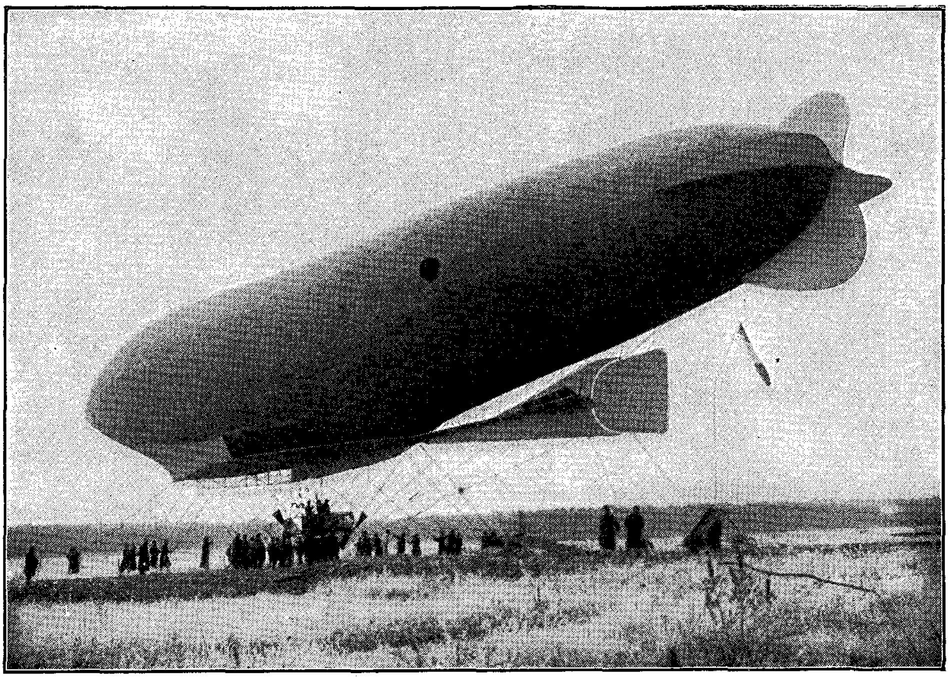
BY

WALTER WELLMAN

AUTHOR OF "LONG DISTANCE BALLOON RACING," "SLEDGING TOWARD THE POLE,"
"WHERE IS ANDREE?" ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

SOME day in July or August, 1907, as we hope and believe, a man standing at the northwestern point of Spitzbergen, six hundred miles almost directly north of the North Cape of Norway, will behold a strange and wonderful spectacle. He will see, rising from a little pocket of land amidst the snow-capped hills of Danes Island, an enormous airship — a huge mass of hydrogen gas imprisoned in a staunch reservoir of cloth and rubber, in shape much like a thick cigar, its sharp nose pointed northward. Underneath the mammoth cigar a curious, spider-webbish structure of steel, enclosed in tense, smooth silken walls and roof. From the two sides of this steel car protrude two steel screws, like the propellers of a steamship, themselves of great size, but dwarfed to the eye by contrast with the dimensions of the



"LA PATRIE," MOST SUCCESSFUL OF DIRIGIBLE BALLOONS AND PARTIAL PROTOTYPE OF THE "AMERICA"

Designed and constructed for the French Army by M. Henri Julliot. "La Patrie" is a real cruiser of the air, with a speed of twenty-four statute miles an hour, and perfectly controllable. More than eighty ascensions have been made, often with four or five passengers in the steel car

gas-reservoir overhead. The screws revolve in the air with a rapid motion, driven by a 60–70 horse-power motor, working in the enclosed engine-room and therefore hidden from the onlooker, but the clattering exhaust will be heard pulling the echoes from the hillside and frightening the rotches and kittiwakes from their nests in the rocky cliffs. At the bottom of the car, and forming the very backbone of it, is a long, slender tank of steel — the bunkers of this cruiser of the air — containing nearly three and one half tons of gasolene. Aft is a large rudder for steering the craft to the right or the left; and here also are movable planes for enabling its navigators to point its nose upward or downward at their will.

Upon the deck and in the engine-room a crew of four men, each at his appointed post. Instruments of navigation and meteorology abound, and the captain of the ship stands with his eyes upon barographs, statoscopes, manometers, and other instruments which speak to him of the ever-varying moods and conditions of the parts and vitals of his complex machine. Stowed in kennel-like compartments are a dozen sledge-dogs brought all the way from the habitat of the Samoyed tribes on the Arctic shores of the River Ob in Siberia. A ton and a half of food is in the cargo, that neither man nor beast need starve for many a long month, should the voyage go badly. Sledges, boats, skees, are there, and all the paraphernalia of a sledging party, should it be necessary to make the return over the ice instead of through the air. An odd-looking contrivance, snake-like, beribbed, articulated, steel-clad with scales of artifice, hangs perpendicularly from the forward end of the car; from the aft part runs far to the rear and downward, three or four hundred feet to the surface of the earth, a steel cable, dragging after it another and longer steel-scaled serpent, half a ton of food in his belly, swimming upon the water or gliding over the surface of the ice in the wake of the big ship overhead.

More echoes of the gatling-like explosions of the motor-exhaust; the steel screws beat the air with increasing velocity; the open strait is crossed, the crew making their last salutes to comrades left standing on the shore; guns are fired from a number of ships lying at anchor in the little harbor; the trail of the serpent is now over the graves of the Dutchmen on low Smeerenberg point — and beyond lies the polar sea, with its eternal fields of ice, its vast unexplored area, its mysteries jealously guarded through the centuries, its challenge to man to conquer them if he dare and can, with the Pole as the symbol of its defiance.

The significance of this strange spectacle and the ingenious and infinite labor which is even now calling it into existence, it is here my business to describe.

A Unique Assignment for a Journalist

"Build an airship and with it go find the North Pole." Such was the order given me the last day of the year 1905, by Mr. Frank B. Noyes, editor and publisher of the Chicago *Record-Herald*. No more extraordinary "assignment" was ever given a journalist. Upon the task thus set me I have been engaged ever since.

In the nature of things, such an amazing order would never have been issued, had the idea been a new one either to my editor or to me. And before any one permits himself to join the ranks of the ill-informed in imagining that our project is visionary, or reckless, or insincere, or unscientific, he will do well, for his own sake, to learn a little of what we knew then and of what we know to-day.

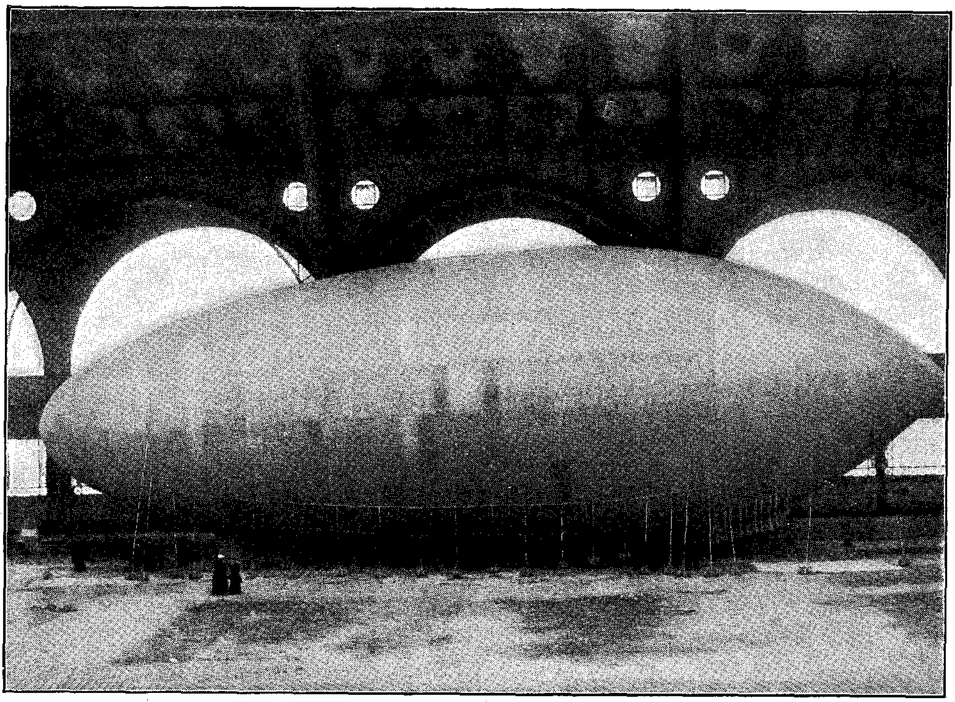
In the first place Arctic exploration was no new experience to me. In 1894 I led an expedition to the northeast shores of Spitzbergen, reaching latitude eighty-one degrees, five hundred and forty sea-miles from the Pole, six hundred miles farther north than the most northerly point of Alaska. In 1898 a second expedition, under my name and leadership, went North, this time to Franz Josef Land, which lies to the east and north of Spitzbergen. We were seeking the Pole again. Of course we did not find it, but we went as far as the eighty-second degree, and should have gone further but for an accident. Our experience was much like that of every other party which has tried sledging over the treacherous ice-sheet that covers the polar sea — something happened to frustrate our plans. Something is always happening to frustrate the plans of sledge parties. We were caught in an ice-screw, a veritable ice-quake, and wrecked.

In this way I had now spent three summers and one winter in the true Arctics, north of the eightieth parallel. Having led in vain two assaults upon the Pole by the old method of dog-sledging, I had learned what it means to travel the rough and shifting polar ice, breaking your back dragging the heavy sledges six or eight miles a day, and your heart, because it is not in flesh and blood to do more. I have often stopped for breath and thrust my longing gaze up into the air and wished I were traveling there — above all obstacles, undeterred by pressure-ridges and yawning chasms of black water, pockets of deep snow, pools of sludge, and the eternal grind of weight and distance upon the muscles of men and beasts.

The Royal Road to the Pole

As early as 1894 I was first touched by the temptation of this free aërial pathway. Returning from Spitzbergen to Europe in the autumn of that year, I spent several weeks in Paris in consultation with a firm of aëronautic constructors. I supplied the information as to Arctic conditions; they the aëronautic skill and experience. Together we worked out a project for a voyage by balloon from Spitzbergen to the Pole. This was to be an ordinary, spherical, "free" or drifting balloon, of great size and endurance, but without motive power or means of steering. At that time the motor-driven and steerable balloon or airship was only an experiment, and not a very promising one. The drifting balloon, with its great possibilities, offered temptations to one who had heard the muttering of the north wind; but even Pole-seekers occasionally have prudence, and upon analysis this balloon project seemed to me extra-hazardous. So my decision was adverse. A year later Andree of Sweden publicly announced his intention to seek the conquest of the Pole by this method. All the world knows what happened to him: he and his two companions went up into the air in their free balloon, a toy of the winds, and those winds that sentry the fastnesses of the Pole played with the bold adventurer to their vengeance — they hold him still.

In 1899 I returned from Franz Josef Land with a determination to watch the progress of the aërial navigation through which I



Side view of the polar airship "America." The immense length — one hundred and eighty feet — is suggested by the figures standing near and under the balloon

intuitively believed the ingenuity of man must some day enable him to seek the Pole. I saw Santos-Dumont round the Eiffel Tower in a small, toy-like, motor-driven balloon, but his performance did not inspire me with confidence. In 1905, however, a new steerable airship, equipped with motors and screws and rudders, achieved amazing results in France. It was called the "Lebaudy," after the firm of brothers who had furnished the money for its creation. This ship beat all records in aërial navigation. It proved itself to be a real cruiser of the air. In the first place, the "Lebaudy" was large enough to be a practicable machine,— something more than a mere toy,— with sufficient lifting power to enable its builder to gain strength and endurance through the use of steel, and no longer to confine his materials to wood and bamboo and slender cords and wires. The ship could carry a total of about seven thousand pounds, including its own weight. It was equipped with a motor of forty horse-power, which drove it at a speed of twenty-four statute miles per hour. It was perfectly steerable and controllable. With it more than eighty ascensions or voyages were made, often with four or five passengers in the steel car.

The practicability of navigating the air with a large, solidly and soundly built ship of this sort, carrying heavy machinery and a crew of several men, was now so well established that the French Government did not hesitate to order a second "Lebaudy," almost an exact duplicate of the other, for an engine of war. The new machine was named "La Patrie," and has been even more successful than its prototype.

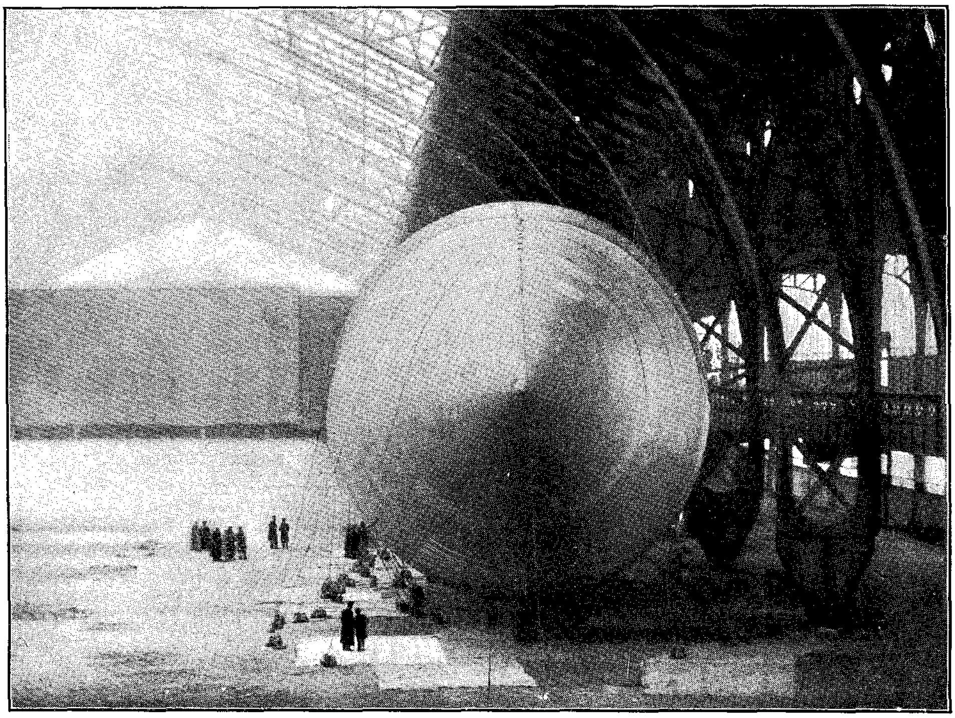
It is still true that there are limitations to the employment of these gas-reservoir, motor-driven ships of the air, limitations fixed by physical laws. They cannot operate in gales of a velocity superior to that imparted by their motors and screws; and so far this speed has not been pushed beyond twenty-seven statute miles per hour. They must always be subject to the hazard of accident if they encounter great storms or heavy gales. At the same time they are less liable to derangement or disaster than submarines, and are likely to prove far more efficient in the air than are motor-driven submarines.

Substituting Science for Brute Force

As I pondered the question, this thought came to me: If the modern inner combustion motor, with its lightness, its great economy of fuel-consumption in proportion to the energy developed, and the progress of the art of steerable balloon construction and navigation, have together produced a practicable and successful ship of the air, why should not these achievements be employed in geographical exploration? If they are good enough for the grim business of war, why not for the more admirable and inspiring pursuit of knowledge? Would it not be possible to construct an airship, larger than the "Lebaudy," specially designed for carrying a large cargo and for going a long distance, and at the same time peculiarly adapted to the Arctic regions, and with it have a fair chance of success in a voyage from a high northern point of departure toward the Pole?

The idea soon took shape. A project, tentative but symmetrical, was evolved. An estimate of the cost and of the time required to execute the project was submitted to the publishers and owners of the newspaper with which I have been associated most of my active life. They accepted the plan as one worth trying. They were interested in a great idea; here was an opportunity to attempt a big thing for the world and for science. A company was formed — The Wellman Chicago Record-Herald Polar Expedition — a dreadfully awkward title, but what else could we call it? — and four days later I sailed for Paris.

In the French capital the new idea was received with sympathy and even with enthusiasm. The daring of it, the picturesqueness of it, the drama of it — the effort to substitute science and mechanics and modern progress for mere brute force in beating down the barriers nature had placed on the pathway to the Pole — appealed to the French imagination. The Academy of Sciences, to which I had the honor of being presented, received me with more than politeness, with genuine encouragement and understanding. Professor Janssen, the eminent astronomer, in an address to the Institute, declared that, in his opinion, we had a



The prow of the polar airship "America,"— the nose that is to be pointed toward the North Pole most excellent chance to realize our hopes. To the intrepid Andree this same savant had a few years before remarked: "It is not an exploration you are entering upon, but a suicide." Such was the difference a few years had marked — the superiority of a true airship over a free balloon, the step forward from a drifting raft to a cruiser of the air with engines in her hold, a rudder at her stern, and manv leagues of steaming in her bunkers.

In three weeks, conferences were held with all the eminent aëronautic engineers and constructors in Paris. Among thousands of other important questions that had to be decided, and decided quickly, was whether it were prudent to attempt to reach the Pole in 1906 or postpone the effort till 1907. We felt no great degree of confidence in our ability to start in 1906. But we knew we had some reason to hope to do so, and we determined to try.

One month from the day the Expedition had been decided upon in Chicago, a contract was made in Paris with a constructor of considerable reputation, for the building of a complete airship of great size, fully equipped with motors and machinery, for delivery at the end of May. When you order an airship, you should have a pretty clear idea of what you want it for. There must be practical, scientific adaptation of means and methods to the end in view. And just here thorough knowledge of Arctic conditions became invaluable.

We were not endeavoring, be it noted, to solve the problem of aërial navigation. Our aim was simply to take what had been done in that field, to enlarge and adapt it, and to apply it to geographical work. If we were trying to solve the problem which now engages so much of the attention of the world, instead of seeking to reach the North Pole, we should not attempt to solve it with a gas-bag driven by motors, that is, with a machine lighter than air, for upon this method physical laws have set certain limitations which stop, apparently, just short of a practicable, commercial solution of the problem of the air.

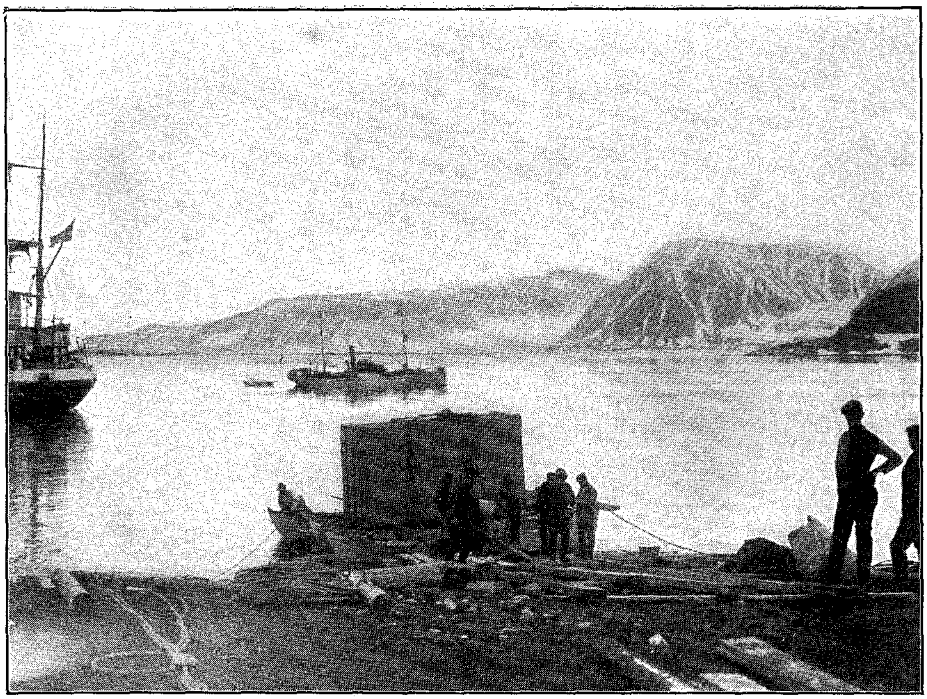
We fully realized, then, the limitations of our machine, but we knew that the dirigible balloon — the balloon which can be propelled and steered — marks a great advance upon the spherical or free balloon. It fights the air, and is not content to be merely swept along by it. It has propulsion and direction of its own forces. Speed is the critical point — the speed of the winds which may be encountered, the velocity at which such a ship may be driven in overcoming those winds if they are adverse. Students of this problem generally agree that to offer an ultimate solution — that is, to secure such speed as is necessary to overcome all the winds that blow, excepting great storms and hurricanes — an air-machine must be able to travel nearly fifty miles an hour of its own force. A steamship which could not hold its own, let alone make headway, against a whole gale of wind on the North Atlantic, would not be considered a solution of the problem of ocean navigation.

Flying at Railroad Speed

The best performance, up to this time, with this type of airship, was made by "La Patrie," the aërial scout of the French army. Its highest speed was 12.22 meters per second, equal to 27.25 statute miles per hour. Its average speed, measured in a calm, may be taken at twenty-five miles per hour, and the quantity of fuel which it can carry enables it to maintain this speed for about fifteen hours, thus giving a radius of action of about three hundred and seventy-five miles.

Now, it may be barely possible, with unlimited capital to achieve the construction of a gas-buoyed, motor-driven airship able to make fifty miles per hour. Theoretically, this result could probably be achieved. Practically, it would be a most doubtful experiment, because many engineering problems are involved in the construction with known materials of a reservoir of the great size necessary. The manoeuvering and navigation of such a huge aëronaut would also entail many hazards.

We resolved, then, to build a ship of the "La Patrie" type. But of what size, form, power, and equipment? Here experience was invaluable. We knew the Arctic regions; the conditions prevailing there were before our eyes, like the pages of an open book. The first of the great physical facts which stared us in the face was the distance to be traveled. From the most northerly base we could prudently strive for, Spitzbergen, it is six hundred sea-miles to the Pole — twelve hundred sea-miles there and back, as a bird might fly. But we must in prudence have a margin of at least fifty per cent, or a total radius of action of eighteen



BRINGING THE AIRSHIP ASHORE AT CAMP WELLMAN

The case which is being landed contains only the balloon of the airship, which weighs, in its box, eight thousand pounds

hundred sea-miles. In addition to the great amount of fuel in our bunkers, the ship must carry a crew of four or five men, provisions, instruments, dogs or motor-driven sledges, a small boat, and many things besides. A "Patrie" with twenty-five miles per hour would be splendid. But neither of those ships could carry more than a few hundred pounds' weight of cargo in addition to the crew and machinery, and our cargo must aggregate several tons. It was clear we must have a much larger ship. But if we increased the size, we increased also the resistance to the air, requiring larger engines and more fuel to maintain the same relative speed as that secured by the successful ships we were studying.

Overcoming the Speed of the Winds

At once the question arose, Was such high speed essential to our success? Clearly, it was not worth while to aim at high speed unless we could make it high enough to enable the aëronaut to make headway against the strongest wind likely to be encountered on the voyage. This seemed more than doubtful. So we turned to our analyses of Arctic winds, based upon many thousands of actual observations taken in the months of July and August, the period of our proposed voyage, upon the Arctic Ocean, north of Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land, the southern edge of the very region we propose to traverse. We found some examples — not many, but still some — of winds rising as high as thirty miles per hour. Taking as the basis of our calculations the ship of fifty-two and a half feet diameter, which we had in mind to build, yielding sufficient lifting force to enable her to carry the cargo and appurtenances necessary for the execution of our plan, and assuming that such a ship must be driven eighteen hundred sea-miles, what would be the engine-power and fuel-supply required to secure a speed of thirty miles per hour, and, for comparison, to secure half that speed? The result of our calculations is as follows:

Sea-miles Per hour	Required Horse-power	Per hour Fuel—lbs	Per mile Fuel—lbs	For 1800 miles Fuel—lbs	Weight of Motor—lbs
30	300	225	7.5	13,500	3,000
15	60	45	3.0	5,400	600

Inasmuch as such a ship could carry, in addition to its own weight, about nine thousand pounds of cargo and machinery of all sorts, it was obvious that a speed of fifteen sea-miles per hour throughout a long-distance voyage was theoretically realizable, while a speed of thirty miles an hour was wholly impossible. Moreover, the enormous fuel-cost of high speeds — I mean, of course, cost in weight, not in money — led us to content ourselves with quite moderate speed aspirations. But even fifteen sea-miles an hour seemed marvelous to one who had in the past deemed himself lucky to be able to sledge half the distance in a day. Commander Peary is a skilful and energetic sledger; but his average advance during his recent record-breaking dash for the Pole, for the northward part of his journey, was only about five miles per day.

Further analyses of Arctic wind conditions showed that high speed was not at all essential to the achievement of our purpose. Of this I shall have more to say later, when I deal with the actual construction of our ship. It is sufficient to state here that our analysis proved that we might expect a mean wind velocity of ten miles an hour, which means that if the wind were blowing in our faces, our speed of fifteen miles would net us five miles an hour.

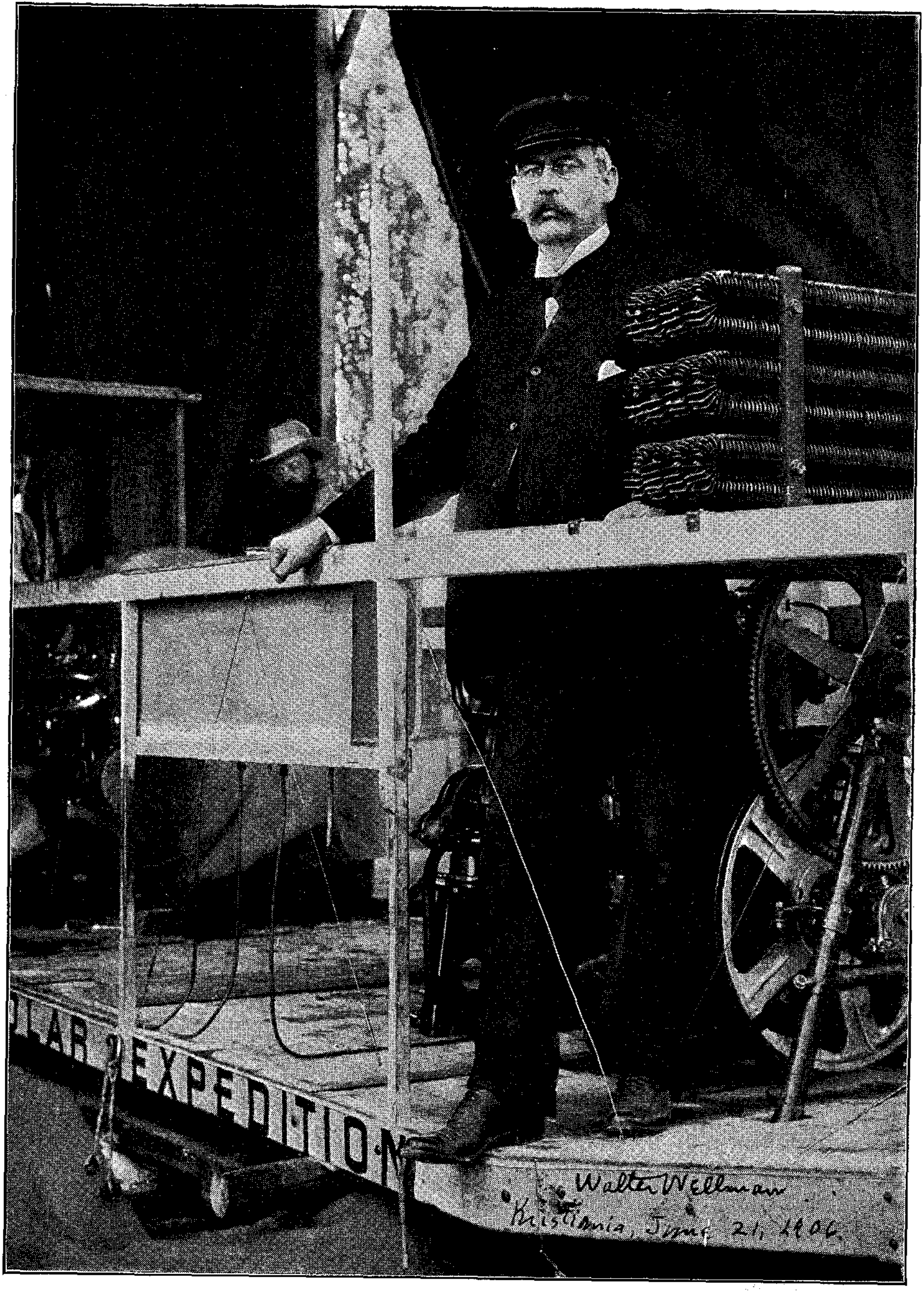
Teaching "Rush" Methods to Frenchmen

Our contract with the constructor called for an airship meeting these general requirements. It allowed him only four months in which to create a larger and more complex aërial machine than had ever before been built in France — a country wherein the word "rush" is unknown to the lexicon. A steamship was chartered for two years, a scientific and engineering staff was organized, and vast quantities of apparatus and materials were purchased and assembled for transport to the base of operations in the Arctic regions.

When the day came for the delivery of the airship, under the contract, the work was not finished. An agonizing delay ensued. The contractor's task was too great for him. Then the Expedition had to go to his rescue and supply him with motors and machinery which he had been unable to procure. A most serious question had here to be decided — whether to refuse acceptance of an untested machine and abandon the summer's program, or to take the unsatisfactory, and in some respects unknown, apparatus and make a valiant effort to do our utmost to whip it into shape. By this time, ship, men, and materials were waiting in Norway to start for Spitzbergen. We determined to play the game out, to win in the summer of 1906, if possible, and if not, to recur to the original and published program and use the following winter and spring in preparation for the campaign of 1907.

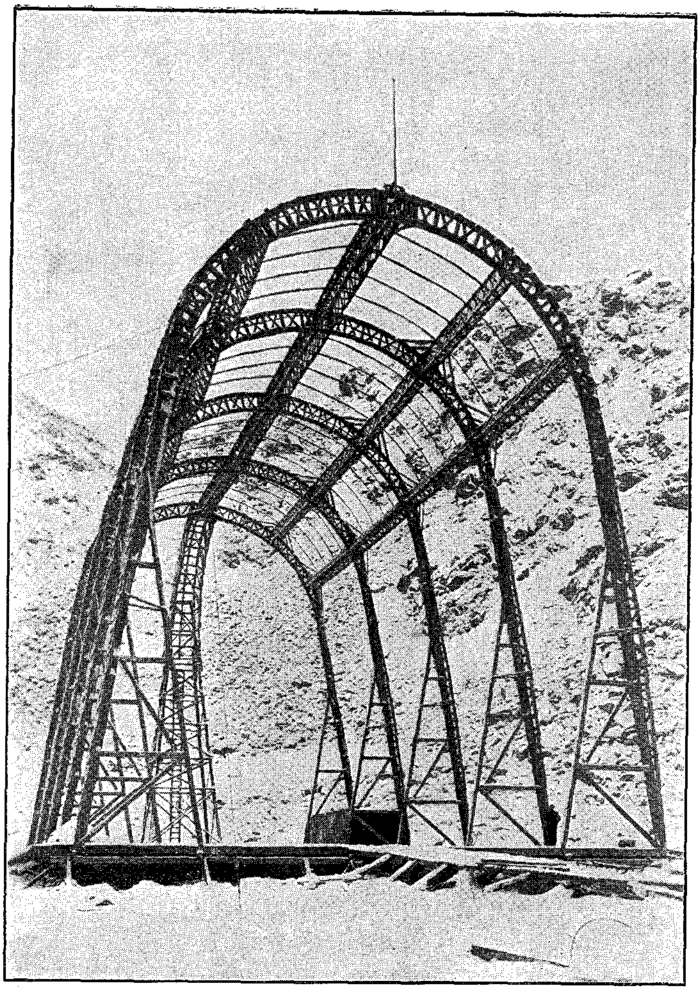
By the middle of June we were able to start the airship and its appurtenances by special train and steamer on the way to the North. At the same time, the first section of the Expedition sailed from Tromsö, Norway, in the Expedition steamer "Frithjof," bound for Spitzbergen. Many people think Spitzbergen an inhabited island somewhere along the Norwegian coast. Actually it is an extensive group of lands and islands running almost to the eighty-first degree of latitude. It is now and has always been wholly uninhabited, save for the sojourn there in summer of whale and seal hunters, and of late, in the southern parts, of the workers in two coal mines.

Our choice of base fell upon the northern end of Danes Island, which lies almost at the extreme northwest point of the Spitzbergen archipelago, latitude 79:42 degrees, six hundred and eighteen sea-miles or seven hundred and ten statute miles from the Pole. There is an excellent harbor, used by the Dutch as a whaling station more than two centuries ago. In the palmy days of the whale fisheries, Smeerenberg was in summer a town of two or three thousand souls, with cafés, dance-halls, and schnapps and hot rolls for breakfast. In winter the entire population went back to Holland. To this day the tradition survives that Smeerenberg is a city, and we have more than once been asked if we found its inhabitants good neighbors. We did. There are two or three hundred of them there, and they have been there an average of two centuries. Except their


LAR EXPEDITION
Walter Wellman
Kristiania, June 21, 1906

PORTRAIT OF MR. WELLMAN, TAKEN ON THE DECK OF HIS POLAR AIRSHIP "AMERICA"

The *nacelle* or car shown in this picture was the one built for 1906. For 1907 an entirely new car, all of steel, has been constructed



The skeleton frame of the Wellman airship hall without its skin of sail-cloth — eighty-two feet wide, eighty-five feet high, and one hundred and ninety feet long

rude graves, scattered about among the rocks on the low point of land, only a few Dutch tiles and ruins of stone walls mark the site of the dead and almost forgotten settlement. Across the strait, a mile to the south, I had a base twelve years ago, and at the same place Andree inflated his ill-starred balloon. There we decided to plant ourselves; and our decision to occupy the very spot marked by that tragedy of exploration may be taken as evidence that, whatever else we may be, we are not superstitious.

The first section of the Expedition arrived at Danes Island, June 21st. Four days were spent discharging the enormous cargo. Then the "Frithjof" was hurried back to Norway for the second or aëronautic detachment, at the moment *en route* from Paris. July 5th this second party sailed from Tromsö, and on the 9th the entire expedition was assembled. We were forty men — executive staff, engineers, mechanics, aëronauts, specialists, workmen, sailors. But there was work enough for a hundred.

Mr. Wellman's "Scientific Village"

Let no one imagine it is a simple thing to make an airship ready for a voyage to the North Pole. First, we had to land three ship-loads of material — for the "Frithjof" was immediately sent south again for another cargo which she had been formerly unable to carry. This was no small task, as everything had to be taken ashore by boats or improvised rafts and, in the earlier days, by using ice-floes as floats. And such a lot of stuff we had to handle! There were three or four hundred tons of timber and iron for the great airship hall and other structures; one hundred and twenty-five tons of sulphuric acid, seventy-five tons of scrap iron, and thirty tons of apparatus and other chemicals for the manufacture of the hydrogen gas; half a ship-load of provisions; the aëronautic machine and all its appurtenances: dog-sledges, motor-sledges, a steam boiler and engine, tons of gasolene, tools, coal, iron rods, bolts, nails, steel boats, and all the paraphernalia of what a London periodical aptly termed "Mr. Wellman's scientific village in the Arctics."

As quickly as possible the headquarters houses or living-rooms were made ready, including the erection of what is without doubt the best and most scientifically heated and ventilated house in the true Arctics. Next the machine-shop, with its installation of lathes, drills, and tools; then the boiler house, steam-engine, steam-pump, and the timber work of the gas apparatus.

The greatest job of all was the erection of the hall in which our airship, the "America," was to be housed whilst being prepared for her voyage. In good weather an ordinary spherical balloon may be inflated in the open air without serious risk of accident. But a machine as complex and delicate as an airship demands great care and caution. Once launched on the voyage, in the element for which it was designed, it is supposed to be able to take care of itself and ride out all the storms that may attack it. But during the preparatory stages of inflation, adjustment of the car and the steel suspension, the motors, the rudders, and all the equipment, it must be housed. If at this time it be exposed to the winds, disaster may come in the twinkling of an eye.

Engineering in the Arctics

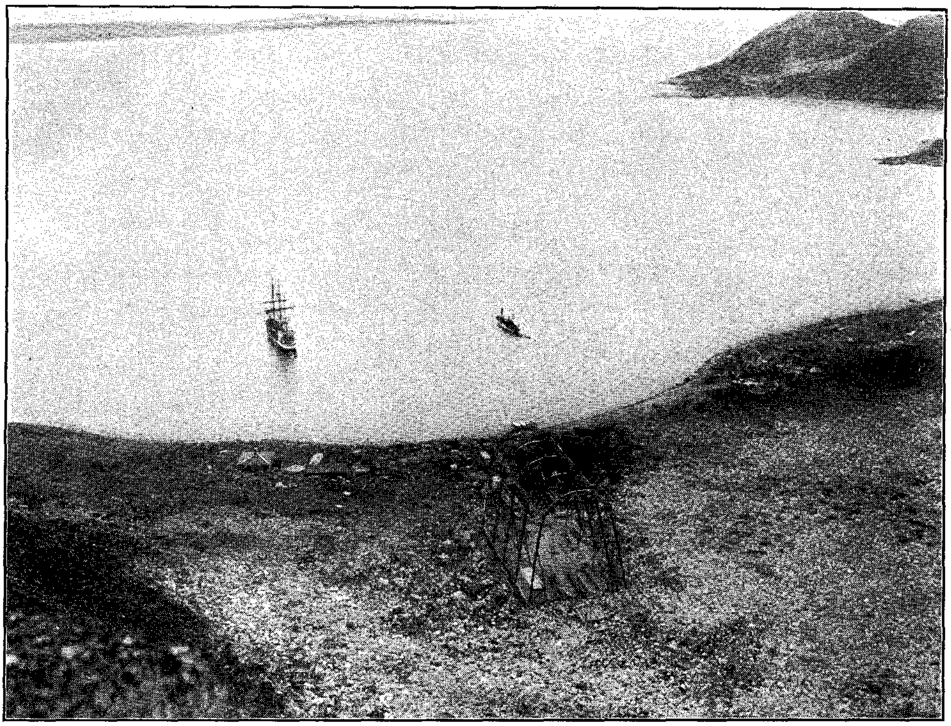
The erection of a hall large enough to hold our airship was a tremendous undertaking. Never did men work harder or more intelligently than our Norwegian carpenters and their helpers. They were at it an average of fourteen hours per day: a week to blast out the ice and rocks and prepare the site for the foundations; another week to lay the foundations and put in the floor, one hundred and ninety by eighty-two feet; then, two days to form and bend and bolt and stay with iron rods, fitted at our forge, each of the five great arches which were to form the principal bones of the skeleton frame we were trying to toss up into the air in record-breaking time. Three days were required to build a tower, eighty feet in height, rigged with six winches, for raising the arches from the horizontal to the perpendicular; a day to raise and put in position each finished arch — and a pretty piece of work it was, too. The feet of these skilfully fashioned, seemingly fragile spans of wood and iron spread eighty-two feet apart, their heads rose eighty-five feet in the air, and they were only six inches in thickness. We held our breath while the tackle seized them by the topknot, so to speak, and slowly yanked them through all the progressive angles till they stood, one after the other, proud and erect. After weeks of work, literally day and night, all of the arches were in place. The hoisting derrick was taken down and moved to the rear of the structure, there to serve as an additional arch. Twenty equally slender but scientifically calculated braces were fashioned and thrown from one arch to the other, a span of forty feet, binding the whole together. The skeleton was now ready for the thousands of yards of stout sail-cloth which had been cut and fitted in Norway to be the skin on the frame. Like a gigantic piece of filigree silver work, in which not an ounce had been wasted and in which beauty of form came as a mere chance incident to the high art of engineering adaptability, the huge structure appeared in the light of the midnight sun.

Meanwhile, the mechanical staff had been hard at work setting up the car of the airship, installing the motors, adjusting the screws and gearing, and making the trials which the dilatoriness of the contractor had rendered it impossible to make in Paris. For a time there seemed ground for hope that in the end this mechanical equipment could be put into fairly satisfactory condition, and that by making a late start, the voyage toward the Pole might yet be attempted. Soon this hope dwindled; then it disappeared altogether. Every time a motor was set running, something smashed. If it were not the screw, it was a section of the steel shafting which carried the power from the motor. If not that, something else. We made repair after repair, change after change, reinforcement after reinforcement, in our machine-shops. But all to no avail. In the end the car itself, the *chassis* of the aërial automobile, began to give way. It was not strong enough for the motors; it could not withstand the vibration. The aëronautic part of the airship, the gas-reservoir and its fittings, seemed perfect. But the mechanical equipment was not successful.

Throughout July and nearly all of August we had enjoyed fine weather. The winds were light and variable. At times they blew for days out of the South, directly toward the Pole. If only we had been ready to go with them! Perhaps they will be good enough to come again another year. At the end of August the temperature fell again below freezing; snow-storms were frequent; the short Arctic summer was over, the winter night approached. We were disappointed, but we felt that much had been accomplished. The Arctic base of the Expedition had been established—all was in readiness for the campaign of the summer of 1907. We had spent a year in preparation; the next year should be one of performance. Worth all the cost of energy and money was the experience gained.

The camp was made ready for its long winter of complete isolation. Forty steel cables, anchored in the rocks, were rigged to the frame of the airship hall, to stay it during the winter's storms. The canvas skin was packed carefully away. Felix Riesenberg of Chicago was left in charge of the camp, with two Norwegian companions, and on September 4th the members of the Expedition sailed southward, more confident than ever before that their project is a sound and realizable one.

IN THE JULY NUMBER MR. WELLMAN WILL DESCRIBE HIS AIRSHIP AND THE EXTRAORDINARY METHODS ADOPTED BY HIS EXPEDITION TO COPE WITH ARCTIC CONDITIONS



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAMP WELLMAN LOOKING NORTHWARD

In the center, the immense hall for the airship; at the left, the headquarters house, machine-shop, boiler house, gas apparatus, etc. At the right can be discerned the ruins of Andree's balloon shed. In the harbor, the "Frithjof" and a small steamer hired by a Berlin newspaper to carry its correspondent to Spitzbergen. The low point across the strait to the north is the site of Smeerenberg, the whalers' town of two centuries ago. Note the immense size of the airship house by contrast with the black specks of men on the floor and round about

ONE OF THE GRAYJACKETS

BY

E. CRAYTON McCANTS

ILLUSTRATED FROM A DRAWING BY ALLEN TRUE

IT WAS in 'sixty-five, near Appomattox Court-house, that Brethitt lost track of his command; it was in 'ninety-eight, on the crest of San Juan Hill, that he found it again. Between these dates he acquired the title that is graven on his small white tombstone — for Brethitt is in a national cemetery now.

As may be seen from the above, the story of Brethitt begins away back behind the Civil War. Previous to that war Brethitt's father was a plain farmer in the Carolina hills, and Brethitt himself was but a boy. Under normal conditions there is no doubt that Brethitt would have grown up obscurely, would have married, would have spent the greater part of his life at the ploughtail, and finally would have grown old peacefully in the company of his children and his grandchildren.

But, as events fell out, a great stir arose about the time of Brethitt's sixteenth year. For years the politicians had been predicting and grumbling and scheming, for years the slavery question had moved the nation to wrath and vaporing and recrimination, but all this had seemed of little moment to the Brethitts, father and son. So, the mother of the lad being long since dead, the two tilled their little farm, gave attention to the direction of the wind and the times of the rain, and held a large faith in God and their fellow-men.

Suddenly, however, all this changed. First there were whisperings, then mutterings, then the hoarse diapason of a people aroused. Contrary to his usual quiet customs, the elder Brethitt went about the house singing the fierce old war-songs that some other Brethitt had brought home from Mexico, while out at the neighborhood church there were speechmakings first, and afterward arming and drilling and mustering. And presently the term "one's country," once but a vague and impersonal idea, came to mean to the boy all that was good, all that one might live for, all that one might love.

Then the elder Brethitt went away to First Manassas and to death. It is quite likely that Brethitt passed by his father's body on his own way to the front, for when the news of the battle reached the little hill-farm, Brethitt did not delay. "Dixie," the bands were playing, — "We'll live and die for Dixie," — and consumed with the fervor of his patriotism, Brethitt hummed the stirring air and meant every word he muttered.

It was in this spirit that the lad took his place among the fighting men. After that the history of Lee's army was Brethitt's history. His the enthusiasm of the boy, his the ardor of the fanatic. To him there was no sound so good as that of the rattling guns, and the battle-flag of his regiment seemed close akin to Deity. Under that scrap of silk he fought at Fredericksburg and at Chancellorsville, led by it he forded the clear Potomac and marched through the green lanes of Maryland, bearing it he climbed the long slope of Gettysburg, and with it he was there thrust down again.

Afterward there came gloomier days, could Brethitt have realized as much. The Wilderness, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg — and Grant's grim lines were tightening.

But Brethitt's soul was in the game. Rapier thrust against hammer stroke it was, and dazzled by the play of the lighter weapon the boy forgot the blows which the other dealt. So many times had the odds been against them, and so many times had the good gray leader led the way and the ragged battalions countered on their enemy, that other result seemed impossible. In the last days others may have despaired, but not so Brethitt. Even as they were forced to evacuate their long-held lines, he uncased his flag and bore it jauntily. Hunger?—They would eat to-morrow. Weariness?—No matter.

But the end had come, and presently Sheridan barred the way. For the last time the thinned-out columns thrust forward their skirmishers, for the last time Brethitt "advanced the colors," and the spent ranks greeted them — giving in one long yell the *morituri salutamus* of the Army of Northern Virginia.

There were shots — a charge — then, the cavalry swept aside, the solid lines of the blue-clad infantry stood sullenly revealed. There was no giving back — Forward the forlorn hope!

Again the yell, then the flash of musketry, the scream of a shell, and Brethitt and his flag went down. In his dimming consciousness he saw the gray lines reel, saw the quick advance of the blue, and reaching a desperate hand, he tore the silk from its staff and thrust it into his bosom.

When he woke again, he was in a cabin, and there were women ministering to him. Something was the matter with his head — a splinter of shell had struck him there — and he had been brought here weeks ago and left to die. Lee had surrendered, they told him, the Confederacy was dead, the army broken and gone. Unable to comprehend, he turned his face to the wall and tried to puzzle it out.

But one day he asked them to bring his clothing to him and his flag. With an odd gleam in his eyes he spread the latter on the bed beside him, fingering the shot holes and spelling out the names that were written beside them. Seven Pines, Antietam, Malvern — with a quick motion of the hand he broke off.

"When you bury me," he said, "wrap my body in that!"

Still he did not die, but as his wound healed, his intellect clouded. It was useless after this to explain to him. Lee surrender? Never.—Somewhere yonder to the South the bugles were blowing, somewhere the camp-fires were alight, somewhere his comrades of the regiment were waiting for him to come.

Go?—Of course he must go. What would the Colonel think if Brethitt failed to appear?—Brethitt of the color-guard, made sergeant for valor on the field!

The people who had nursed him were a kindly folk, and they would have kept him if they could, but one night he slipped away from them. Days afterward they had news of him from the ferry at the crossing of the Dan — news of a strange-looking ragamuffin who carried a wrapped-up flag, and who inquired over and over again for the camps of the Carolina troops.

So Brethitt went southward, seeking his lost command; his delusion, his old gray jacket, and his scarcely healed wound winning for him sympathy and shelter and food. Finally he fell in with troops,—Federal troops who held the conquered land,—but his sense of discrimination had been lost, and these seemed to him comrades.

"Go home," they told him, but he would only stare.

"Do you know," he would ask, with pitiful insistence, "where I can find the headquarters of Bonham's South Carolina Brigade?"

Sometimes his hearers jeered him, sometimes they humored him, but one day an officer, noting his condition, felt a sort of pity for him.

"This is headquarters," he answered to Brethitt's questioning. "The General is absent at present, but he has left a furlough for you. Take it, my man, and go home and rest awhile."

Brethitt opened his coat, unrolled his treasure, and saluted. "The colors, Sir, of the Second," he said.

The officer stared, then turned away, speaking gruffly and blowing his nose. "Take 'em with you," he commanded. "Take 'em home with you and keep 'em there!"

II

The long years dragged by at the old Brethitt homestead, and there were large happenings in the world outside, but the lapse of time meant nothing to Brethitt. Like the Gods he had become, in whose eyes the years and the days are alike unnoticeable.

With infinite patience his neighbors cared for him, soothing his frequent restlessness, ministering to his needs, and assuring him that his furlough had by no means expired as yet. Now and then, it is true, he wandered away in an effort to reach his command, but always some friend overtook him with fresh instructions from the General to stay quietly at home and to keep the colors safe.

So, with much waiting, Brethitt's hair grew gray, and little children, born since his furlough began, came to be men and women, but Brethitt knew no change. Yesterday he had come home wounded, to-morrow he would rejoin the regiment — would hear again the rattle of the musketry and the roar of the unlimbered guns. Thus the 'seventies passed, the 'eighties, and a portion of the 'nineties, and the war with Spain began.

So quiet was Brethitt, so harmless, so methodical in his aging existence, that people had ceased to consider him. Was it the excitement of the populace, the vague talk of battles to be fought, the sound of the drum and the fife in the land, that stirred him from his apathy? At any event, one day he was missing, and the usual search for him failed to reveal his whereabouts. For a little time there was a languid anxiety among his neighbors, a daily paragraph in the newspapers, and a published reward for his safe return; but when none of these things availed, the matter was dropped.

Of what value, anyway, was crazy old Brethitt, asked the younger folk; while the few of his comrades who were left alive shook their heads sadly and remarked, "Brethitt is gone — poor old Brethitt! He was a good man in his time."

But Brethitt was not yet gone in the sense that they meant. The campaign was about to begin — did not men say so everywhere? — and the regiments were moving South. South — that was correct; others at the ferry over the Dan had told him the same.

A queer spectacle he made as he trudged over the long red roads with his worn-out blankets slung slantwise, his canteen adjusted, and his battered haversack resting against his hip. It had been just at nightfall that he set out, and the next day's sun found him far away. Weary he was indeed, but cheerful. About him he saw a rich and varied countryside — white houses, tilled fields, and well-built stables and barns.

So little like the war-harried face of Virginia was the prospect, that he thought of Pennsylvania and of his all too short campaigning there. With the memory there rose to his lips a parody of the camps. Like a note from some broken pipe his cracked voice floated across the silent fields.

"Old Bob Lee's heel is on thy shore,
Pennsylvane, my Pennsylvane,
His hand is at thy stable door,
Pennsylvane, my Pennsylvane.
You won't see your old horse no more,
We'll ride him till his back is sore,
An' then come back an' git some more,
Pennsylvane, my Pennsylvane!"

By noon he had reached a little station on the railway, and he sat down there to rest and to eat. The station agent, seeing him, laughed at the picturesque tramp, and a group of loungers drew near to question him; but Brethitt, pushing back his gray hair, eyed these plump civilians with a soldier's disfavor.

"Strong, hearty men — ever' one of you," he commented. "Y'oughter be in the army. By God, old Bonham 'ud take that sof' fat off'n you!"

The shriek of an engine a mile up the road withdrew his audience with a rush, and presently a long train drew up at the water-tank — a train from whose windows there protruded khaki-clad shoulders and the bared heads of fighting men.

Brethitt sprang to his feet and ran alongside the carriages. "What command?" he asked in breathless haste.

His appearance produced a burst of laughter. "Methuselah!" cried one of the younger men joyously; "Methuselah bound for the wars!"

The jeering roused Brethitt's wrath, and he swore unctuously and fluently. "You damned recruities!" he stormed, "did any one of you ever bust a cap?"

A man with a stripe on his arm interfered. "We're the Nth Regulars," he vouchsafed, "bound for Florida."

Brethitt ran a keen eye over his friend's equipments. "They take care of you regulars," he admitted; "I'm a volunteer myself."

The sergeant smiled. "War-fever must be pretty high in your neighborhood, Dad," he hazarded.

Brethitt slapped his thigh. "I sh'd say!" he replied with enthusiasm. "Why, son, the boy-babies, they sing Dixie afore ever they begin to squall!"

A laugh greeted his sally, and others pressed forward to look at him. "Anyhow, the old fellow's game," cried some one.

Encouraged, Brethitt sank his voice to a whisper. "Say, fren's," he confided, "I want to catch up with my regiment, an' I ain't got transportation. Is there any chance f'r a fellow to slip along wi' you?"

The men were bubbling with spirits. "Le's take him," they cried; "le's take him f'r a mascot — Sa-ay, Jimmy, you sentry at the door! Look t'other way while the mascot's a-gittin' aboard."

They hustled him in, the engine shrieked again, and the train pulled slowly away from the siding and the staring crowd.

III

The last of the Grayjackets — that is what they called him in the camp under the Santiago hills. For the Nth Regulars knew him better now — beginning with him in a spirit of boisterous fun, they had come in time to realize his point of view and tacitly to assent to it. "Poor old fellow!" they had said among themselves, and gradually there had grown up among the men in the ranks a sort of attachment for him. So they clothed him willingly in cast-off khaki and shared their rations with him.

And for the time Brethitt was happy. Once more he was set in his chosen environment — again the long, dusty columns were marching, again the camp-fires shone between the trunks of the trees, again the clear-toned bugles called tattoo and taps and reveille.

Then one morning there was a sudden stir. Forward, was the word. Out into the saw-palmetto and the tropical scrub the eager columns swung, and from somewhere far off to the right came the boom of a field-gun opening in the distance with shell.

Satisfied that the supreme moment had come, the Nth would have left Brethitt behind.

"Stay here, you old fool," cried the sergeant in his excitement. "Stay here — them's orders, d'ye hear?"

Brethitt grumbled, but for a time he obeyed. Then through the camp of the Nth other regiments began to pass, the sweltering men shedding, as they went, blankets and knapsacks and every other superfluous pound. To the front, too, the confusion and the din had increased. Instead of the single gun, there were fifty bellowing; from the narrow, cut-up roads came shouts and cries and curses, while in the central distance quick discharges of musketry crashed faintly and crackled.

And Brethitt knew all those sounds — Brethitt, who was left in the camp. With no clear thought in his clouded brain, obeying but the blind impulse which came to him, the man cast off his blouse, girt his old belt an inch the tighter, and with his one precious possession — a bundle — in his hand, set off at a run.

A half mile passed, he began to meet wounded men and stragglers — a demoralized, gasping, hurrying crowd. To one of these he addressed himself.

"Which way," he demanded, "which wav yonder is Bonham's Brigade?"

The straggler scarcely heard. "Straight ahead," he answered at utter random; "They're ketch'n' hell up there!"

Brethitt's heart gave a leap. They were straight ahead, — Bonham's old ragged Brigade, — and Brethitt was coming with the colors of the Second.

He ran on. Now a shell screamed above him, now the high-flying bullets shrieked and spun. And the good Saxon blood in Brethitt's veins rose to the challenge of the fight, and his soul began to sing a berserker song, and his eyes began to blaze.

At the foot of a slope he found a rivulet. There was a dead man there, and with quick hands Brethitt despoiled him of rifle and cartridge-belt. Beyond there was a green slope, a thin line of creeping men, and at the crest the gray blur of the trenches that marked the position of the enemy. Brethitt crossed the stream. Straight ahead! Presently they would charge, and the boys would look for him then. In his passage Brethitt unfolded his bundle and lashed his flag deftly to his rifle-barrel.

Half-way up the slope the scattered groups of the Nth crouched tense and expectant like beasts preparing for a spring. It was anybody's fight, — there was no real command anywhere, — but there was no idea of shrinking there.

Then, while the men looked at each other and waited, a gaunt figure sprang past them, and they saw Brethitt, with his gray hair floating in the wind and his flag streaming out, moving upon the trenches alone.

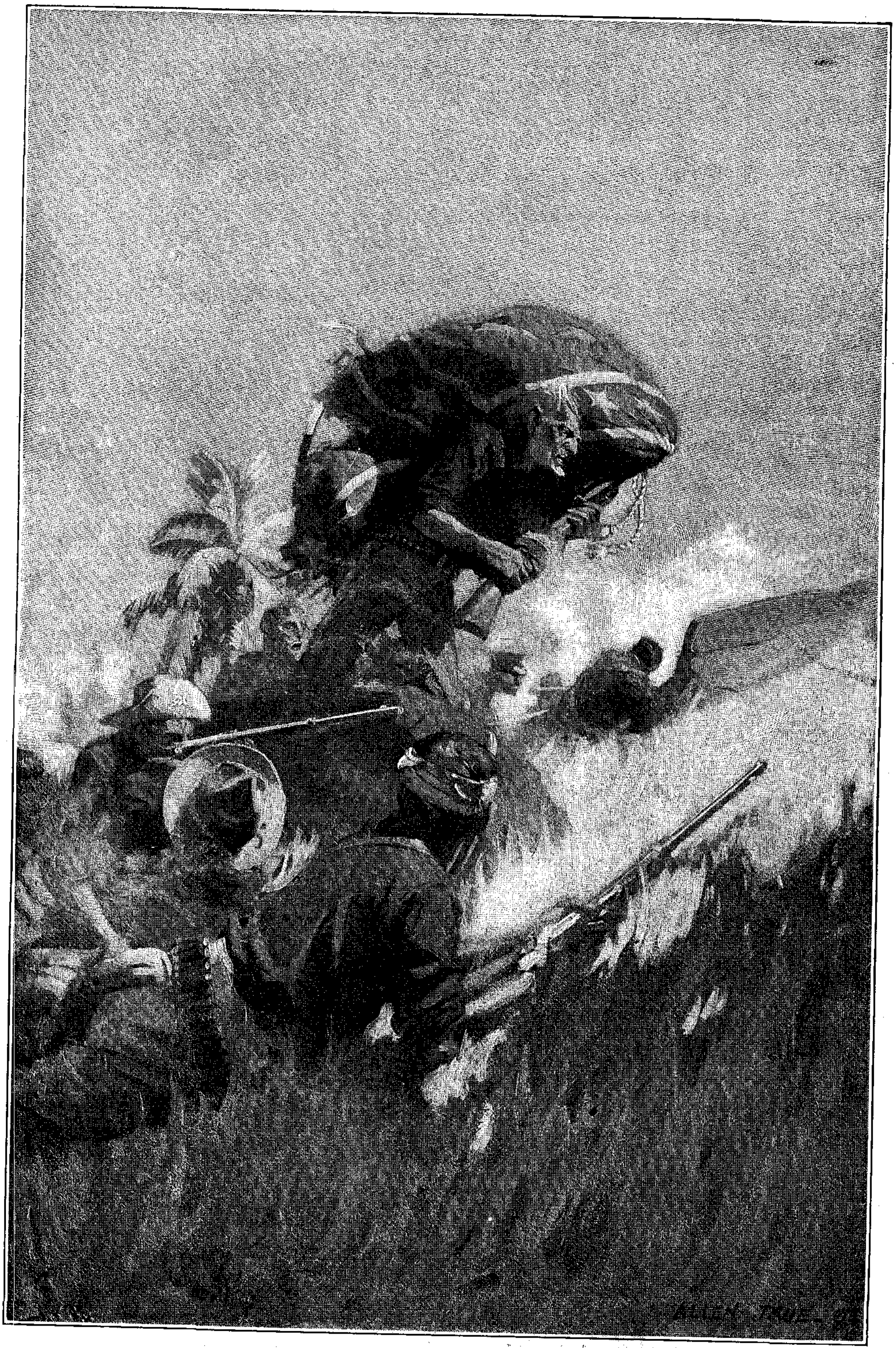
There was a babel of voices — it was no time for close discriminations. A lieutenant, red-faced with anger, leaped to the front shouting hoarsely.

"Bring those colors back!" he yelled. "Bring those colors back to the line!"

In answer Brethitt paused, and, facing about, he uplifted his voice. "You damned recruity!" he roared in scorn; "bring your line *up to the colors!*"

And the men heard and replied — not with words, but with cheers and with the upward rush. Twenty yards they gained — fifty — a hundred — then the trenches, with the enemy streaming in flight.

They found Brethitt that night. He was just in front of the works, with his old flag crumpled up under him. But the old man's face wore a satisfied look, for he was with his command — at last.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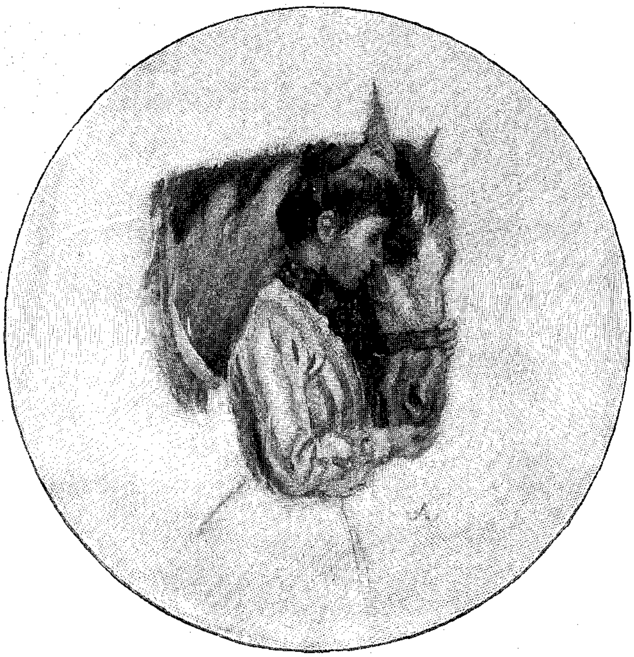
ONE OF THE GRAYJACKETS



THE TALE OF A CAYUSE

BY

F. R. WEIR

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

THE two men met on the trail and eyed each other with native suspicion, then the younger slipped his arms from his pack-straps and eased his bundle to the ground while he asked his question.

"Pardner, can you tell me how far it is to the Madrona mill?"

The elder had no idea of relieving himself of his pack. The straps sank into the cavities in front of his shoulders as though they grew there.

"Goin' by the upper trail?" he inquired, without any show of interest.

"Any old trail to git there," growled the questioner. "I naturally want to patronize the shortest route. I'm not out walking for my health."

"Two mile and a half," and the old man presented the square of his pack to the gaze of his interlocutor and stumped off about his business, which was to carry twelve dozen eggs and a jar of butter to Madrona, and to purchase supplies with the money. But his old mouth was parching for a drink, and it was more than likely that the egg and butter money would go into the pockets of the proprietor of the Mug Saloon before any grocer saw the color of it.

When the rancher disappeared, the traveler sat down to rest a moment and to think. His name was Jim Vessy, and his roll of blankets marked him for a "timber jake" hunting a job. He was, in fact, a "timber faller," and a skilful one, and beside the superb length of limb and lumps of muscle, the good judgment and the alertness, which his trade demanded, Jim possessed a face full of strength and intelligence, and a sidewise glance and grin which were taking, in the extreme.

These last-mentioned attributes were not in evidence now; instead, a misleading frown drew down the corners of his mouth and carved lengthwise wrinkles in his cheeks. He was thoroughly disgusted with himself, the world, and more especially with women.

Womanhood, as he anathematized it, was an embodiment of blonde hair, paint, and an insatiable desire for money.

Ten days before he had owned a new suit of clothes and eight hundred dollars; to-day his worldly possessions consisted of three flannel blankets, seventy-five cents, and a wrinkled costume which spoke loudly of a debauch.

To account for this change in his prospects there was a hazy remembrance of a night "below the line," filled with cheap music, drinking, and fighting, followed by a morning of shame, when he knew he had been drugged and robbed.

He stood up and kicked at his pack viciously. One of the pack-straps was loose, and he felt in his pocket for a knife with which to cut a new hole in the leather. Instead of the knife, he drew forth a small photograph of a woman with yellow hair and a simpering smile. He gazed at it a moment, then laughed and shook his head. "Jim Vessy, you blamed fool!" he said aloud. "And the worst of it is, you ain't in the habit of doing this sort of thing. But you pitied her! You thought there might be good in her. You didn't know, but you've found out. Cheap, too. It only cost you eight hundred dollars; two years' wages, that's all. It might have cost you more: your life, or your liberty. You might have married the ——"

He did not finish the sentence, but tossed the photograph into the bushes, took up his pack, and prepared to move on.

"Start again, Jim, and if a woman comes sniveling to you to right a wrong, say to yourself: 'She's a fraud — they're all frauds — grin at her, and pass by on the other side.'"

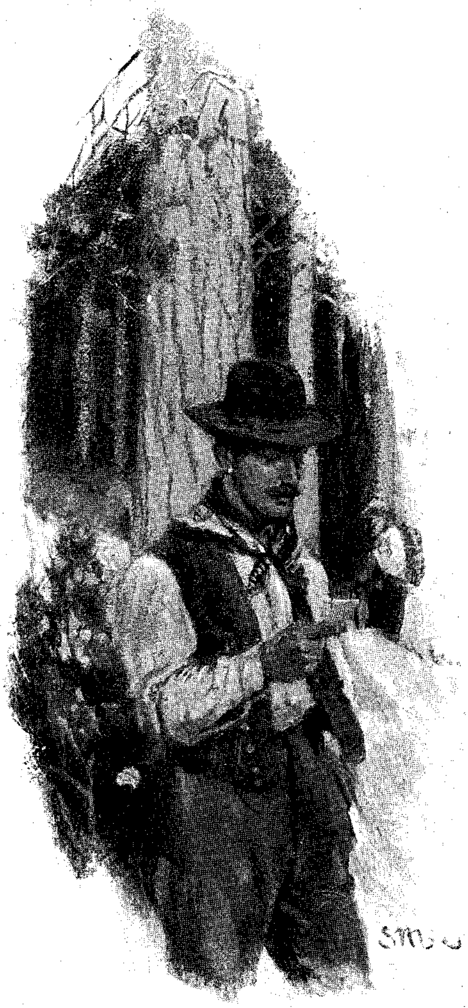
"You've dropped suthin'," said a voice at his back.

Jim turned to face his surly acquaintance of a few moments before. He was pointing to the card Jim had thrown away. He must have witnessed the act, and the remark was in the nature of a taunt.

"It's all right; I just laid it there expectin' to take it aboard again when I come along back. Got sick of packin' it."

The old man stooped and picked up the photograph. His bleary old eyes seemed to eat it up.

"Say, you didn't happen to see a Siwash ridin' a buckskin cayuse around Seattle when you was there, did you?"



"a small photograph of a woman with yellow hair and a simpering smile"

"How do you know I've been to Seattle?"

The old man did not answer, but looked at the picture in his hand with a chuckle. He was an unpleasant rascal, with a bushy white beard, above which his red nose and cheekbones shone fiercely. He wore his shirt open in front, and his old hat cocked over one eye with an exasperating assumption of youth.

"I say, you didn't, did you?"

"Didn't what?"

"See a Siwash on a buckskin cayuse, branded with three letters, N-a-t, on his flank?"

"On the Siwash's flank?"

"No, the — say, you're funny, ain't ye? Can't you answer a civil question when a man asks you one? For a nickel I'd wipe the trail with ye!"

Vessy laughed. "I've only got six bits," he said, "and I can't afford to buy luxuries when I need the necessities of life. Know of any place handy where I could buy a dinner?"

Speculation shone in the old man's eyes.

"Yes, for six bits you can get a good dinner at my ranch just around the bend. Tell Natura that you paid me and that she's to git you up a good dinner."

"All right. Who is Natura? Your wife?"

"Not yet; I s'pect she will be, though, in time. She's my stepdaughter just now — old woman ain't been dead long."

"All right; I'll tell Natura I've paid you and she's to get my dinner. I don't see what's the use of lying that way, though."

"How lyin'?"

"Why, I haven't paid you, have I?"

"No, but you're a-goin' to, ain't you?"

"Not by a long sight! Natura might not be home. If she is, and gets dinner for me, I'll just settle with Natura."

The old man began to swear. His little eyes and red nose blazed fury. "For two bits I'd kill ye!" he snarled.

Vessy leaned his pack against a fir and grinned.

"If I was sure you'd make a good job of it, I don't know but it would pay. They'd hang you, and the world would be the wider for bein' shy two fools. Well, good day to you; I'm going to see Natura."

"Say, now, on the straight, if you give her the money, she'll keep it. I can't trust the girl. I'm in hard luck, I tell you. You see, she's been cranky ever since her mother died. I've been wantin' to git money enough together to go North, but if I go North, who'll run the ranch?"

"Why don't you sell it?"

"Well — hum — there are family reasons why I don't sell it. I don't care about six bits, though; give it to Natura if you want to. Tell her it's to buy another cayuse. He, he, he. Better not tell her that till after you've had your dinner. Makes a regular fool of herself over the cayuse."

"Was it hers?"

"Well, she called it hers, you know. That's the way with women — want all they can git."

"Yes, I know," owned Vessy.

"Yes, she called it hers. I rode it down to Madrona one night and got to joshing with a Siwash and made him a present of the pony. Come to in the mornin' under the bar — pony gone — hat gone, and head stove in."

"Two of a kind!" muttered Vessy in self-abasement.

"Eh? What say?"

"Nothing."

"And worst of all was the way Natura acted about the cayuse. Blame a cayuse anyhow! And blame a woman!" Then he showed the square of his pack once more, as he disappeared, for good, this time.

Vessy, burdened with his blankets and reflections, sought Natura, whom he found sitting in the doorway of a dilapidated shack behind a rail fence. She was not particularly young, and she had never been pretty. What good looks she had were sadly marred by weeping. Tears are not becoming to red-haired women.

She arose from the step and pushed a straggling tress from her forehead with a shapely hand, and, as she stood against the homely background disclosed by the open door, there was a suggestion of purity and womanliness about her which roused a dormant memory in Vessy's heart; the memory of a mother and sister who had slept under the Michigan mosses for ten long years; an atmosphere of home and home comforts surrounded her and crept into the heart of the man-tramp at his first sight of her.

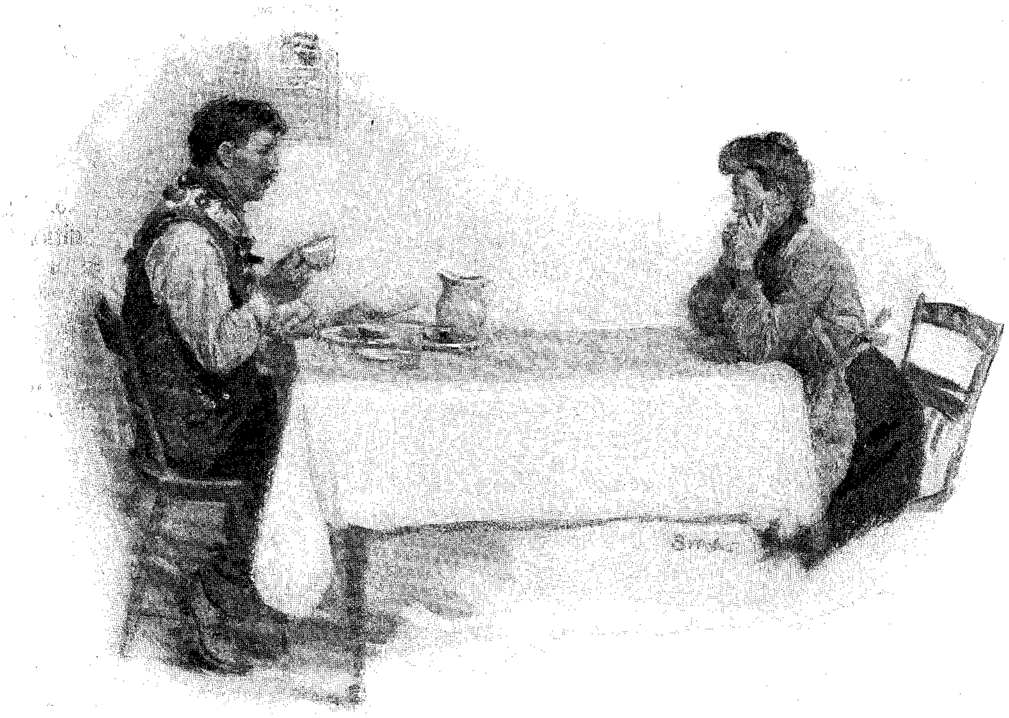
He took off his hat and stood silent a moment, while Natura surveyed him sullenly.

"Could I get a bite to eat here?"

"I don't know; we've just had dinner."

"Anything will do. I've tramped all day."

She went into the house without another word and began to prepare a meal. Vessy threw his pack on the ground and dropped down in the doorway, where Natura had been sitting when he first saw her, and gazed listlessly at the sloping lawn, which melted into a trickling thread of running water between the rail fence and the trail. He noted unconsciously that the ground was unusually free from stumps, and that a flourishing orchard clung to the southern slope like a blanket. It was in bloom now, and flaunted gaudily against the gloom of distant cedar timber. Nearer by there were cherry- and plum-trees, and fowls of all descriptions waddled or strutted between the house and the shabby stables at the back. Out of doors the place spoke plainly of some sudden check in improvements, a sort of falling



"'Your stepfather gave me to understand you was goin' to marry him some day'"

from grace, as if the owner had worked mightily up to a certain point, then ceased in despair or failing strength, and allowed Nature to begin to reclaim that which had been wrested from her. These evidences of shiftlessness or defeat stopped at the door of the shack, however. Inside the house law and order reigned.

Presently the odor of ham and coffee stole out over Jim's head. It made him faint with hunger.

"Don't get up too much of a spread; I've only got six bits," he said to the girl, over his shoulder, and squandered one of his rare smiles upon her. This smile of Vessy's was his one charm. He did not know it, but the woman paused with a dish and a spoon in her hand to gaze at him.

"Oh, it won't founder you," she said.

"I saw your father down the trail," he ventured.

"Stepfather," she prompted.

"Well, stepfather, if you like that better. He was telling me he had lost a horse."

"He lost a horse!" she said contemptuously. "He lost a horse! Little he cares!"

She fumbled for her handkerchief, and, not finding it at once, grew desperate at the threatened disgrace of shedding tears for a cayuse before a man and threw her apron over her head, thereby concealing her tears, but not her sobs.

Vessy arose hastily. Here it was again; woman and tears!

He stepped inside and stood with his hands in his pockets, surveying the shrouded figure.

"Are you crying on account of the cayuse?"

"Yes, I'm crying on account of the cayuse!" she sobbed. "Oh, poor old Ginger! My mother's old pony gone to be tortured to death by a Siwash!"

"Perhaps the Siwash will sell him," soothed Vessy.

"What difference would that make? Some other brute would finish him! You are all alike; you drink and swear and swagger, and kill horses and women!"

Natura sobbed on while the ham frizzled temptingly on the stove, and the coffee steamed to the spoiling point. An old rooster, with male inquisitiveness, craned his neck in at the door and batted an eye for crumbs.

Suddenly Natura recovered her self-possession, pulled the apron from her head, wiped her face with the restored handkerchief, and announced coldly that dinner was ready. Vessy slunk into a seat at the table, and Natura placed the dinner before him.

He took a mouthful of ham and potato and a big gulp of coffee.

"Who did that cayuse really belong to?" he asked at length. "Your father — stepfather — said you called it yours."

"I called it mine because it was mine."

"Then he stole the horse?"

"I don't see how you could call it anything else."

A hopeful look flitted across the woman's face. She came to the side of the table opposite Vessy and sat down facing him. Vessy smiled at her.

"Your stepfather gave me to understand you was goin' to marry him some day."

Her face grew red with anger. "I'm a good sight more likely to kill him some day! Oh, I hate him! He killed my mother, and now he has given away my poor old horse, the only last living friend I had in the world — and to a Siwash!"

She was almost in tears again, but restrained herself.

"I — I was going to say, I've been saving up a little money to get rid of old Jap Ward with, but — I'd be willing to stand old Jap Ward a little while longer if I could only get my horse back again. I don't suppose you would like a chance of earning some money by looking him up, would you?"

She eyed him beseechingly. He was still smiling.

"What will you give?"

"I will give you ten dollars to start with, and if you find him and bring him back, I will give you forty more."

"Not enough," he said.

She brought a picture of the horse from the clock-shelf and laid it beside his plate. "You would know him if you found him. He has a big, brown spot around one eye, and he is branded with the first three letters of my name."

"T'aint enough," he repeated.

Natura sighed. "How much would you ask?" she inquired, but the inquiry was mechanical. She felt the hopelessness of her appeal and was prepared for its failure. "I'll give you ten to start on and sixty-five if you bring him home safe and sound."

"Not enough."

"Then your services are too high for me," she said with anger.

"How long since your stepfather stole the horse?"

The form of the question pleased her. "It will be two weeks to-morrow."

"All right. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll hunt your cayuse for you on one condition."

Natura's eyes were again riveted on his face.

"And if I start for him, I'll bring him, if he is in the State of Washington!"

Natura went to the cupboard and brought out the half of a blackberry-pie and replenished the plate of fried cakes.

"You've got a mighty poor opinion of men — and if that old sample I met in the road is what you go by, I can't blame you — and I've got a mighty poor opinion of women. I've had some triflin' examples to judge from, too. But my opinion of women has changed a little since I came in here. A girl who can cry on account of a buckskin cayuse two weeks after it is lost would get to think a good deal of a man, I should imagine, if he was half-way decent. Now, I'll make these terms, and you can take 'em or not, as you like. I want the chance to make you think better of men than you do now. I've got seventy-five cents and three red blankets; you've got seventy-five dollars and a red-and-white stepfather. Now, I find the cayuse and bring him back, then I'll have seventy-five dollars, and you'll have a buckskin cayuse. That'll be quite a start, and we'll shake the stepfather."

She was red now to the roots of her hair, but he was still smiling.

"Don't be silly," she said.

"You won't accept my terms, then?"

"Of course not; you're making fun of me."

"I was not. But, of course, I ain't going to force you to accept. I offered you a good bargain, a horse and a husband for seventy-five dollars and a third-rate old stepfather. Well, how much do I owe you for my dinner? I must be packing. Twenty-five cents! Go on! Twenty-five cents for a whole ham and a bushel of potaters, say nothin' of the pie and doughnuts?"

He threw a fifty-cent piece and a quarter on the table. "You lose money at six bits. I've coaled up for a week."

She laughed and attempted to thrust the fifty-cent piece into his vest pocket. He caught her hands and held them while he threw the money under the table; then he shouldered his blankets, strode down the path, and took the trail once more, with a backward grin and a wave of the hand.

Natura watched him out of sight, and once she sighed, and once she smiled; then she picked up the money from under the table and stood a long time with it in her hand, and before she put it in her purse, she kissed it.

Strange that so young a woman should love money so.

That night Vessy slept in his red blankets on the ground in the deep, green woods some ten miles beyond the Madrona mill for which he had inquired so anxiously the day before. He was hugging the river-bed and making for the reservation which lay twenty miles to the west.

The next day he breakfasted at twelve o'clock, on three eggs which he borrowed from a rancher's hen-house and boiled in a tomato can over a fir-bough fire. At night he supped with a lone rancher on under-done salt pork and boiled potatoes. He also spent the night and "coaled up" on the same fare in the morning, leaving one of his new red blankets to pay for his entertainment. He was close to the end of his journey now and felt that he needed to be in good trim for whatever lay ahead of him.

Two miles further on he saw a man hauling logs with a team consisting of a mule and a buckskin cayuse.

The driver was using a goad-stick in place of a whip, and the yellow sides of the little cayuse reeked with sweat.

Vessy made his way through the slashing. He saw the letters branded on the yellow flank; he saw the brown spot about the right eye, and he knew he was face to face with the much-lamented Ginger.

The time for action had come, and Vessy was "coaled up" and ready.

"My friend, hold on a minute. Where'd ye git that team?"

"None o' yer blame business. G' lang there! He' up!"

Vessy slipped his pack and went closer to the rancher.

"Say, hold on a minute. You stole that cayuse from a Siwash, and that Siwash stole him from me. I'm out for cayuses to-day, and you'll untackle right here and now, or I shall be obliged to thrash you."

Without warning, the rancher made a lunge at Vessy with the goad-stick; but Vessy, who was on his guard against just such a demonstration, avoided the blow, then closed with his assailant.

His blood was up. He had the length of reach, the muscle, and the disposition of a fighter; but his enemy was no child.

The two men rolled upon the ground, with clenched teeth and knotted muscles, gasping and punching with gurgling oaths, while the cayuse, with heaving sides, cast sidelong glances at his champion, and the mule stood sullenly at rest.

Now Vessy, covered with leaves and brambles, was uppermost; and again the rancher, hatless and bloody, crushed his adversary into the soil and punched with all his might. Once he dealt Vessy a blow in the eye which nearly blinded him, but that blow was the signal for the finish. Vessy was thoroughly in trim now; his blood was seething, and when the tide in the affairs of men brought him to the surface again, he rained blows which told fearfully upon the head and neck of the under man.

He was fighting for Natura.

A blow in the neck, a sudden relaxing of tense muscles, a weak cry for quarter, and the victor removed his knee from the chest of the vanquished and staggered to his feet.

"There, damn ye!" spluttered Vessy, wiping the blood from his face and reaching for his hat; "you might have saved yourself that if you'd been decent. Lay down there, now, and if you stir till I'm over the hill, I'll come back and finish ye!"

He broke the goad-stick in three pieces across his knee and flung it far into the brush.

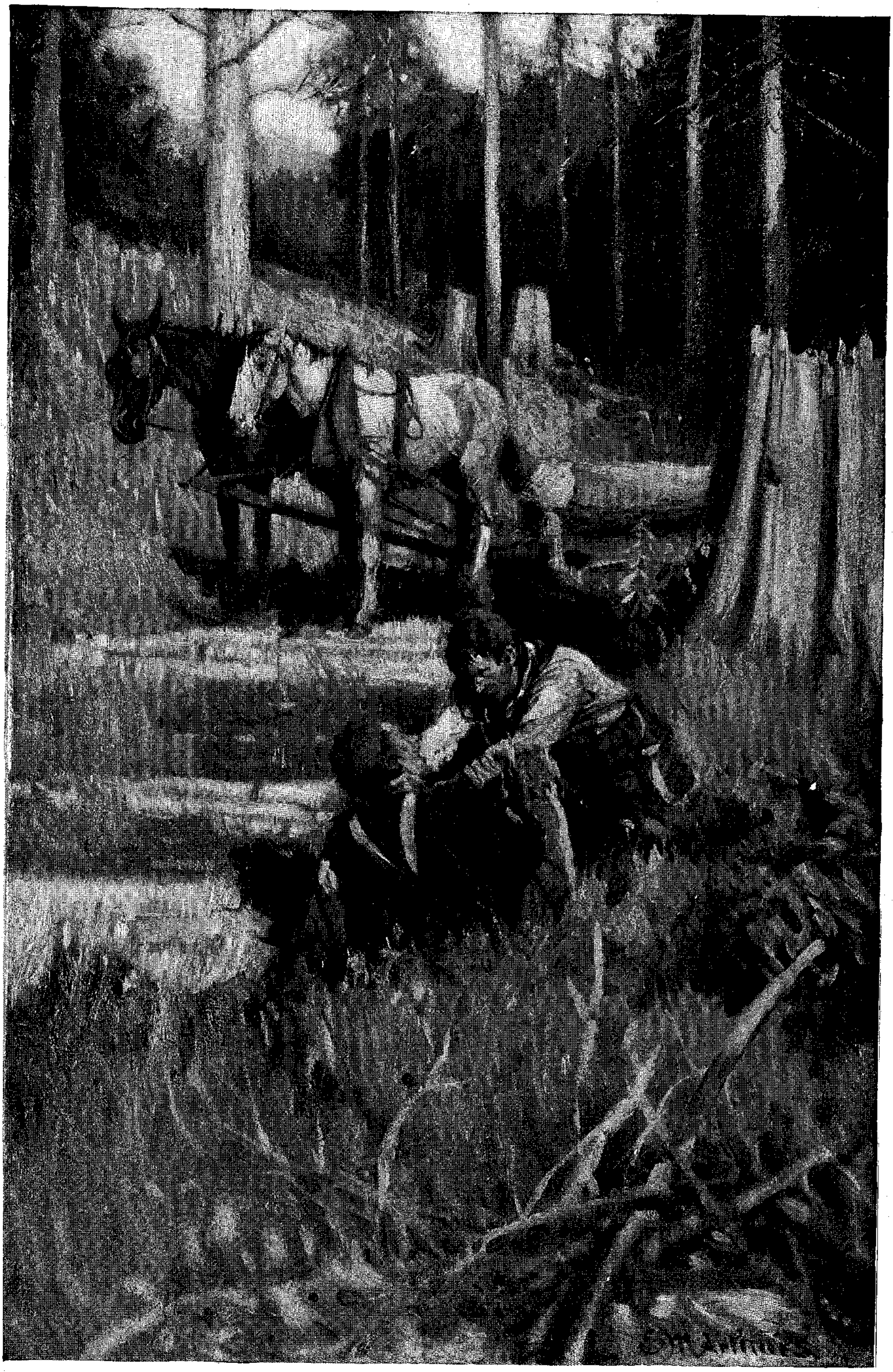
"A man that'll use one of them things ain't fit to own even a mule, so I'm goin' to take the mule with me. If you want it, and can prove that you have any better right to it than I have, you can come after it!"

Then he unhitched the team, arranged the blankets across their backs, mounted the mule, and headed in the direction from which he had come.

Once he looked back and saw the man whom he had pounded, and who had pounded him, sitting on the ground rubbing his shoulder. His red shirt made a dazzling spot of color against the dull greens and browns of the slashing.

It was high noon when Vessy sighted the Ward shack, with its rail fence, its smoke-plumed chimney, its clambering vines, like charity, covering the sins of shiftlessness, and Natura, sitting pensively in the door

When the cavalcade hove in sight, she cried out in joy and ran lightly down the path to meet it. The next moment her arms were around the sweat-stained neck of the buckskin cayuse, and he fumbled lovingly at her cheek with a flopping, velvet lip.



"THE TWO MEN ROLLED UPON THE GROUND WITH CLENCHED TEETH AND KNOTTED MUSCLES"

Vessy, astride the mule, grinned down at them. "I was in hopes," he said, "you might mistake me for Ginger; we're marked about the same around the eye."

"You fought for him?" she questioned worshipfully, but he refused to give any details of the fight, and to Natura's inquiries about the mule he only replied that it was borrowed, and the owner might come for it any day.

"Are you hungry?" asked Natura shyly.

Vessy had washed from his face all the black which was outside the skin.

"No, oh no, but one must go through the motions for politeness' sake, you know, and the sooner we begin the motions, the better it'll suit me," said he, with that sidewise glance and smile before which Natura's heart went down in defeat.

There were fresh eggs and jellied chicken and sliced ham; there were canned blackberries from the woods — the spiciest fruit on earth; there were baked apples, fruitcake, and cherry-pie.

"If you serve Ginger this way, you'll just have the mule left," grinned Vessy, surveying the table.

"I'll be more careful of Ginger."

After Vessy had finished his dinner, Natura placed four twenty-dollar gold pieces beside his plate.

"That's all I've got," she said. "I can't give you any more."

"It ain't enough, Natura, girl. I told you it wouldn't be enough."

"You said seventy-five wouldn't be enough; there's eighty there, and it's all I've got."

"I don't want your money. I want — you! I'll be good to you and — Ginger."

"And the mule?" she joked.

"He ain't in the contract, but don't worry about the mule. I want to be fair with you, Natura. I'm a poor specimen of a man, but I can do better, and I mean to. I can earn money and save it, too, for your sake, if you'll let me. I'm goin' down to the Madrona mill right now, and I'm pretty sure of work there, and when I have a pocket full again, we'll get married and give the old stepdaddy the slip, you and I — and Ginger."

"And the mule?"

"Well — no, we'll leave the mule to your father. I've got a notion the less one has to do with that mule, the better. I expect to get another black eye when I come to take you away."

"How do you know you are going to take me away?"

"I'm sure of it."

He drew her to his knee and kissed her, and she hid her face on his shoulder and knew that she had never been happy before in her life.

"Don't go to the mill," she murmured. "Stay and help me with the ranch."

"No, no; I don't want to marry you until I've had time to show you that I can be a man, and until I've got as much money as you have. I am willin' to marry a woman who is worth nine million times as much as I am morally, but financially, Natura, I'm bound to be the boss when we marry."

"How long will it take you?" she asked.

"Well, let me see — eighty dollars cash, a cayuse, a mule ——"

"The mule isn't mine."

"Well, then, let the mule stand as one of my assets; it'll shorten the time a few weeks; — oh, we'll be married in two months."

"Don't wait," she repeated, "stay with me here on the ranch."

"Why, my dear, I haven't money enough to git the license."

She reached for the gold pieces. "They are yours — you earned them."

He pushed them away, laughing. "This is better pay for what I did," and he kissed her.

"But I am afraid to stay here with my stepfather. He is a wicked old man. We have had an awful quarrel since you went away. He is in town drinking. He may come home drunk at any minute and murder me. He isn't responsible when he is in liquor."

Vessy sprang up. "Come, Natura, get your bonnet. I'll borrow twenty dollars of you for a weddin' blow-out, we'll be married, and I'll take you right down to the mill with me!"

They walked to Madrona to be married, and on the way Vessy told Natura all about the yellow-haired girl in Seattle and that wild night when he lost his savings, and went to the altar with a clear conscience.

Not so Natura. She did not confess until after supper that night at the ranch. Jap Ward, unconscious of the cloud which had settled on his future, was still drinking in Madrona. The fire burned dimly, and the fir-wood in the cook-stove popped like fire-crackers. The pleasant odor of the wedding feast lingered in the room, as Natura, actually beautiful in her happiness, stole a well-rounded arm about her husband's neck and murmured: "Jim, I have deceived you, and I didn't dare let you go to the mill before we were married, for fear you'd find me out and never come back. You said you'd never marry a woman until you had as much money as she did. It would have taken a long time, Jim."

Jim was holding a wet handkerchief to his discolored eye, but the other bulged with astonishment.

"The ranch is mine. It belonged to mother. Jap Ward hasn't anything to do with it."

"Holy Moses! How much is it worth?"

"About two thousand. Don't leave me, Jim. That is the reason my stepfather wanted to marry me. Every man in the county has asked me, but they all want my property."

"Two thousand dollars isn't so much, Natura. I'll catch up — I'm bound to catch up."

"But that isn't all; there's my timber claim — it's just back of the ranch — don't leave me, Jim."

"How much?"

"I've been offered six thousand for it, but when the railroad goes through — it is surveyed now — and the sawmill is built this fall, it will double in value — I am afraid."

"Great governor, Natura, how I have been deceived! The only chance I have in the world is in being such a good husband you can't get along without me! Two — six — double — fourteen thousand dollars! Well, the mule is mine, Natura. You shall never own the mule!"

THE FIGHT OF THE COPPER KINGS

BY

C. P. CONNOLLY

THE UNDERGROUND BATTLE OF THE MINERS

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

JUDGE CLANCY, the Populist lawyer whom Heinze had selected for the Butte district bench, soon became the pivot of most of the intrigues, plots, and exposures which marked the litigation between Heinze and the Amalgamated Copper Company. He had occupied the district court bench about eighteen months when Marcus Daly's plans for the organization of the Amalgamated Copper Company were perfected through H. H. Rogers and William Rockefeller of the Standard Oil group.* Not long after the formation of the Amalgamated Thomas W. Lawson and H. H. Rogers, who were in control of the Boston companies, tied them up with the Amalgamated. Shortly before these two transactions the Boston & Montana Company, as it had threatened, brought a suit to make an example of Heinze; and the latter began a campaign of reprisals. Thus the war in Butte began in earnest.

At this time there were only two district judges in Butte. Beside Clancy, Judge John Lindsay, a man of proved honesty, occupied a department of the district court. Under the rules all cases, as they were filed, went into the two departments according to number — the odd to Clancy's department and the even to Judge Lindsay's. It soon began to be noticed that, through some clerical jugglery, Heinze's cases all got into Judge Clancy's department, even when two suits were filed at once.

Amalgamated Tries to Escape from the Butte Courts

In order to get their cases out of Clancy's court, the Amalgamated interests conceived

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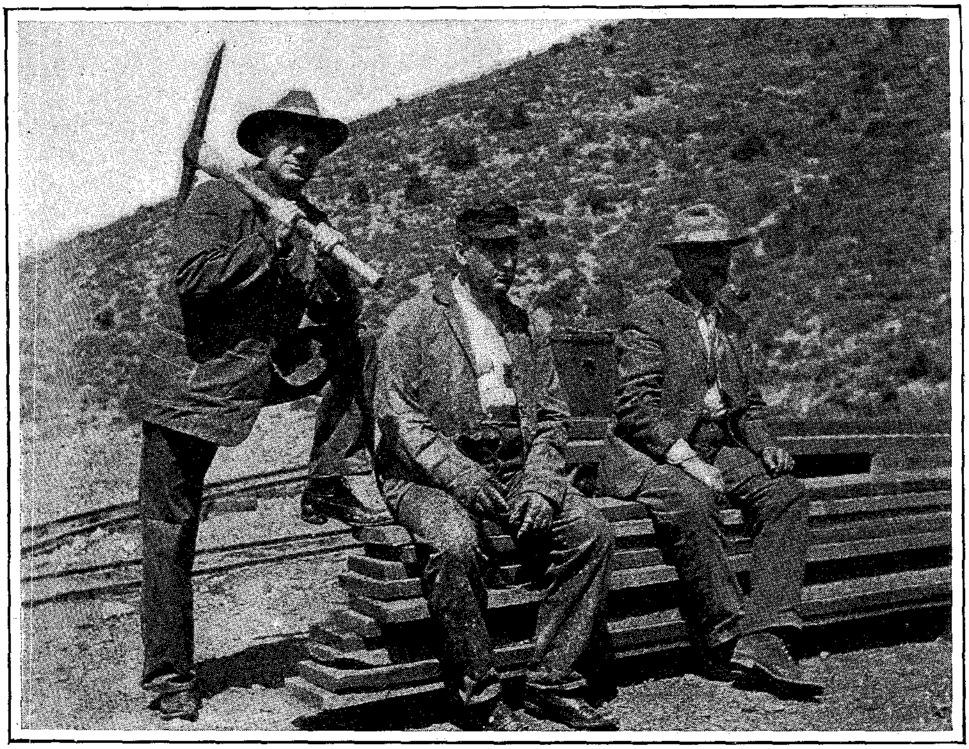
* The Amalgamated Copper Company was a consolidation formed to control the Montana supply of copper and, eventually, the world's supply. Standard Oil men formed it; and all through the fight in Montana it was considered identical with Standard Oil. The Butte & Boston and Boston & Montana companies were not a part of the Amalgamated when Heinze began on them that legal war described in the last chapter of this history. They came into the consolidation shortly after the fight began, and, although they retained their separate corporation identities, they were part and parcel of the Amalgamated. To avoid confusion the Amalgamated is often named here as the protagonist in a suit, whereas the case was actually brought or defended by the Boston & Montana or the Butte & Boston.—EDITOR'S NOTE.



F. Augustus Heinze (in the center), about to make a practical inspection of one of his own properties. Heinze is a good "mixer" and thereto owes much of his popularity

the idea of transferring the properties of the Boston & Montana, organized under the laws of Montana, to a New York corporation of the same name. Ostensibly, this was for the convenience of the directors; in reality it was to secure the right to have its cases tried in the United States court, presided over by Judge Hiram Knowles.

In pursuance of this plan, on the 6th of April, 1898, the board of directors of the company conveyed all of its property and assets, amounting to about forty million dollars, to a corporation organized under the laws of the State of New York. This was done without the formal consent of the stock-holders. The stock of the new company was to be exchanged for that of the old, but it was not until after the deed of transfer had been given out that the directors set about securing the sanction of the stock-holders. Almost all of them were persuaded, but before the deal was completed John MacGinniss, one of Heinze's lieutenants in Butte, and James Forrester, one of his New York attorneys, bought a hundred shares apiece in the old Boston & Montana corporation, and served notice on the company that they would not consent to the ratification of the transfer. The directors had arranged for a meeting to be held in Butte on June 6, 1898, to seal this ratification formally. MacGinniss and Forrester sued in Judge Clancy's court to enjoin the proceedings of the meeting. They asked to have the conveyance to the New York company set aside, and applied for a receiver for all the properties of the Boston & Montana. Judge Clancy granted the injunction, but refused to appoint a receiver because of a pledge made by the Boston & Montana lawyers that they would have the New York company retransfer the property to the Montana Company. The Supreme Court sustained Judge Clancy; but the New York corporation failed in its promise to transfer the property.

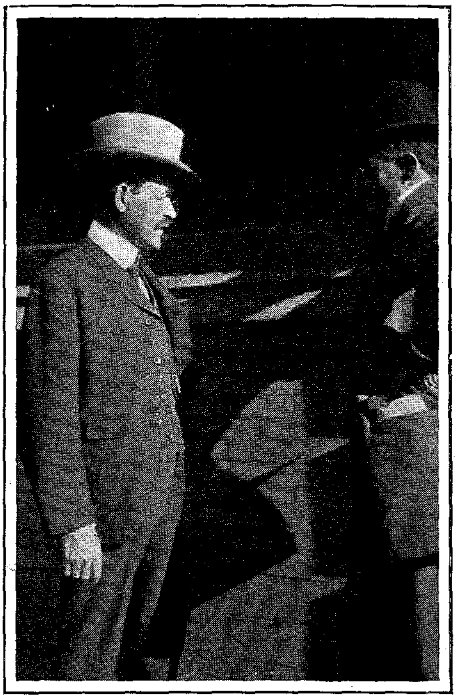
Receivership, and Big Break in Coppers

Thereupon, on December 15, 1898, quietly and without notification to the Boston & Montana Company, Judge Clancy appointed Thomas R. Hinds, one of Heinze's political managers, receiver of all the Boston & Montana companies in Butte, fixing his bond at one hundred thousand dollars — an amount which the receiver could have taken out of the properties in ten days. The Boston & Montana immediately barricaded its properties, and its officers went into hiding for ten days to avoid contempt proceedings. They finally, however, surrendered possession of the property.

The day after Hinds was appointed, the stock of the Boston & Montana dropped twenty-eight points and closed in a panic on the Boston exchange. It has always been believed that this stealthy appointment of a receiver was made in order to bring about a heavy decline in the price of the stock, and that Heinze and his friends were playing the market for such a decline. On that very day Thomas W. Lawson and H. H. Rogers, unaware of what had taken place in Butte, held a frenzied interview with Heinze in New York. Lawson and Rogers wanted to make some kind of settlement, but Heinze amazed them by his immobility. Rogers had left this conference before he learned what had happened in the Butte courts and on the Boston exchange. Lawson declares that Rogers said afterward of Heinze:

"This is as cool a devil as one will ever meet in his life. He must have had that decision in his pocket through all the hours when he was sitting in front of me, and he never showed it in look or act."

Heinze, it is said, had contemplated a great bear movement in Boston & Montana the next day and accordingly sold short; but instead, the market rose eight points, under what Lawson asserts was his personal manipulation, and losses in the market came in upon Heinze and his friends like a rising tide in the Bay of Fundy.



LINDSAY CONNOLLY

The author talking with Judge John Lindsay, at one time Judge Clancy's associate in the district court. It was a matter of notoriety that all cases involving Heinze's interests, through some method or other, found themselves on Judge Clancy's calendar and not upon Judge Lindsay's, whose reputation is of the best

Hinds retained possession of the Boston & Montana property for only five and a half days; he was then directed by the Supreme Court to turn it over to the owners. It was ultimately reconveyed to the old Montana concern. As compensation for his receivership, Judge Clancy allowed Hinds two hundred thousand dollars, or thirty-six thousand dollars a day, whereas his actual expenses as receiver amounted to only one hundred and thirty-one dollars. His assistants and attorneys were awarded eighty-one thousand dollars. Judgment was entered against the Boston & Montana for these amounts, and Judge Clancy retained jurisdiction over the litigation. The Boston & Montana had lost this skirmish.

Clancy Injunction Overruled by a Mob

The litigation over the Boston & Montana properties of the Amalgamated Company being tied tight to the Butte courts, Heinze sprang another surprise. Among the scraps of information which he had picked up was the fact that there were certain small surface fractions of land in the neighborhood of the Anaconda, St. Lawrence, and Neversweat — the three mines composing the mother group and owned by the Amalgamated — which had never been taken up or which, owing to loose surveying methods, had become lost in the tangle of claims on the hill. There was, in particular, one small, triangular sliver of unclaimed ground, seventy-five feet long, ten feet wide at one end, and narrowing to a point at the other. At no spot on this little piece of ground was there room to sink an ordinary mining-shaft without trespass on adjoining property. Heinze had this ground located under the name of the "Copper Trust"; and one of his agents set up under oath in Judge Clancy's court, the contention that the great Anaconda, St. Lawrence, and Neversweat veins "apexed"* in this piece of ground and belonged of right to the "Copper Trust." Clancy immediately granted an injunction and ordered all work stopped on this great group of copper producers. On the night of December 20, 1899, three thousand idle miners marched down Butte Hill into the town.

The steadier of the men went home; others made for the saloons, there to denounce Judge Clancy. A wave of Western mob-spirit swept over the city. At ten o'clock word came to the Amalgamated headquarters that a party of the idle miners, led by a well-known and determined leader, was about to start for the court-house, where Clancy slept, and that they had with them a rope. The Amalgamated officials lost no time in warning Clancy of his danger. Trembling like an aspen, the Judge urged the messenger to get word at once to Amalgamated headquarters that he would revoke the injunction as soon as the lawyers could draw up the necessary papers. He declared that he had been wheedled by Heinze's lawyers into signing the injunction papers without understanding their contents. The Amalgamated officials appeased the mob while their lawyers prepared the papers, and just on the stroke of midnight Clancy signed an order which restored the miners to their employment. The injunction had lasted fourteen hours.

Heinze's Dummy Bond Company

On the next important play Amalgamated led. Immediately after the campaign of 1900, which Heinze had so powerfully aided him to win, Clark went back upon his ally and entered into one of those intrigues to ruin Heinze financially which marked the whole course of this fight. In order to operate certain of his mines then in litigation, Heinze had been obliged to furnish bonds for several millions of dollars. In one suit, known as the "Pennsylvania case," the bonds were nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for three hundred and seventy-five thousand of which W. A. Clark and his son Charles were sureties. Immediately after their alliance with Amalgamated, the Clarks tried to withdraw from these bonds, representing to the Supreme Court of Montana that they had been deceived as to the amount of property Heinze really had, that he had recently transferred many of his mines, and that he had put an extra force of men at work in the "Pennsylvania" in order to extract great quantities of ore before a decision could be rendered. Three days after this, the Amalgamated, acting through its Boston & Montana Company, petitioned the Supreme Court to raise Heinze's bonds three hundred thousand dollars in the same case. The petitioners declared that he had extracted $1,257,934 in ores from the "Pennsylvania," while under bonds of only nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The Supreme Court refused the petition of the Clarks, but directed the Montana Ore Purchasing Company, Heinze's corporation, to file by May 10, 1901, or within twelve days of the court's order, an additional bond of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The general fear of the Amalgamated and Clark made it impossible for Heinze to find other bondsmen in Montana. He was in one of the tightest corners of his career. To fail to furnish bonds meant the closing down of operations in the richest of his veins, and probably bankruptcy.

The ruse to which he resorted in this emergency was a desperate one. On April 22, 1901, after Clark's petition had been filed in the Supreme Court, he organized the "Delaware Surety Company," incorporated under the laws of Delaware, with an alleged capital of a million dollars and alleged assets of one million, nine hundred and ninety-eight thousand dollars.

It developed afterward that Robert L. Martin of New York, the president of this company, was a brother-in-law of Heinze's brother Otto; that Henry Velthusen, the secretary, was a stock clerk in the employ of Otto Heinze; that among the other organizers of the company were a manufacturer's agent for dress goods, an employee of a New York lace house, and a salesman in a New York wholesale dry-goods house.

The day before the Heinze Company had to furnish its additional bond of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, this company secured from the State auditor a license to do business in Montana.

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* In the previous instalment I explained the apex theory upon which Heinze based most of his litigation. If a vein rises to the surface within the limits of a claim, all the ore bodies contained within its walls belong to the owners of that claim, no matter where the vein may run underground.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

On the appointed day, May 10th, the Delaware Surety Company furnished its bond for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but the Supreme Court, upon the hearing of a motion to reject this bond, became suspicious and ordered an investigation to be held in New York. Some of the officers of the Delaware Surety Company left the country, some crossed the Hudson out of the State, but none appeared for examination in New York. On the witness-stand in this hearing F. Augustus Heinze testified that he and his brother owned most of the stock. He said that he had paid three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his share, but he did not know through what bank his check had passed. He acknowledged finally that the money had been returned to him and stock in his various mining concerns issued in lieu of it. A majority of the Montana Supreme Court decided to allow the Delaware Surety Company to furnish a cash bond, although Chief Justice Brantly said from the bench that the conduct of all parties had been "characterized by a disregard of good faith in dealing with the court." But Heinze, during the slow movement of the company's affairs, had continued to take large amounts of copper out of the ore bodies in litigation; and when finally the court, on June 17th, ordered the cash bond to be deposited, he had no difficulty in furnishing the three hundred and fifty thousand dollars within the allotted two days. He had slipped out of the hole.

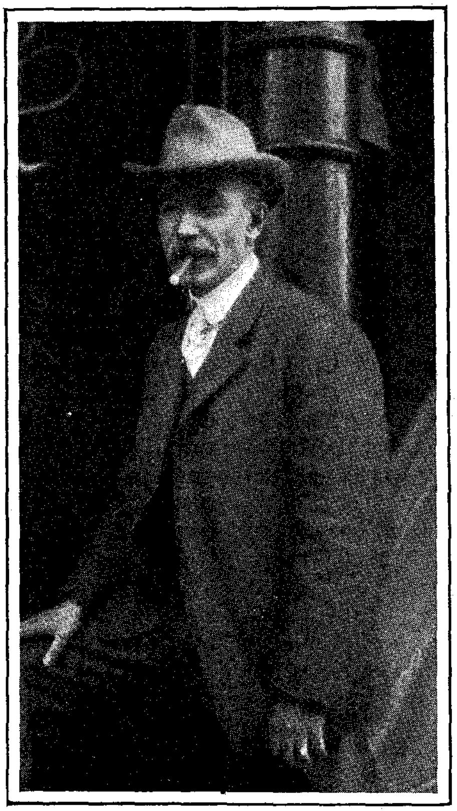
The Jim Larkin Suit

Whenever Heinze found a possible lead for a fight against his enemies, he followed it to the end. One case will show his resourcefulness. "Jim" Larkin was an old prospector about Butte, who died in the State Insane Asylum. His wife and his little daughter had left him years before. The wife died before him, and he had been separated from the daughter for so long that she was all but lost to the recollection of his friends. Larkin owned one-half of the "Snohomish" mine and two-thirds of the adjoining "Tramway." In May, 1893, just before he was sent to the asylum, the Butte & Boston Company, afterwards a part of the Amalgamated, purchased from him for twenty-nine thousand dollars his interest in the two properties. Years later Heinze bought the remaining interest in both mines, and then employed detectives to search for Clara Larkin, the daughter. The details of this search made one of the most interesting romances of the Butte Hill. After a year Clara Larkin was found in a remote Oregon hamlet fifty miles from a railroad. She was brought to Butte, and Heinze was appointed her guardian. On March 21, 1898, he brought suit against the Butte & Boston for recovery of the Larkin shares, alleging that "Jim" Larkin was mentally incompetent when he made the transfer and that the price paid was totally inadequate. At the time when the suit was brought, the Larkin shares were worth two million dollars. The trial lasted three months. Insanity experts from all over the United States were brought to Butte to testify. The final decision of the United States courts was adverse to Clara Larkin. Had she won, it would have been a victory for Heinze, since, by an agreement with her, he would have succeeded to her equity.

The Relative Values of Practical Politics

All this time, and while the courts were choked with his cases, Heinze kept up his political fight. After his election to the Senate by Heinze's help, Clark withdrew from the alliance and joined the Amalgamated politically as well as financially. Heinze went into politics on his own account, and, single-handed, scored time and again against this powerful alliance. Yet it seemed at times that the task to which he had set himself was "numbering sands and drinking oceans dry." In his campaign with Clark, Heinze had been concerned to get only the State legislature and the Butte judges. The Amalgamated, on its part, had use for nearly every State and county official. It wanted members of the legislature, judges, sheriffs, prosecuting attorneys, county commissioners, and assessors,— especially assessors,— for through them the Amalgamated could escape the just taxation of its enormous properties. Governor Toole, in his message to the Legislature of 1903, said that the entire property of Deer Lodge County, where the Washoe smelter was situated, and where the Amalgamated Company owned the public utilities, the largest hotel in the State, and the most substantial business institutions, was assessed in the year 1902 for less than the cost of the smelter alone; and made a long list of interesting comparisons between the regions where the Amalgamated owned property and those where it did not.

In every campaign during the long fight, Heinze elected his local ticket in Butte by large majorities. One instance alone might be cited as showing Heinze's strength with the voters. In 1902 one of his political supporters was elected to Heinze's legislative ticket, receiving the largest majority of any candidate. In the next campaign he was a candidate for the same office on the Amalgamated ticket, which was defeated, this particular candidate receiving the lowest vote on the ticket. But Heinze could not, as he found in the end, secure the election of a supporter with any surety that he would "stick"; frequently the candidates whom he had elected became friendly to the Amalgamated interests as soon as they had taken the oath of office.



THOMAS R. HINDS

Appointed by Judge Clancy receiver of the Boston & Montana's properties. "Hinds retained possession of the Boston & Montana property for only five and a half days. . . . As compensation for his receivership, Judge Clancy allowed Hinds $200,000, or $36,000 a day, whereas his actual expenses as receiver amounted to only $131"

Heinze's Cool Determination

The desertion of Clark and these lesser lights, however, seemed to act on Heinze as a stimulant. He fought with renewed energy and marvelous courage. He is the greatest combination of boy and man that ever stood in shoe-leather. I have never seen a man more ready to take advantage of a situation; I have never met one more calm in crises. Of a temperament apparently phlegmatic, he seems on the surface to lack imagination and therefore the sense of fear. While the electors were casting the ballots which must determine his fate, he would light a fresh cigar, jump into his automobile, and take a spin of several hours across the flats below Butte. Once, while he was touring in France, his automobile broke down ten miles from Cherbourg and half an hour from the sailing time of his steamer. He was due in Montana on important matters within ten days; further, it was in the rush season, and passages were booked a month ahead. His companions were running about in a frenzy of excitement, but Heinze, the interested party, sat calmly in his automobile, reading the Paris edition of a New York paper. Nevertheless he made his boat.

One morning one of his engineers rushed into his office in Butte exclaiming:

"The Boston & Montana people are flooding the shaft of the 'Minnie Healy'! What shall we do?" Heinze, without looking up, went on reading his mail. His visitor continued to dance about the room like a live hare on a spit-rack. Finally Heinze laid down his letter and said:

"Trerise, keep cool. No one in your condition could do anything."

Heinze's direct antagonist in Butte itself was William Scallon, formerly an attorney for Marcus Daly and managing director of the Amalgamated for Montana. A good lawyer and considered an honorable man, he was of a nervous, shrinking, vacillating temperament, little suited to his work or to the community in which he worked. Like Heinze, a bachelor, he began a campaign of social functions. But Heinze, although he ignored every canon of society, was socially popular, while Scallon found the pink tea a poor weapon in a Montana political fight. Scallon was really a natural recluse, hardly ever mixing with men from personal inclination. Whenever he was seen on the streets, he was accompanied by an athletic instructor, whom Heinze's friends called his body-guard.

Scallon's most conspicuous trait was his wavering passivity. He could not make up his mind on any subject. Once he issued a public manifesto; and while the presses waited for this important document, he discussed with a dozen advisers for half an hour the propriety of using the word "doubtful" instead of "uncertain." On another occasion he had prepared an editorial for one of the Amalgamated newspapers. The presses had run off a thousand copies of the paper, when it occurred to him that there was a word in the document which he did not like. The presses were stopped and the plates smashed with a hammer; which led another newspaper to remark editorially on the following day that its contemporary seemed to be edited with a mallet instead of a pen.

One phase of the war which made for Heinze's ultimate success was the un-American system of espionage that obtained in Amalgamated affairs. A private record was kept of every man who had shown the slightest spark of manly independence. It seemed as if such men were pursued by a blight. If the victim happened to be a lawyer, his clients' minds were poisoned against him; if he were in the insurance business, the policy-holders who could be influenced were made to cancel their business with him and take out policies elsewhere. Miners were discharged because they were members of a chorus club that sang at the Heinze rallies. There is nothing to prove that these acts were inspired by the heads of the Amalgamated; they were more likely the doings of men in minor positions; but the public, which could not see this distinction, charged it up against the Amalgamated. The character of the Amalgamated's politicians was a further source of its unpopularity. The political department of the big company was filled with leaders lacking both in principle and in reputation. It could not be said that Heinze's cabinet was of the most exalted character, but the public overlooked Heinze's doubtful associations, in its antagonism to his powerful foe.

Mayor Pat Mullins and the President

This internecine warfare, coming after the great Clark-Daly feud, seemed for a time to disintegrate the whole civic life of Montana. It brought discord into social affairs, broke business relations, strained family ties. It was relieved, however,—as are all affairs in the merry West,—by its humorous episodes.

One of these happened when President Roosevelt visited Butte in 1903. Heinze had elected as Mayor of Butte a good-natured, jovial, thoroughly western Irishman named Pat Mullins. The two factions began haggling in advance over the honor of entertaining Roosevelt. Mullins, representing Heinze, and a Business Men's Committee representing the Amalgamated, met the President at Livingston. Mullins, dressed in a frock-coat and a tall hat, ill-adapted to the rest of his make-up, made a peaceable and dignified speech, setting forth the claims of his side. Roosevelt, used to Western ways, knew that Mullins' starchy appearance was unnatural and affected. He knew also that there was no man in the car who was not ready to slap him on the back and yell, "Hello, Teddy," at the slightest opening. So he gave the opening. He stepped forward, gave Mullins a tap on the bosom of his frock-coat that nearly upset him, and said: "I tell you, Pat, that won't do!"

"I tell you, Teddy," replied the Mayor, "that will do!" And the dignity oozed out of him like water from a squeezed sponge.

Roosevelt, however, was too good a politician to be caught by one side or the other in this factional fight. He declared that unless they arrived at some form of compromise, he would not stop at Butte. Mayor Mullins, at this juncture, slapped him on the knee.

"Mr. President," he said, "cut out Heinze and the Amalgamated, and come and take dinner with me."

"I'll do that very thing," responded Mr. Roosevelt, "provided that both sides have an equal representation at the table."

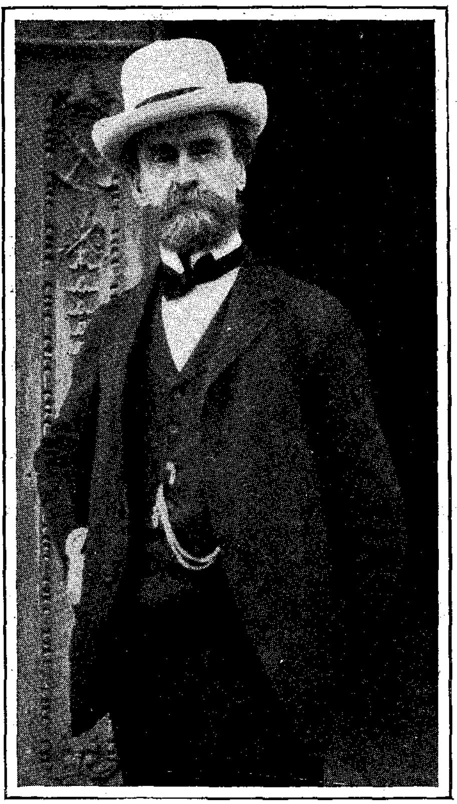
As the hundred guests invited to this dinner sat down, Mullins turned to the waiters and said:

"Boys, bring on the feed." Later in the evening he ordered the waiters to raise the blinds, "so that the boys on the outside can see the President eat." In introducing the President at a great meeting earlier in the day, Mullins spoke of him as "the hero of San Diego Hill." Mr. Roosevelt enjoyed life to the full that night. He took a decided liking to Mullins; and invited him formally to bring his wife to dinner at the White House. "Name your own date," said the President.

Two Parties—Heinze and Standard Oil

Throughout the long fight there were no real party line in Montana. It was all Heinze or Standard Oil. Heinze swept back and forth between the two dominant political parties of the State. He never succeeded in getting absolute control of either party, although only a blunder prevented him from seizing the State Democratic organization in 1902. When the Democratic State Central Committee met, before the Convention of that year, Heinze forced a poll of the twenty-six members. It was found that he controlled a large majority. This premature show of hands awakened Clark and the Amalgamated to a sense of their peril, and they immediately set to work to capture the Convention. Clark, presiding at the Convention, ordered it adjourned just as Heinze stepped upon the platform to make his defiance. Governor Toole, the most popular Democrat in the State, at that time opposed to the Amalgamated, was shut out of the Convention. With the aid of his own and Amalgamated funds, Clark won hands down. The proceeding cost the allies an enormous sum, estimated at the time from two hundred and fifty to four hundred thousand dollars. One of the State committeemen, returning from the Convention, got drunk in a public resort and showed a friend a wallet containing twenty thousand dollars in cash.

It took more than that to down Heinze. They could beat him in legislatures and conventions, but he had the public with him. In this case, for example, he returned to Butte, and organized his nondescript flock of political parties. Finding that the Amalgamated was bribing the leaders of his labor party, he went before one of its county conventions, which was slipping from his control through open bribery, threw the charge in the teeth of the delegates, cursed them from the platform, man-fashion,—and whipped them into line. Against Clark and the Amalgamated he carried the Butte election of that year overwhelmingly—carried it in the face of the fact that seventy-five per cent of the voting population were in the employ of his enemies.



WILLIAM A. CLARK

The life-long rival of Marcus Daly. Subsequently Heinze's close political ally, ultimately his bitterest enemy

The Great "Michael Davitt" Mine Suit

While this battle was going on in the courts and in politics, the depths of the earth were ringing with a less uneven contest. In the lower levels of the Heinze and Amalgamated mines, regiments of miners were carrying on the most peculiar struggle in the troubled history of Western mining. The hottest of these conflicts occurred in the "Michael Davitt" mine. To understand it, we must, for a few moments, retrace our steps.

In March, 1898, before the Boston companies entered the Amalgamated, the very first suit in the long legal fight had been brought in the United States Court of Montana, by the Butte & Boston, against Heinze and his corporation, the Montana Ore Purchasing Company. The action concerned a claim for large bodies of ore, lying somewhere on the borderland between the "Michael Davitt" mine, which the Boston company owned, and the "Rarus," belonging to Heinze. Heinze asserted that they "apexed" in his "Rarus" mine, though they were really at depth within the Michael Davitt lines. The case was tried in Butte; and Judge Hiram Knowles, who was presiding, instructed the jury to return a verdict for the Boston company. The jury refused to obey. The second trial of the case, which took place in January, 1900, before the same judge, was transferred to Helena; in the meantime the Boston companies had entered the Amalgamated.

It had been thought that Helena was indifferent to the conflict then raging in Butte; but long before the case came to trial Heinze had begun work with his press bureau. Day by day the leading daily newspaper of the capital began to print the black history of Standard Oil. One of Heinze's lieutenants, a man of social standing, set up an expensive establishment in Helena. Heinze paid the bills and in this house met the leaders of Helena society. Nowhere did Heinze show to better advantage than in a Western drawing-room. His figure filled the eye; he was graceful, commanding, and tactful. Furthermore, he represented the Eastern university man who had invaded the land of rough conflict and conquered. No one appreciates this type better than the born Westerner, who has seen so many college men come out of the East, to fall before leaders who got their education driving cattle, opening mines, or laying railroad ties.

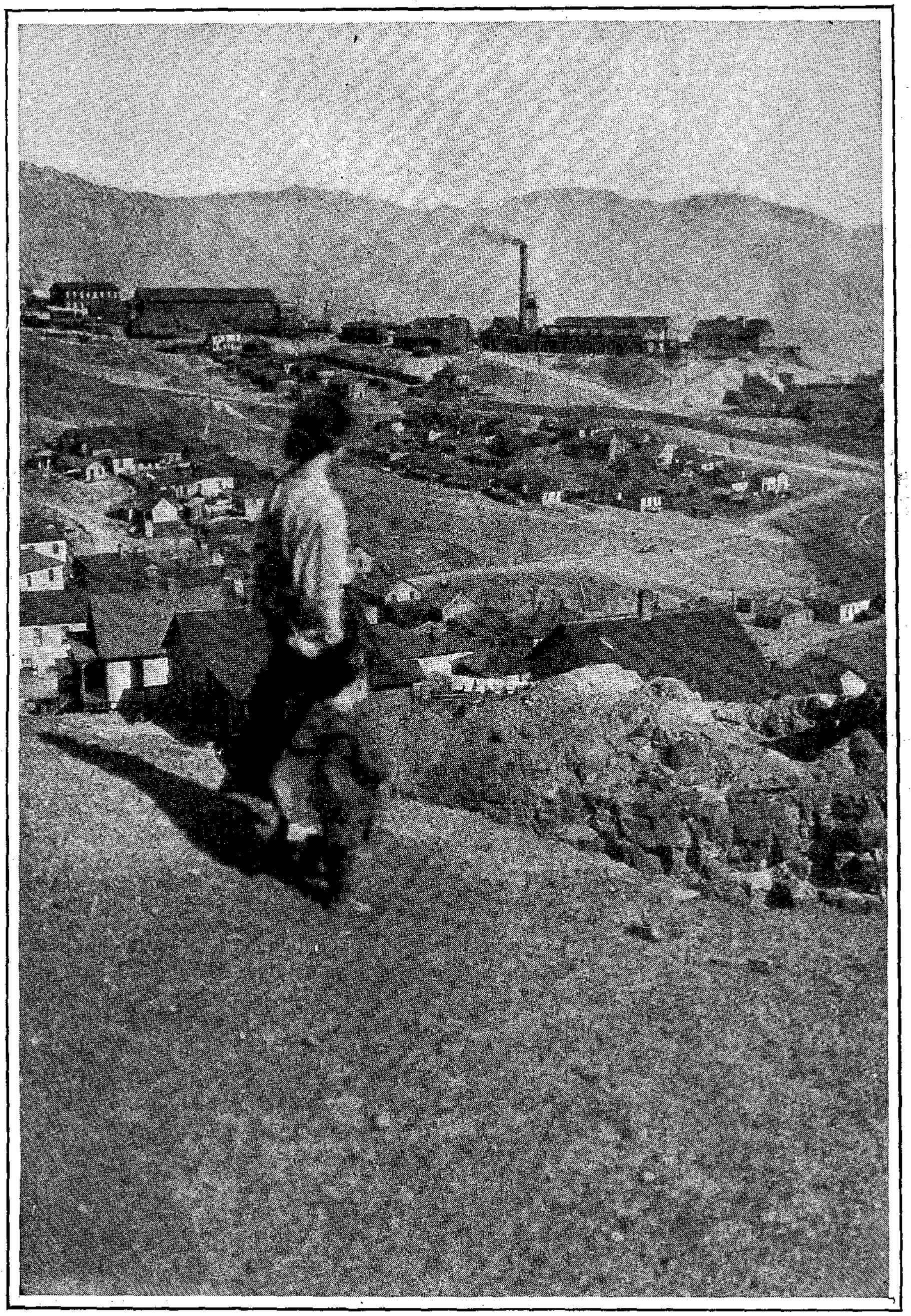
It was the typical Heinze campaign, which, for quick and certain capture of public opinion, has never been equaled in the West. Every method to stir people's sympathy was kept going through the forty-five days of the trial. The jury, without much hesitation, returned a verdict for Heinze. The Amalgamated attorneys moved for a new trial, alleging and proving by affidavits that the attacks on Standard Oil, running in the Helena newspapers, were prepared by one of Heinze's lieutenants in Butte and forwarded daily. On these grounds Judge Knowles granted the motion. Then there was a truce in the case, which lasted for years. While it lay in court and rusted, both sides were under an injunction forbidding them to work the veins. Heinze's lawyers tried to get the case into the jurisdiction of the Court of Appeals in San Francisco, but failed.

Heinze Loots the Disputed Veins

Disgusted by a restraint which he had never felt in the State courts, Heinze turned his attention to the ore bodies over which the injunction lay. The "Michael Davitt" was phenomenally rich in places. One vein, called the "Enargite," ran as high as forty per cent in copper; another, the "Windlass," was only slightly less valuable.

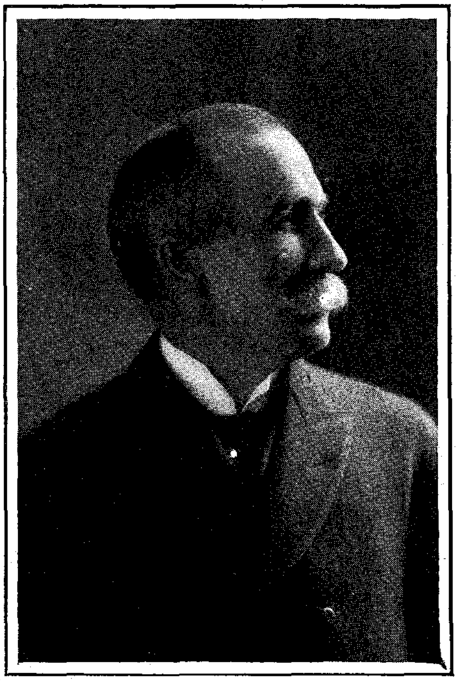
Apparently Heinze made up his mind to get those ores, court or no court. His first step was to convey (August 5, 1903) to the Johnstown Mining Company — a corporation created for the purpose, which, not being a party to the suit, was not bound by the order of the court — all of his right, title, and interest in the disputed ore bodies. Now the "Michael Davitt" mine and the "Pennsylvania," both Amalgamated properties, lay so close together that their workings adjoined; but it was in the "Michael Davitt" that were located the ore bodies which Heinze especially coveted. His base of operations was his own contiguous property, the "Rarus" mine.

As these disputed ore bodies were now in legal effect the property of the Johnstown Company, Heinze quietly bulkheaded every opening through which the Amalgamated people might gain access to them from the "Pennsylvania" mine. Next he mined secret cross-cuts into the richest portions of the disputed ore bodies lying in the "Michael Davitt." These cross-cuts were so cleverly constructed that any one who gained clandestine entrance into the "Rarus" workings would not be likely to guess their destination or purpose. They wound in and out like the secret passages in the caves of Highland chiefs, and the man who attempted to enter them without permission was more than likely to get lost, or even to fall into a man-trap. One day a scout in the employ of the Amalgamated got into one of these secret cross-cuts. He fell twenty feet down an inclined chute to the place where Heinze's mine foreman was directing operations. Landing unhurt, he picked himself up and began to brush the dirt from his clothes with a fine air of nonchalance. "Hello," said the foreman, "where did you come from?" "From County Galway, Sir," replied the scout.



FROM THE HILLS ABOVE IT, THE CITY OF BUTTE SEEMS TO FULFIL THE *ABOMINATION OF DESOLATION OF SCRIPTURE.* *THIS GREAT DESOLATE* WASTE EMBRACES THE WORKING PLACE OF THE MEN, THE HOMES OF THEIR FAMILIES, AND THE PLAYGROUND OF THEIR CHILDREN

Heinze set a large force at work to despoil the "Michael Davitt." As fast as the caverns were emptied of their riches, his miners would fill the spaces with waste matter, just as one would extract a diamond from its setting and substitute paste. The workers would then cement the surface walls, shutting off the view of the waste matter. As the work went on, they grew reckless. Over in the "Pennsylvania," men heard the blasts exploding day and night, as Heinze's miners got closer to their workings. The Amalgamated engineers, roused to a suspicion of these secret operations, found a gossiper among the Heinze followers. He gave them enough information to warrant them in suing for an order of court which permitted them to inspect the ground under litigation. The order was granted October 14, 1903. Heinze answered only by crowding his levels with such a force of men that they actually jostled one another.



WILLIAM SCALLON

Heinze's direct antagonist in Butte. "Scallon was a natural recluse, hardly ever mixing with men from personal inclination. His most conspicuous trait was his wavering passivity"

Just after it had granted the order, the United States Court adjourned, and the Amalgamated, during its adjournment tried to enter Heinze's unlawful workings by drilling into the "Michael Davitt" through the end line of its own "Pennsylvania." Their blasts finally blew into a winze which led up to the Heinze workings, forty feet above. The way was clear, and the battle began. The "Pennsylvania" men fought with steam and hot water; the "Rarus" miners with powder-smoke and slaked lime. As fast as the "Pennsylvania" miners pierced the waste with which Heinze had filled the looted veins, avalanches of timbers and rocks, followed by floods of water, drove them from the "Michael Davitt" workings. James McQuay, a "Pennsylvania" worker, more daring than the rest, approached the opening and peered up the passageway. A shower of rocks came tumbling down on him; one of them injured his leg. By the glare of the dark lanterns which the "Rarus" miners carried, McQuay saw two barricades behind which the "Rarus" men had taken refuge. He ordered a full head of steam, and, as he afterwards testified, "let the invaders have it." The "Rarus" men replied with water and slaked lime. The "Pennsylvania" men "came back" with steam and hot water. A bucketful of slaked lime, dropped down a chute, knocked a "Pennsylvania" miner unconscious, but just as a "Rarus" miner was about to hurl another bucket of lime, he was struck full force by a jet of water. He dropped the bucket and ran, and the force of the stream carried the lime over into the "Rarus" barricades. Later several men in the "Pennsylvania" workings were rendered unconscious by powder-smoke and slaked lime which came through one of the openings and filled the levels of the "Pennsylvania." R. H. Sales, an engineer of the Amalgamated, accompanied by two miners named Finnegan and McGee, made a daring sortie into the "Michael Davitt" one Saturday night. After many adventures they got to a point where, undiscovered, they could look down into a newly-made cross-cut through which the Heinze miners were dumping "Michael Davitt" ore into the "Rarus" workings, whence it was hoisted to the surface. According to the jocular philosophy of the day in Butte, any one of ordinary intelligence, seeing ore coming out of one of Heinze's mine shafts, would know that it was not Heinze's ore.

E. J. Finnegan, one of the miners who had accompanied Sales, went to another part of the "Michael Davitt" and found four men at work in a rich gouge hole. Three of these miners ran when they saw him, but the other was up in the stope, picking down the ore. Finnegan told the man to come down, but the "Rarus" miner only hugged the ledge so as to hide his identity from the visitor. Finnegan got a toe-hold, reached up, and pulled him down by the heel.

"What are you doing here?" inquired Finnegan.

"The ore looked good to me," replied the miner, "and I was just rustling a grub-stake." And before Finnegan could hold further parley with him, he had suddenly disappeared through some mysterious passage. In their hurry the four miners left several sacks of ore. When Finnegan turned round again, after a hasty inspection of the stope in which the miners had been working, the ore sacks had disappeared as if touched by the wand of a magician. Heinze's miners were as thick as ship-rats in every foot of the forbidden ground, and were enjoying the sport with all the human pleasure in forbidden things.

The Amalgamated lawyers went again before Judge Knowles and asked for an order permitting them to get into the ground then crowded with Heinze's sappers. The Heinze lawyers sparred for delay in the hearing on the motion.

"There are eight bulkheads," said John F. Forbis, representing the Amalgamated, "and if we are compelled to force our way underground, it will be necessary for us to run a blockade. By a cunning move, they have encroached upon the "Michael Davitt" ore bodies, and will leave the mine a shell unless relief is shortly granted. If we cannot stop this, the Government might better abandon its courts and leave litigants to determine their rights by the shot-gun. Your Honor should dissolve the order enjoining us from working this ground, and let us go in there and fight for our ore."

Heinze Forced to Admit Amalgamated Inspectors

Judge Knowles granted the order, but Heinze evaded its service by leaving his rooms through a rear window, climbing down the fire-escape, and going into hiding. His mine foreman rushed the "Michael Davitt" ore to the surface with still greater expedition, ignoring the court's orders on the pretense that they were employees of some one of the numerous corporations which Heinze, in desperate emergencies, organized over night.

Heinze had openly declared that Judge Knowles was biased against him. Under these circumstances the Judge hesitated to take aggressive action. The United States Court of Appeals at San Francisco, brought into the fight, instructed Judge James H. Beatty of Idaho to go to Montana and preside in the matter. On December 19, 1903, Heinze was haled before Judge Beatty and fined two thousand dollars, and J. H. Trerise and Alfred Frank, his superintendents, five hundred dollars apiece for their refusal to obey Judge Knowles' order. Judge Beatty gave the defendants the alternative of submitting their property to the inspection of the engineers of the opposition, as directed by Judge Knowles' order, or of paying these fines and going to jail until the order was complied with.

With this alternative, Heinze admitted his opponents into the "Michael Davitt" through the "Rarus" shaft. H. V. Winchell, chief geologist of the Amalgamated, headed the inspectors. They found men below in the "Michael Davitt" busily extracting the richest ore. The workers did not even stop while the inspectors looked on. Five or six machine drills were tearing into the ore bodies, their deafening crash echoing through the underground vaults and saluting the ears of the inspectors long before they reached the spot. Heinze knew that he was violating the court's orders, and that it was only a question of time when he would have to face the reckoning; but he needed the money. Above ground, in the courts and in the markets, Amalgamated was crowding full sail in its warfare with him, injuring his credit wherever possible, and setting afloat, through many channels in which it was powerful, constant rumors of his impending insolvency. Besides, Heinze reasoned that these ore bodies were his. Had not two juries in the United States Court said so?

Heinze Finishes his Work and Blows up the Mine

As a matter of fact, Heinze was on the edge of financial ruin time and again during his warfare — on occasions drawing drafts for large amounts on New York, and protecting them only at the last moment, thus gaining five days' respite from immediate stringency — yet his game of bluff was so bold that Amalgamated little guessed how close he often was to the verge.

The Amalgamated inspectors found that for hundreds of feet above their heads the richest fissures of the "Michael Davitt" had been robbed and the mine left in places a worthless shell. Heinze had taken out three hundred thousand dollars from the one stope in which the inspectors first found his men. But to the Amalgamated the most bitter reflection of all was that the Johnstown Mining Company, to which the disputed ore bodies had been conveyed by Heinze, was without any assets from which it could recover damages for the loss of these ore bodies.

Heinze's next move was to destroy the evidence and prevent the Amalgamated engineers from making estimates of the loss by measurements of the holes which the extracted ore bodies had left. He withdrew his army of miners, set immense quantities of powder on the sill-floors — one witness said, "enough to split the globe" — and blew up the stopes, which caved in and demolished the walls of the veins.

The Killing of Oleson and Divel

Judge Knowles had granted permission to the Amalgamated — or, more accurately, to the Butte & Boston Company — to run a cross-cut from its own workings and make an upraise (afterwards called the "legal upraise"), to get into the "Enargite" vein of the "Michael Davitt," in order to ascertain the extent of the spoliation of the Heinze companies. As the miners holed through into the workings, everything possible was done to impede their progress. On the morning of January 1, 1904, two Amalgamated miners, Ostronich and Bonnell, heard the voice of the "Rarus" foreman giving directions to his men to set off dynamite if the "Pennsylvania" miners attempted to break into the Heinze workings. These men were relieved in the afternoon by Samuel Oleson and Fredolin Divel, whom they warned to be careful, telling them that the "Rarus" miners had blasted in the "legal upraise" that morning, and that they themselves would both have been killed but for the fact that they had caught the smell of the burning fuse in time to run for their lives.

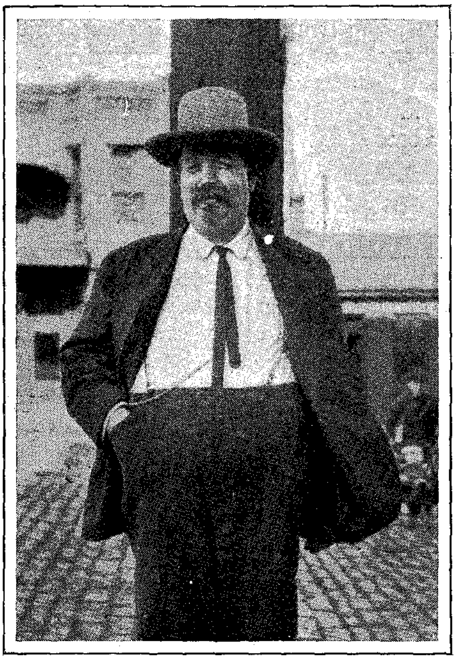
Shortly after Oleson and Divel went on shift, Superintendent J. C. Adams appeared upon the scene. The two men complained to him of the blasting, and Adams ordered the miners to leave the upraise and instructed John Penaluna, a shift-boss, to erect a strong door to cover the entrance and prevent the "Pennsylvania" miners from being smoked out. Oleson and Divel were in the act of putting this door in place, when some one at the top of the "legal upraise" dropped a great quantity of giant-powder down to the bottom. There was a terrific explosion, and Oleson and Divel fell dead. The shift-boss, several hundred feet away, hastened to the spot, was overcome by powder fumes, and was found unconscious later.

A coroner's jury found "that the said explosion was caused by the placing and exploding of a large quantity of giant-powder, or other explosive, at or near the top of the said 'legal upraise,' with the intention of destroying the usefulness and utility of the said upraise," and that the blast had been fired with criminal carelessness, if not with criminal intent.

During the inquest a miner named Richard Reese testified that on the day before his death Samuel Oleson had given him a copy of McClure's Magazine, saying it had been thrown down the opening by one of the "Rarus" men, who had told him to take it, go back and sit down, read, and not get "too close to the firing line." Notwithstanding the verdict of the coroner's jury, nothing was ever done to prosecute the perpetrators of this affair. The widow of one of the men has since obtained a verdict for twenty-five thousand dollars' damages against F. Augustus Heinze.

$1,000,000's Worth of Ore; $20,000 in Fines

Judge James H. Beatty, who had before fined Heinze and compelled him to admit the Amalgamated engineers into his secret workings, was again sent to Butte to hear testimony and pass judgment on Heinze's daring trespass in direct violation of the orders of Judge Knowles. The testimony showed that Heinze had taken over a million dollars' worth of ore from the "Michael Davitt" veins. One of his defenses was that the Johnstown Mining Company, to which he had conveyed his interest in the disputed vein six months previously, was the real culprit, and that the Johnstown Company was not bound by the orders of the court. Judge Beatty announced that this kind of legal quibbling would not stand for a moment in his court. "I cannot think of the Johnstown Mining Company and the Montana Ore Purchasing Company as two independent companies, working each in its own separate interest," said he. "They were working harmoniously together, and with such harmony as to indicate that they were under the same influence, controlled by the same power. In thirty-two years of experience I have never known of so flagrant a violation of a court's order." This refreshing bit of justice struck a lost chord in the ears of Montanians.



"PAT" MULLINS, MAYOR OF BUTTE

A Heinze sympathizer and a jolly good fellow

In his decision, given March 30, 1904, Judge Beatty imposed a fine of twenty thousand dollars on Heinze, and further fines of one thousand dollars each on J. H. Trerise and Alfred Frank, his superintendents. He further announced that any more violations of the court's orders would be visited with both fines and imprisonment up to the limit of the law. On the following day Heinze and his superintendents paid their fines, which did not amount to more than a few months' interest on the value of the ores Heinze had extracted. It is interesting to record that the day before Judge Beatty's decision, Heinze admitted to a friend that he would be satisfied if his fine did not exceed two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

On the "Firing Line"

In the early part of 1904, several months previous to the hearing before Judge Beatty, the underground "firing line," as it was called, covered an area of about a mile and a half in length. Judge Clancy had enjoined the Boston & Montana Company from working a very rich strip of ground on this "firing line," lying between the "Minnie Healy" mine and the adjoining Amalgamated properties, but made no order governing Heinze's conduct with respect to this strip. The Amalgamated then leased sections of this ground to its miners, partly, it is supposed, to evade the court's orders, but also because men will fight for their own rights when they are reluctant to take physical risks for a corporation. Furthermore, in order to prevent Heinze from getting into this ground, the Amalgamated forces made a system of mines similar to the sapping of a fortification. As soon as Heinze's miners finished a cross-cut, the Amalgamated skirmishers would destroy it by a heavy blast. Among its forces the Amalgamated placed under the direction of Superintendent J. C. Adams a squad of picked fighters, so reckless that when the Heinze forces learned of their approach to the attack, they usually retired in disorder. "There was more powder burned by the contending forces on that 'firing line,'" said one of Heinze's engineers, "than was burned during the Japanese-Russian War."

In the "firing line" there was one exceedingly rich section, eight hundred feet in height and one thousand feet in length, within the Amalgamated properties, where both parties had been carrying on desperate war for some time. One day a decision was handed down by Judge Clancy, giving Heinze possession of this ground. The Amalgamated people knew that before the case could reach the Supreme Court, Heinze would extract the rich ore bodies, and, as they expressed it, not only rob them, but also have a fuller purse with which to wage war elsewhere. Expecting the usual adverse decision by Judge Clancy, they arranged a large number of blasts of giant-powder throughout this whole area of ground. Fifteen minutes after the decision, "stormy weather," the code words for an adverse result came over the wires. Immediately the Heinze forces were warned to get out of the ground with all possible speed, and within half an hour after the signal had reached the Amalgamated mine office, a hundred blasts in quick succession tore the earth throughout the whole area. Smothered underground, the explosion sounded like the roar of distant artillery. The Amalgamated forces had not only destroyed their own property in the face of capture, but had sent to destruction along with it a vast quantity of valuable machinery belonging to Heinze. Later, the Supreme Court reversed Judge Clancy's decision and decided that Heinze had no title to these ore bodies.

At another point of the "firing line" Heinze had turned an immense volume of water into the Boston & Montana workings, tapping the water column of his "Minnie Healy" mine and the city water-mains to do so. This water was carried by a pipe-line to the Amalgamated stopes, in the expectation of drowning out their men and forcing them back, with a stream from a water nozzle which carried two hundred and fifty pounds of pressure. To prevent the flooding of their properties, the Amalgamated forces built a cement dam ten feet thick in one of their cross-cuts. In one corner of this dam, they made a tight joint and piped the water from the dam, eight hundred feet, back to Heinze's "Minnie Healy" shaft, through which it poured by a hole which they had drilled, after warning the Heinze officials to get their miners to the surface before the deluge. The danger whistles were blown continuously by Heinze himself, and in half an hour fifteen hundred people, among them the relatives and families of the miners, gathered at the mouth of the "Minnie Healy" shaft. The crowd was led to believe that the Heinze miners were being drowned like rats below, unable to escape to the surface because of the broken shaft. Threats of lynching the Amalgamated officials broke out, but the superintendent of the Leonard properties of the Amalgamated, Wallace Corbett, rifle in hand, sent word to the Heinze officials to stay the mob, or there would be trouble. The situation was finally explained to the crowd, and they left the scene. Next morning the contending factions came together in the Silver Bow Club in Butte, entered into a "gentlemen's agreement," and inaugurated a truce. "We don't want any more of this fighting; it's too savage for us," said Alfred Frank, Heinze's engineer, at the conference. It was generally thought that this "gentlemen's agreement" became a factor in inducing Judge Beatty to make the fine against Heinze as moderate as he did; and it is certain that the truce ended the underground war.

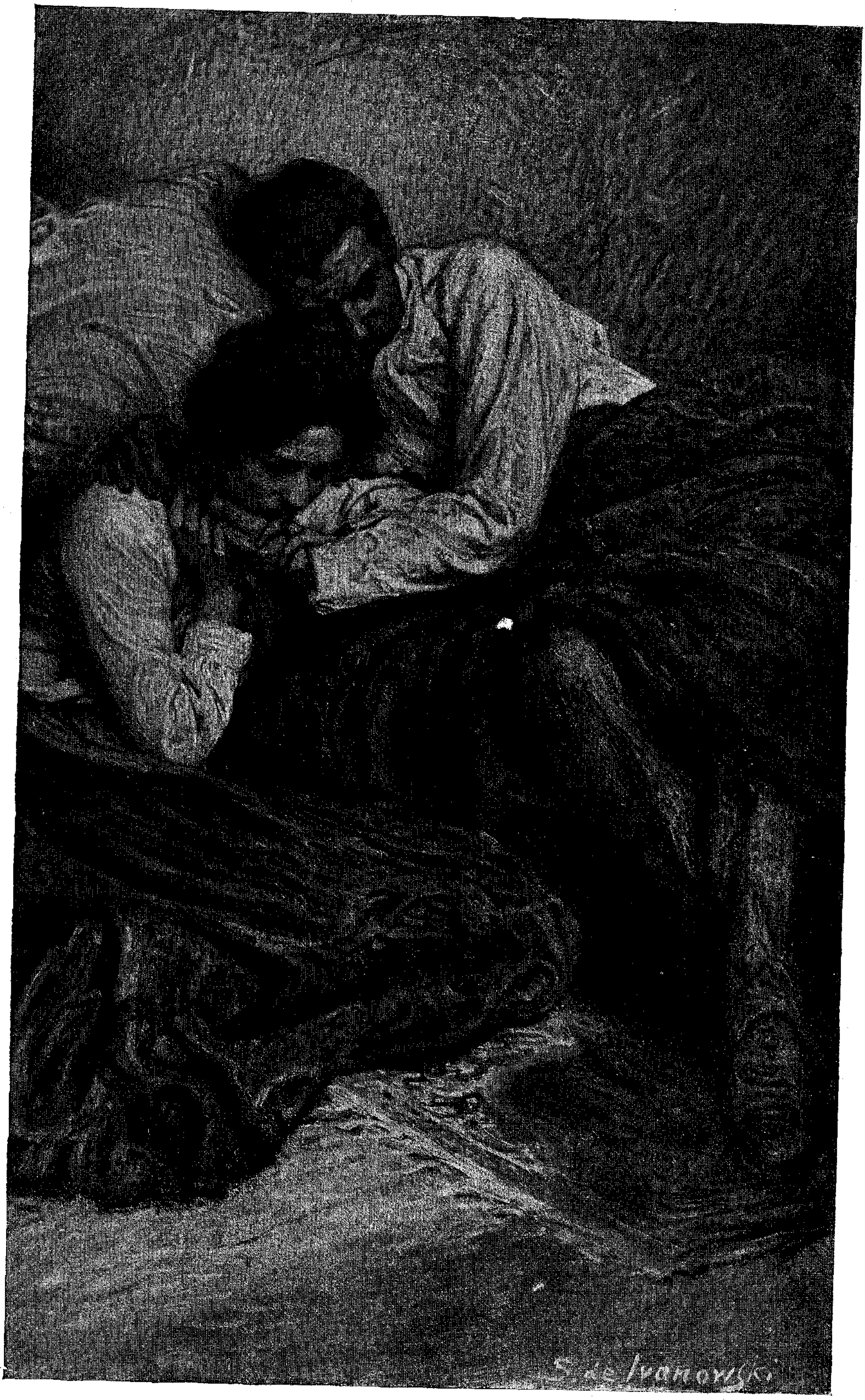
Paradoxical as the statement may seem, Heinze's aggressive fight and his underground development finally enriched the properties of the Amalgamated. They say in the West that he has "an enchanted pick." In his forays into disputed territories he uncovered vast deposits of rich ore of which the Amalgamated never dreamed, and which the timid and scholastic methods of some of its own engineers would have left undiscovered for years, if not forever. To Heinze, more perhaps than to any other factor in the copper industry, are due the recent remarkable discoveries outside of what was supposed to be the ore-bearing zone.

BEFORE A CRUCIFIX

BY WITTER BYNNER

AT dawn denying Thee, at dusk we sell Thee with a kiss;—
Still art Thou, through the many years from that sad night to this,
Content to know the comfort Thou shalt bring us when we weary,
O Jesus, son of Mary!

We nail Thee, Christ, all seven days upon another cross,
With thorns again we crown Thy head, and hail Thee with Thy loss;—
Yet wide Thine arms in agony open their sanctuary,
Forgiving us until at last of cruelty we weary,
Jesus, O son of Mary!


S. de Ivanowski

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